

"WHERE'S SAMMY?" Preview of an Ace Photographer's Adventure

COMPLETE NOVEL "School for Wives" BY ELEANOR MERGEIN

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

G 043 20253
ROBERT BLACK
GEN DEL
CONWAY

C. S. Forester
Edna Ferber
Sinclair Lewis
Betty Grable
Gladys Taber
Maude Parker

OCTOBER 35¢





In the days when a Zero was a score!

Those were the years when international contests were fun. They carried mallets instead of tommy-guns . . . and they shook hands when the game was over.

Those were the peaceful years, when Old Charter started out to be the noblest whiskey of them all. Nothing was spared to reach this goal . . . neither skill, money, materials or time.

Today Old Charter is available for your en-

joyment...waiting to remind you for a moment of good things in the past, good things to come.

We invite you to try it . . . and we ask you to remember, that because it was laid down before Pearl Harbor . . . it has not interfered with our only job today, working for Victory!

Let's speed the return of a better America . . . by buying war bonds and stamps . . . as many, as often as we possibly can.



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TUNE IN! Schenley's "Cresta B

carnival" with Morton Gould Orchestra. Refer to your local newspaper each week for time and station.



"Three Men to every Girl—and still I don't rate!"



"You're one of the prettiest girls at the Canteen, Babs, but you're letting the boys down. A sparkling smile is what they want to see! You can't expect to have the kind of smile that makes hearts beat faster—if you ignore 'pink tooth brush'! See your dentist today."



"Yes, a sparkling smile largely depends on firm, healthy gums. Soft foods can deprive our gums of exercise—often make them tender. I suggest you massage your gums." (Note: A survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"That Canteen Hostess was a real friend—sending me to my dentist. I know now that my gums as well as my teeth need regular care. And for both jobs—Ipana and massage rate an "E." My teeth look brighter already. It's Ipana and massage for me from now on!"



(Private thoughts of a popular hostess.) "I'll say 'there are smiles that make you happy'! I haven't missed out on a dance since I learned to make my smile sparkle. Believe me, I'm never going to risk a dingy smile again. Not when it's so easy to help keep my teeth bright and my gums firm—with Ipana and massage!"

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"—heed its warning!

IF YOUR tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. He may tell you that today's soft, creamy foods are denying your gums the exercise they need for health. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. So each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.



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Start To^d

For victory today and security tomorrow—

.. Ipana and Massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked this above all.

★ ★ ★ ★

So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.



It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

★ ★ ★ ★

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

★ ★ ★ ★

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer. And Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

★ ★ ★ ★

As the broad beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a characterful drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

★ ★ ★ ★

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

★ ★ ★ ★

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're just a lion who's putting on the dog.

—Lea



Cosmopolitan

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Frances Whiting • Editor

VOL. 115, NO. 4

October 1943

NOVELETTE

People Like Us Dale Eunson 36

SEVEN SHORT STORIES

Grandma Isn't Playing	Edna Ferber	20
No Silver Wings	Nancy Moore	24
Mr. Satterlee Shares the Ride	Robert E. McClure	42
The Family on Maple Street IV: Tommy Meets a Man-hater	Gladys Taber	44
The Heart Says Yes	Helene Manard	46
The Bedchamber Mystery	C. S. Forester	56
Flat-Top Jenny	H. Vernor Dixon	64

TWO SERIALS

Green Eyes—A Handbook of Jealousy Conclusion	Sinclair Lewis	52
He Married a Doctor Part III	Faith Baldwin	60

SEVEN ARTICLES

The Cosmopolite of the Month: Irene of Hollywood	Nanette Kurnett	3
Taffy at War	Faith Baldwin	14
What's New in Aviation	J. C. Oestreicher	19
The Average American Man	Dr. George Gallup	26
I'm Proud to Be a Pin-up	Betty Grable	40
The Trouble with Women Is—	Jimmy Durante	62
The Trouble with Men Is—	Vera Vague	63

NINE SPECIAL FEATURES

What's Going On	F. W.	4
Letter from a Soldier About to Go Overseas	Pfc. Hy Schneider	6
Air Force	Al Moore	10
The Cosmopolitan Family Quiz		16
Reducing on Rations		58
New Pictures You'll Want to See		84
September Still Hath Thirty Days (Poem)	Ogden Nash	118
Fashions in Fiction	Lee Russell	140
Educational Guide		182

THE COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

Made in Heaven	Maude Parker	28
--------------------------	--------------	----

EXCLUSIVE COSMOPOLITAN FEATURE

Pack Up Your Troubles (A Play)	Pfc. Alfred D. Geto	32
--	---------------------	----

COSMOPOLITAN PREVIEW

"Where's Sammy?"	Sammy Schulman, edited by Robert Considine	49
----------------------------	--	----

THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

School for Wives	Eleanor Mercein	67
----------------------------	-----------------	----

BETTY JANE HESS, COSMOPOLITAN'S "COVER GIRL," BY BRADSHAW CRANDELL

Published monthly by

Hearst Magazines Inc., 57th St. at Eighth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., U.S.A.
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST RICHARD E. BERLIN JOHN R. HEARST A. S. MOORE
President Executive Vice-Pres. Vice-Pres.
T. J. BUTTIKOFER E. H. MCHUGH HARRY M. DUNLAP FRED LEWIS R. F. MCNAULLEY
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t bargain in history—War Bonds



DO YOUR BEST... AND

Be at your Best

THESE are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got . . . do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

* * *

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a

thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem; the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

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DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

Spreading a cold is serious in wartime, so use KLEENEX Tissues—then destroy, germs and all. Kleenex is kind to your nose, your neighbors, your nation.

(from a letter by
N. E. F.,
San Antonio, Tex.)

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on why you like Kleenex Tissues
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When storing left-overs in my refrigerator, I cover them with KLEENEX. Keeps foods from drying out—mighty important these days!

(from a letter by F. De V., Orfordville, Wis.)

Not Enough KLEENEX to Go Around, Either!

SO IF YOUR DEALER IS OUT—PLEASE BE PATIENT, HE'LL GET SOME SHORTLY. OUTPUT IS SOMEWHAT CURTAILED, BUT TO KEEP KLEENEX THE MOST SERVICEABLE TISSUE YOU CAN BUY, WE ARE DETERMINED NOT TO SKIMP ON KLEENEX QUALITY OR SIZE!

DID YOU KNOW?—

There is only one Kleenex—tissues bearing any other name are not Kleenex!

I'LL WAIT FOR DELSEY*
MOM—IT'S SOFT LIKE
KLEENEX!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



What's Going On

THIS beloved America of ours has been at war nearly two years. We've learned much in two years, especially about "the younger generation." Remember how we used to call them soft? The boys wouldn't fight, and the girls—! Well, 34,000 of those girls are now Army and Navy Nurses serving on 500 stations inside and outside the country! More are needed, badly. The Red Cross quota of 2,500 nurses a month *must be filled*. If you are a qualified nurse, or wish to become a Nurse's Aide, see your local Red Cross Chapter.

The pretty girl on the right, below, is *Nancy Moore*, Cosmopolitan star whose story, "No Silver Wings," appears on page 24 of this issue.

"Burma Surgeon," by Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave (August), looks like No. 11 on Cosmopolitan's list of best sellers, *W. W. Norton*, the publisher, reports.

One afternoon *Libbie Block* came into the office looking exceedingly chic and sketched a story she wanted to write of two sisters, utterly different, and how their lives and fortunes were bound up with Atlantic City. Miss Block is a good writer because she knows that good stories begin with people and that their loyalties, conflicts and desires create drama. The new serial begins in the November issue . . . It's strange how stories are born! I was telling *Maude Parker* one day how much I liked the stories she used to write of Washington behind the scenes. "When you live in Washington," she said, "you don't read the papers for news, but to see what face is being put on the news for public consumption." How about a woman, I said, who knows so much inside stuff she can't keep her finger out of the international pie? You may read the result in November . . . Three rousing cheers for *Margaret Ayer Barnes'* new (November) novel, "Sauce for the Gosling," a modern triangle story.



PREVIEWS. The dividing line between fact and fiction gets thinner and thinner. Take, for example, *Roger Butterfield's* story of *Smitty, U. S. M. C.*, decorated for bravery on Guadalcanal, the kid who got 200 Japs in one engagement. We'd buy it as fact—or fiction. Then there's *Louis Bromfield's* novelette, "Thou Shalt Not Covet." It's fiction, but taken straight from life.



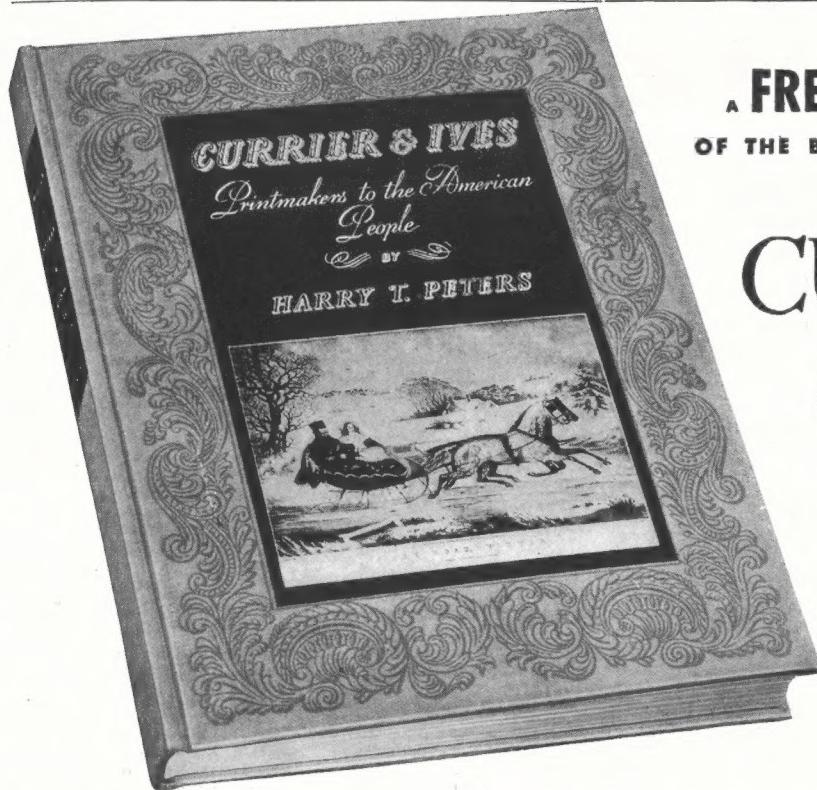
ALL IN THE FAMILY. May I introduce *Harry T. Brundidge*, Associate Editor, whose articles you have been reading in Cosmopolitan for more than a year! At a party in Washington recently about twenty-four newspaper people were present. Four of them came to me and asked, "Is that the man who exposed the diploma mill?" I said, "Yes." Or, "Is he the Brundidge who broke the Busch kidnaping case?" Harry is a star reporter and one respected by his colleagues. While other kids in his home town of Kansas City, Missouri, were planning to be policemen, Harry was set on being a reporter. Three brilliant newspapermen on the old Kansas City Post trained him, the hard way, so that at twenty-one he was already a veteran. It would take a book to tell his whole story. If he ever writes it, it will be a cross between "The Front Page" and *Horatio Alger*.

Back in 1938-39 Harry was telling America that Japan was not to be trusted. For a year he had been traveling throughout Asia and had spent months with the Japanese Army. He KNEW! He has since been bombed in Europe and chased by submarines in the Atlantic.

He is a good-looking, soft-spoken man and when he's working he knows how to listen and remember. When he's off duty he and his attractive, blond wife, Janet, know how to find fun and have it.

Harry's ambition is to go back to Japan—with the victorious American Army!

F.W.



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WHAT A SUBSCRIPTION INVOLVES: Over 500,000 families now belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. They do so in order to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

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Published Here
Every Four Weeks

A few hours before he planed from New York to entertain our boys abroad, a frantic camera crew and director caught up with camp-touring Bob Hope and shot the final half-minute close-up of "**LET'S FACE IT.**"



So you are likely to see Bob's new hit in its complete form before he does!

"Let's Face It" played for what seemed like years on Broadway, ending its run a few months ago after 544 performances.

The picture co-stars Bob and spitfire Betty Hutton for the first time. A new era of hilarity begins when these two are turned loose together.



Its five song hits are by Cole Porter. To the rhythm of one of them, Bob makes his screen debut as a hoover! A brilliant comedy cast including Dona Drake, Eve Arden and ZaSu Pitts, plus a screenful of chorus lovelies, cavort convulsively and seductively under Sidney Lanfield's direction.

All in all, "Let's Face It" is one of the best of those big, fun-filled musicals which are such a happy habit at Paramount.

Last month we told you about **SO PROUDLY WE HAIL,**" the first great love story of our women at the fighting front. But maybe we didn't make it quite clear how exciting this Mark Sandrich production really is.



"So Proudly We Hail" would have been a great picture without any stars. But with three such stars as Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake it becomes literally terrific. It is aglow with glorious laughter and romance, as well as with heart-stirring courage. You'll never forget Claudette's honeymoon in a foxhole. And Paulette's black lace nightie, which she wore "to keep up her morale." Also, we didn't tell you enough about a new star named Sonny Tufts.

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" is now definitely established as New York's reigning hit, at a top admission price of \$2.20. Other special "road-show" engagements will open in certain leading cities soon. Watch for these dates, to be announced shortly by

Paramount Pictures

Letter from a soldier about to go overseas

★ ★ ★ ★ BY PFC. HY SCHNEIDER



DEAR FOLKS:

Today's letter brings news that all of you at home have long been expecting. Ever since I first spruced up in uniform, a crowded year ago, you've been living in the certain knowledge that one day would bring the news that I was leaving the continental limits and would soon come to actual grips with the enemy. Now that letter is a reality, and we are going overseas, and I soon shall be face to face with the enemy.

When I left home a year ago, this country that I'm about to leave temporarily was very dear to me. Back in the days when I was learning simple arithmetic and basic spelling, I was learning, too, devotion to my country. I loved my country with the same feeling of adoration men hold for many things which they have heard well of but have never seen. I worshiped it because I was told to, and I was told it was big, and good, and the Hope of the World. That's why I was more than willing to go when the Army asked me.

But in a year of soldiering the pictures in the travel folders have come to life, and I know now that America was not just a fairy story. The people I'd read about and had never met are real people. They have names—the names of America; have pasts—so much like ours; have a glorious future—with us. The sweep of America is larger than I'd imagined in childhood. Her colors are not to be found in the reproductions that fail so miserably in catching the light and the spirit that make our nation.

So leaving it now should be a very difficult task. Leaving it now means, not deserting a mental image conjured from misleading words and colored photographs, but turning my back on earth that springs beneath the tread. Leaving it now means seeing no more of the many treasured friends I've found from one end of our magnificent country to the other.

Yet leave it I must. Still, in place of melancholy there is soul-satisfaction, and hope everlasting, and the concrete belief that my country will be even greater to return to than it was when I left.

Also, I feel closer to you, at home, by going overseas. That seems silly, I know. But deep inside, every man in khaki knows that there can be no returning to civilian life until our armies have utterly defeated the enemy. Yes, to us the longest way round is the shortest way home. To us every crunch of the heel on foreign soil is another definite move toward our homecoming. With each successful battle we shall be nearer you. With each tremendous victory, the time we must be apart will be shortened.

Yes, the way home lies across the cities of many foreign countries; it lies across the million bodies of twisted men who would block the road to freedom for the world. The way home is across unimaginable lengths of water, perhaps across the frozen earth of half the world or beneath the blazing sun of the other half. But we shall return. All of America's sons will return to the Mother soil a million times a day, with every thought and word and action. And in the end we shall be home again, most of us. We shall return to an America, a World, of more freedom, of more heart, of more love—to a World that will be known to the majority of its peoples as a reality and not as an illustrated lesson in geography.

Take heart, folks—after a year in the Army I'm on the way home.

All my love,
HY

A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS OF 3 WOMEN IN LOVE

THIS IS LEDA

Beautiful, ambitious, Leda determined to make up for an unhappy childhood by marrying into wealth and power. She succeeded; but then another man came along who made her "triumph a mockery!"

THIS IS BETSY

Happy-go-lucky, fun-loving Betsy gave her heart to a musical genius. She listened to his playing because he wanted her to, but she only waited for the music to stop and the kisses to begin!

THIS IS MAIZIE

Blonde, popular, Maizie could have all the boy friends she wanted. But she chose a clandestine affair with a philandering artist and made a fateful tangle of both their lives!

A \$3.00
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THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

by NANCY HALE

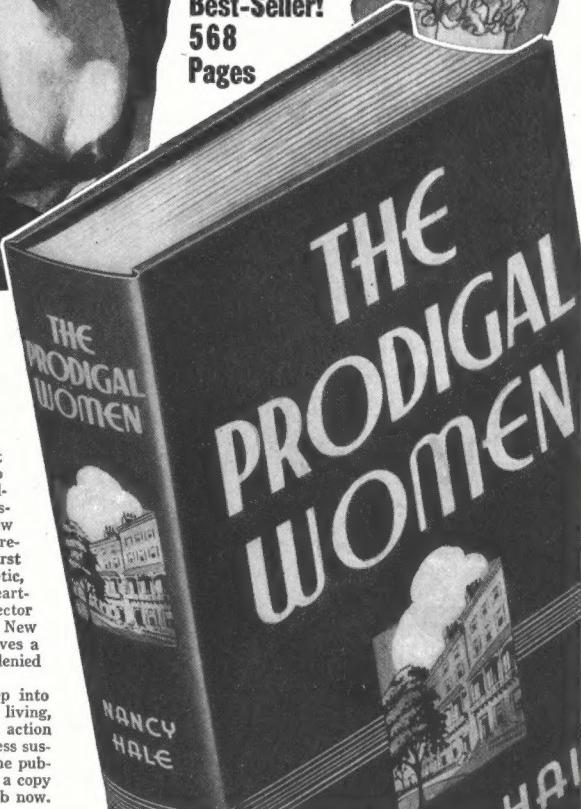
YOURS FREE with Dollar Book Club Membership—this dramatic, outspoken novel that has provoked more excitement and discussion than any other American novel in recent years.

"The Prodigal Women" is the story of three unforgettable girls and the men they loved. Leda March is the sensitive, unhappy daughter of an insignificant branch of a great Boston family. Not until the arrival in her town of the carefree, haphazard Jekyll family from the South does Leda begin to understand what companionship really is. The two Jekyll girls, blonde, popular Maizie, and the hoydenish Betsy, change the entire current of Leda's life, and the lives of the three girls from schooldays on become inextricably woven together.

Maizie marries first. Her marriage to Lambert Rudd, magnetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a living hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even when it threatens her sanity and her life. Leda,

determined and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless marriage with a wealthy and socially prominent young Boston physician. Shocking to her, as the years go by, is the realization that she wants Maizie's husband with a madness she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest, care-free and loving a good time, is first snared by the dancing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heart-break of this affair, she meets Hector Connolly, tempestuous, brooding New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthly happiness that is denied the other girls.

"The Prodigal Women" cuts deep into the human heart. Its characters are living, breathing personalities, whose every action and word you will follow with breathless suspense. Although this novel sells in the publisher's edition for \$3, you may have a copy free if you join the Dollar Book Club now.



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Please enroll me free for one year as a Dollar Book Club subscriber and send me at once THE PRODIGAL WOMEN FREE. With this book will come my first issue of the free monthly Club magazine called, "The Bulletin," describing the one-dollar bargain book for the following month and several other alternate bargains which are sold for \$1.00 each to members only. Each month I am to have the privilege of notifying you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selection and whether or not I wish to purchase any of the alternate bargains at the Special Club price of \$1.00 each. The purchase of books is entirely voluntary on my part. I do not have to accept a book every month—only six during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. And I pay nothing except \$1.00 for each selection received, plus a few cents handling and shipping costs.

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THE COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH

OF HOLLYWOOD



BY NANETTE KUTNER

IRENE, at thirty-five, is responsible for every costume in every film produced by the largest moving picture company in the world.

So far as her studio is concerned, Irene has no last name. Very few people get along like that. I can think of only two who did—Topsy and Cleopatra.

Ration cards list her as Mrs. Eliot Gibbons. But she has built "Irene" into such a quality trademark that if you call Ashley 4-3311, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer telephone number, and ask for Mrs. Gibbons, you draw a blank. Demand Irene, and you will be connected with her office, which doesn't look like an office at all. It is a large beige and brown room, with one wall entirely devoted to mirrors which during a week reflect the images of Hedy Lamarr, Greer Garson, Judy Garland, Lana Turner, Irene Dunne, et al., et al. These mirrors are not decoration; they are one of the tools of Irene's trade.

Although Irene herself is quite unaware of them the mirrors also reflect a woman worrying her talent as a dog worries a bone, lifting a belt line here, pulling down a bosom-line there; a woman whose figure is the envy of most professional models, and whose jaw-line clearly shows that she brooks no interference from top star or top executive. Irene is her own wom-

an. No mouse, she.

How she got before the mirrors, taking the place of Adrian when he left to enter business for himself, would make a plot for one of her studio's career-girl pictures. For this woman who sets styles for two continents was born plain Irene Lentz on a ranch in Montana.

Planning to be a concert pianist, she traveled to California and enrolled in the music class at the University of Southern California. Her roommate, with ambitions to be a designer of women's clothes, planned a night course at a Los Angeles designing school, but was too shy to go alone and heckled Irene into accompanying her. Irene thought this would not be waste motion. Perhaps if she knew how to design her own clothes she would not be doomed to those pink satin atrocities in which most lady pianists stun their audiences. But after the first lesson she said to herself, "I think this is it. I want to design clothes."

Shortly after completing the course she opened a dress shop on the U.S.C. campus. The piano she moved into it was the only thing left of her musical career. But perhaps the piano was not in vain, after all, because it

became one of the lures of her shop. It was around the upright that the college girls practiced amateur musicals—and incidentally, bought a few early Irenes, which are now probably museum pieces.

It was here the Irene trademark took root. The girls began to leave their books and galoshes at "Irene's," to make dates there, and above all to smoke cigarettes in the shop, since smoking on the campus was then prohibited except in the marts of trade. The shop became a hangout—a sort of lady's smoker. So much so, in fact, that once when Irene consulted a doctor for some minor ailment, he said, "My dear girl, you're smoking too much." She had never smoked a cigarette in her life.

Naturally, inexpensive numbers were her specialty. Top price, \$29.50. And she doesn't know to this good day how it happened that one of the top-ranking film stars of the period, Dolores Del Rio, discovered her shop and bought several frocks, much to the delight of the goggle-eyed girls. It

was a piece of luck, Irene thought, but that was as far as it would go.

Her very good fortune was the fact that Miss Del Rio was not a label-conscious buyer. Instead of palming off the inexpensive dresses as Paris imports, she told all her friends, "I've found the most wonderful girl who does the loveliest things at a tiny shop on, of all places, the U.S.C. campus. And what bargains!"

Other stars came and Irene was rather "taken up" by the Hollywood crowd. One result was her marriage to Richard Jones, a movie director. He recognized her talent and financed her in a chic shop in Hollywood. But not long after her installment there he died. She had been desperately in love with him, and because she was so bereft she closed the shop which was so much a part of him and went to Europe alone. There she studied her craft and became one of those rarities, a designer who can sew, pin, cut and, if she has to, turn out any garment single-handed. Today it is one of Irene's proudest boasts that she never asks a fitter to do anything she herself cannot do.

Shortly after her return she was asked to head the ultra-swank, custom-made salon at Bullock's-Wilshire, and for eight years she reigned as the West's most sought-after designer. During this period Irene's frugal Montana background proved something of a handicap at her seasonal openings, which were always an event in the fashion world. She says that she could never look a woman squarely between the eyes and say of a simple white piqué dress, "It's only two hundred and sixty-five dollars." So she hired a stooge to follow her around on opening day and answer the embarrassing questions about price. Irene always looked the other way and wondered why, instead of paying the staggering prices, customers didn't march out of the shop. Or faint.

Louis B. Mayer will not know until he reads this that one of the reasons she accepted the studio contract was her congenital inability to rate her dresses higher than \$29.50. Another reason, Irene says, was that she rather fancied herself as a lady executive. Phones ringing, secretaries scurrying, important people kept waiting while Madame snatches a sandwich between appointments—à la Rosalind Russell in almost any of her pictures.

But she cannot live up to this roseate picture because she is at heart a simple person and a work horse. No matter what Hollywood party she attends, and her circle of friends is definitely top-drawer, she arises at six A.M. and appears at the studio with the sleepy-eyed electricians. There with her sketch artist, Kathryn Bill, she begins the day.

Irene can draw, but it saves time to have Mrs. Bill make the figures as she visualizes the clothes upon them. Sometimes she wants a sports figure; sometimes she wants it sexy, in which case she says, "Give me the Dietrich business." Stars appear early for fittings, since they must be on the set at nine. Irene loves these clothes conferences. Once when an interviewer asked how she became so talented, she said, "I love clothes myself. I like to see women look nice. I'm the luckiest person in the world—to design for women with such beautiful figures." (Cont. on p. 12)



Irene designed her favorite jumper dress for Joan Crawford.



Getting along with relatives

by
BOB HOPE

1. It doesn't take any special talents to get along with relatives... just a little Commando Training. Of course, almost everyone has trouble with relatives—especially their in-laws ...in-law, that's an outlaw who gets in by marriage. It's not so bad with relatives who are born into your family, though. As a matter of fact, we get along fine with an uncle who is borne in every Saturday night.



2. Always join in the children's games. This makes you popular with your nephews and nieces. It also gives your wife a wonderful chance to practice her first aid training. Naturally, everyone knows the best first aid to brighter, cleaner teeth is Pepsodent. No wonder it's Number One with men in the Service!



3. Feed the folks well. You'll find most relatives have fierce appetites. In fact, at our house we make it a point to count the children after every meal. I'll never forget the time we counted in a strange kid. We knew he was strange because he didn't know that Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium.



4. Be kind to rich uncles. You can never tell when one might leave you a fortune. Of course, mine never did. He just left me a copy of Esquire. But I only read the ads anyway...especially the ones that say "Pepsodent with Irium loosens the film you can feel on your teeth...uncovers the natural brightness of your smile."

5. Don't let their wrangling get on your nerves. I wouldn't say my relatives were noisy...but I do enjoy my quiet vacations as a riveter in the shipyards. There's only one thing my family won't argue about, and that is if you use Pepsodent twice a day, you'll have brighter teeth in a hurry.

How
PEPSODENT
with **IRIUM**
uncovers
brighter
teeth



Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.



This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does to that film! It loosens and floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.



That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural cheery brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.





A Lass and a Lack (...OF CONFIDENCE)

Woe is you! Dressed up to go to the most-fun party of the year . . . and what happens? Your calendar tells you to call things off . . . for you just can't mask your feelings, can you?

This was the night you'd waited for; planned on, weeks ago! And now you're blithely bowing out, with a lame, last-minute alibi. Or are you?

For in pops Sue for a final dress preview—and speaks her mind, but plenty! "It's murder", she says. "Why kill your chances for future dates?"

"Moaning at the moon won't help.

What you need is comfort," she continues, "and your confidence will take care of itself. I thought every girl knew that comfort and confidence and Kotex go together!"

Perk up and Play!

Then she explains that Kotex stays soft . . . doesn't just feel soft at first touch. That's why Kotex Sanitary Napkins are more comfortable.

And that's why your confidence takes a sky-ride! For Kotex helps you to keep in the fun . . . with that special 4-ply safety center to protect you like a guardian angel. And flat pressed ends that don't cause tell-tale lines. (Remember this patented Kotex "extra", next time—when you want to wear your smooth new formal!) You see, it just makes sense that more girls are choosing Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

*Keep going in comfort
WITH KOTEX**

BE IN THE KNOW . . . learn what to do and what's taboo on "those" days—in the free booklet, "As One Girl To Another." Read it and get in the groove about grooming, sports, social contacts. There's a special calendar provided, too, for your own personal use. So, send your name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. C-10, Chicago 54, Ill., for copy FREE!



For Trying Days, try KURB tablets . . . if you suffer from cramps. It's a Kotex product, expressly compounded for relief of periodic discomfort. KURB tablets merit your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from page 8)

But it is not only for the established stars that Irene creates. One of her special hobbies is making the youngsters like Kathryn Grayson, Marsha Hunt and Frances Rafferty clothes-conscious, getting them out of the dirndls and sweaters and into clothes that hang well, persuading them to walk like women and not prance like ponies. She says, "Women clutch at chic at thirty, when sheer, unadulterated youth begins to go. But often a woman arrives at thirty only to discover that she knows nothing about clothes. Sometimes the trial-and-error of learning makes her appear ridiculous." Incidentally, she is a stickler for posture. "A woman," she says, "can neutralize the effect of the best designer's intentions by the way she wears a dress." So she makes all skirts a half-inch longer in the back than in the front, to achieve that "tucked in" look.

She lunches on a studio commissary sandwich off her desk (this is the only phase of the lady executive picture that worked out in practice) as she reads scripts and decides whether the Technicolor heroine to be attacked by a Nazi spy should wear jodhpurs or celanese rayon.

Her afternoons are usually spent in the executive building, where she confers with producers on the emotional impact of clothes to scene. It is a little-known fact that these men actually approve or disapprove the clothes you see your favorite movie star wearing. Irene likes this. She prefers working with men to some of the 44's who thought they were 12's whom she met "in trade."

When the long day's work is finally done she steps into her Austin station wagon (bought since gas rationing) and drives to her jewel box of an apartment in Westwood Village. Her dinner is served by the maid she has had for years. The latter's only complaint is that they never have any pins and needles in the house. Irene just won't buy them.

Or sometimes she eats at the studio and has pictures run for her in the projection room. She sees almost every picture filmed.

Before the war her evenings were spent with her husband, Eliot Gibbons, a screen writer who is now a captain in the Ferry Command. They met at a party given by Dolores Del Rio, who was then married to M-G-M's supervising art director, Cedric Gibbons, Eliot's brother. A year later they were married. Irene wore a tailored suit as Eliot, the world's greatest admirer of her clothes, slipped a plain gold band on her finger. That was in 1936. His hobby was airplanes, and to please him Irene became a pilot herself.

Their home was one of the show places of California, but after he left for Africa and points east or west, she moved into the apartment, her most faithful companion being Michael, her husband's Irish setter. She pastes all of Eliot's letters in a scrapbook and reads the impersonal bits to anyone she can buttonhole.

One of her dearest friends was the late Carole Lombard. She is seldom without a gift from Carole, a small hammered-silver notebook, inscribed with her own signature, which she wears pinned to her waist. She loves gadgets.

Irene learned to shoot in Montana and the Gibbonses often joined the Gables on hunting trips. Joan Crawford is another close friend. Joan's picture, "Reunion," was Irene's first M-G-M assignment, and as a true labor of love she included in the wardrobe the jumper dress which is her own favorite garment (she has been known to wear one version of it four days running). Though a list of her friends would be a Hollywood Who's Who, it would include most of her rival designers, many of whom never create a collection,

without seeking Irene's friendly advice. Irene criticizes only if forced into it, and when she does she still manages to keep her friends. A few months ago she was invited by the Hollywood Women's Press Club to speak at one of their semi-monthly luncheons. The invitation was something of a departure for the girls, since they had been knee-deep in war correspondents and literary lights for months. Irene was too busy to prepare a speech and confided this to the club president, Ruth Waterbury, over the fruit cup. Miss Waterbury conceived a diabolical idea and announced in her introduction that Irene would tell the girls what was wrong with their clothes. Irene was jolted, but rose to the occasion and did indeed pick apart the five volunteers. Whereupon the entire club of eighty members gathered round and kept her until four o'clock. Why shouldn't they? They couldn't pay for advice like that!

For herself, she loves suits. They say in Hollywood that you can tell an Irene suit in a blackout, for she has the knack of retaining the freedom and practicality of a tailored suit, while making it as feminine as a pin-up drawing. Ask the man who owns a girl who owns one.

When entertaining at home she often wears what looks at first like a soft white house gown. As she moves the skirt divides and becomes trousers, neither slacks nor pajamas. Irene believes women should show their legs. Her trousers are slit up the side, harem wise.

She wears her brown hair in a short feather curl and has four permanents a year. She gives one morning a week to the beauty parlor and fumes the rest of the day, declaring it cuts into her routine.

She has fought one losing battle, long evening dresses. She believes in them and likes to see women wearing them, particularly in wartime. She strings along with the Government in advising women not to spend more than is necessary for clothes, but maintains that every woman has at least one evening gown hanging in her closet, so why not wear it instead of buying a short evening dress?

As for priorities, she accepts government regulations as a challenge to her ingenuity. Where some other designers feel Washington has no right to tell them how long to make a coat, Irene believes a good designer can promote required dimensions into the smart thing to wear.

In "White Cliffs of Dover" Irene Dunne has seven period changes. Designer Irene is allowed one pair of shoes for Miss Dunne. If the star has to wear another she must use her own ration card. This started her puzzling over shoes, and her inventiveness was tested in musicals, where a chorus girl sometimes wears out one pair a day. She woke in the middle of the night with a solution, and next day the wardrobe department was in a beehive of activity as Irene gathered together the thousands of old shoes lying on the shelves, stripped them to their soles, punched holes in the soles and wove gillie-like straps of leftover material through them. Irene is so pleased with this idea that she is going to use it herself with her own evening clothes.

Her energy is super-special. Only once has she been ill. This occurred last year. Her eyes grew red. She thought it strain and continued to work, fitting one million-dollar star after another. Imagine the consternation among the Garsons and the Garbos when later it was discovered that Irene had the measles!

She returned to work, dutifully toting a bottle of vitamin pills. When her staff noticed this they thought they were seeing things. As one of them groaned, "It ought to be the other way round. Vitamins should take Irene!"



When civilian feet go on a wartime schedule

BECAUSE of gas rationing, Americans are learning how to walk all over again.

In addition, thousands are working long hours at jobs where they stand or walk, or operate a machine with their feet. All this makes it advisable to know more about your feet, their health and care.

Like any complicated machine, the feet can get out of order. Poor habits of walking or standing, or the wearing of improperly fitted shoes, if long continued, can force the feet out of shape.

Habitual toeing out, for example, either in standing or walking, is a common cause of weak or flat feet. Even perfectly healthy feet may rebel against unaccustomed hours of extra duty.

Corns, calluses, bunions, and hammer-toes are indications that something is wrong. Perhaps it is the shoes you are wearing. Such danger signs indicate the need of a podiatrist-chiropractor or an orthopedic doctor.

If your feet protest at the end of the day, perhaps your shoes are improperly fitted, or unsuited to your work. Your posture may be at fault, or your feet may not be getting enough rest. You may have sinking of the arches, so that your feet require more support than is given by ordinary shoes.

New shoes should be comfortable when you first put them on. "Breaking in" shoes really means "breaking in" your feet! When you buy shoes, try on both shoes and test the fit both standing and walk-

ing. Select shoes for the job they are to do! High, narrow heels are unsuitable for long hours of standing or walking. They may upset body balance, cause strain in muscles of the feet, legs, and back.

Good foot health is important not only to foot comfort, but to the health of the entire body. The wisest course is to do everything to prevent foot trouble from developing.

Actually, your foot health can be better than ever under wartime's extra demands, if you observe the rules of foot hygiene and wear properly fitted shoes.

On request, Metropolitan will send you a folder about foot care, "Light On Your Feet."

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75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy of your booklet,
103-B, "Light On Your Feet."

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Radio after the WAR

**what price
Star-Gazing?**

TO dream and plan realistically for the future is both good and necessary. However, to indulge in Star-Gazing through the wrong end of the telescope is an extravagance which no industry can afford. RADIO can point with pride to its achievements and its miraculous progress made under the impetus and emergency of war. But to promise that the miracles of Radar and other Electronic development will be ready for delivery on V-Day . . . is to damage an otherwise glorious record.

The Future is Bright...But *Motorola Radio* Has its Eye on the Ball!

The application of new Electronic knowledge to peacetime radio production will, of necessity, be a gradual and evolutionary process. We don't know exactly what the first post-war Motorola Radio will look like—but it will sound and look swell!

Expect Big Things From Motorola— THEY'RE IN THE MAKING!



For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, Motorola was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with added Star for continued excellence of performance.

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST
RADIO
FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION - CHICAGO



Taffy at War

BY FAITH BALDWIN

OUR DOG for defense is fighting behind the lines. She was two years old last week and she is a very small blond cocker. She isn't strong or aggressive enough to go to war. She cannot carry messages, do guard duty, intercept an enemy, give warning, attack or defend. Instead, she subscribed to the War Dog Fund, in order that bigger dogs might take the training. She is now a colonel in the WACs and so pleased about it there is no living with her.

Strictly speaking, Taffy belongs to my daughter Ann. She was the runt of her litter, but Ann says she is probably the smartest dog in the world. She knows exactly what time the school bus is due on the turn of the road and exactly what hour the tea tray will come in.

Taffy is not a very brave dog. But she is a good dog and she is fighting with our soldiers and our soldier dogs and she is busy recruiting other dogs to do the same. It is simple. We have a caller who we know owns a dog. In comes Taffy. She wags her hind end, also her front. The gadgets attached to her collar jingle. One is a silver business with her owner's name on it; one is her license tag, and the other is a tag which says that she belongs to War Dog Fund of Dogs for Defense.

"What," asks the caller, "makes all that noise?"

Taffy barks, sits up and looks at us.

We explain. We also take a pencil and write down the address of the War Dog Fund, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. We say, as

Taffy prompts us, "Wouldn't your dog like to join, seeing that he—or she—can't go to war?"

Though Taffy cannot go to war, she has done the next best thing. She has sent money to the War Dog Fund which will help supply our armed forces with the dogs which can qualify for this great service.

Taffy and Ann and I ask all of you who read this to help train dogs for war; all of you who have dogs—or cats, for cats can send dogs to war too. Or any of you who haven't pets—it doesn't matter really.

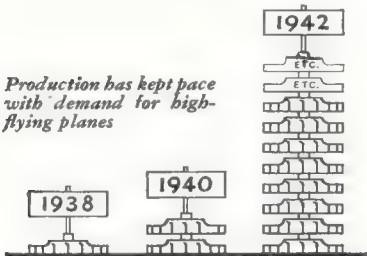
We are very proud of Taffy. Ann buys war stamps and bonds to help equip our armies and Taffy buys herself an honorary commission to help equip dogs for the Army. It all works out. Too, in our family we have a soldier. Perhaps one day his life may in part depend upon a dog. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. But he wrote us only last week: "I am certainly going to try hard to pass my Officer Candidate School examinations. Not that I don't like being a private. I do. But how in the world will I ever look Taffy in the face—a mere girl—a dazzling blonde and a colonel? At all events, I salute her."

We salute her too, and dogs and dog owners all over this country. For Dogs for Defense is an organization worthy our salutation and our support. It is important. It contributes to defense, and to attack. It is part of our armed services.

We too are a part, we who stay at home—we and our dogs.

Pike's Peak to FUJIYAMA

IT takes a block-buster only a few seconds to fall from a high-flying U. S. bomber to its bull's-eye on Berlin or Naples or Tokio. But it took almost 25 years to get the plane up there to drop the bomb. For where



some of our planes are flying today—on top of practically anything that flies—the air is so thin that a plane engine would lose about four-fifths of its rated sea-level horsepower if it weren't equipped with a *turbosupercharger*.

It was back in the days of World War I that the Army Air Corps first asked General Electric engineers to tackle the problem of feeding plane engines air under pressure to cure the loss of power at high altitudes. The

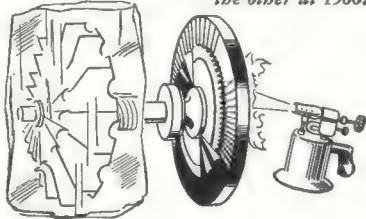
result was the turbosupercharger—a device that scoops in 60-below-zero air and crams it down the engine's windpipe to provide the same amount of oxygen it would normally get at sea level. And since the turbosupercharger takes its power from the engine's own red-hot exhaust gases, it almost makes the plane lift itself by its own bootstraps.

The first success came in 1918, on Pike's Peak, where a supercharged Liberty engine, rated at 350 horsepower, actually delivered 356 horsepower at 14,000 feet. That was just the beginning. For 20-odd years G-E engineers worked to improve the device. When the present war broke out, it was ready—a potent, all-American weapon which the Axis, for all its years of war preparation, could not match. Today all of America's big bombers are equipped with turbosuperchargers. And all of these turbosuperchargers are built either by General Electric or in the plants of two other manufacturers from G-E designs.

The turbosupercharger is just one of many engineering near-miracles developed in industrial laboratories in time to put on a uniform and begin

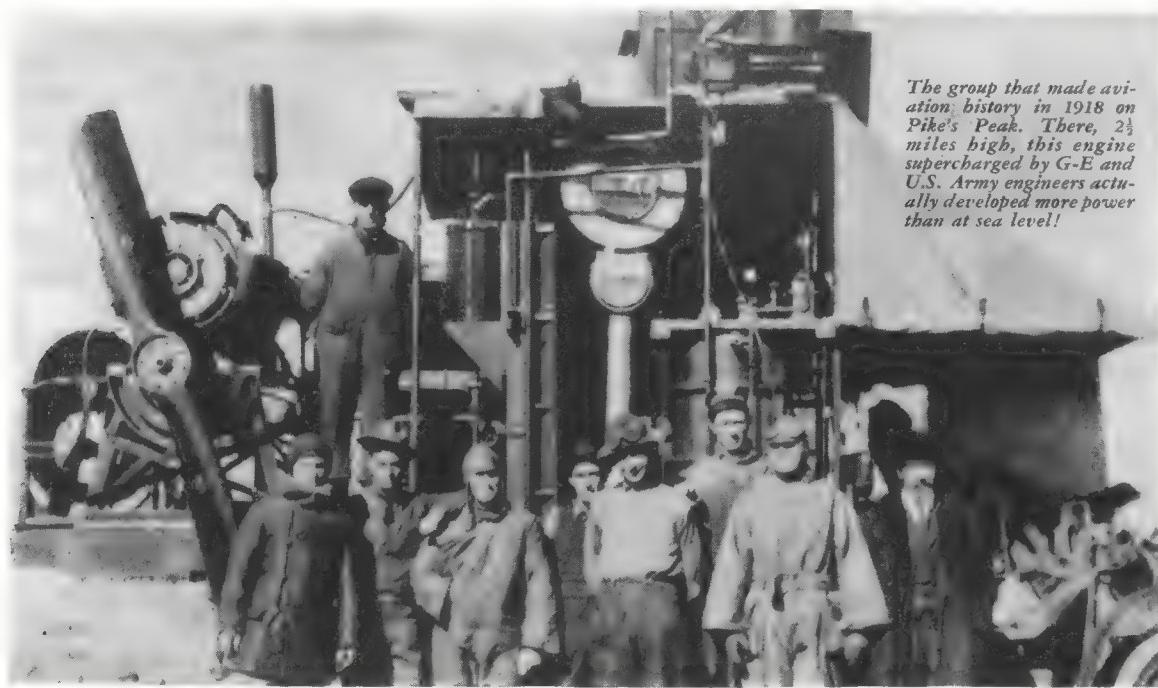
fighting for America. We have them because of the happy combination of ingenuity and perseverance which has always characterized American industry. It is a combination that will have a lot to do with winning the war, and with building the better world hereafter. For then the men who are

One end operates at minus 67 degrees,
the other at 1500°!



building fighting machines will be back on the job of providing better peacetime things for all of us. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: The "Hour of Charm" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, weekdays 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



The group that made aviation history in 1918 on Pike's Peak. There, 2½ miles high, this engine supercharged by G-E and U.S. Army engineers actually developed more power than at sea level!

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD IS IN THIS COUNTRY'S FUTURE—BUY WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The best bargain in history—War Bonds

962-490C1-211

THE COSMOPOLITAN



FATHER

1. What is the last-set stone of an arch called?
2. Who was the navigator lost with Amelia Earhart?
3. What is a babirusa?
4. Which has more population, Canada or New York State?
5. The width of the American railroad track is: (a) 3 ft. 11 in., (b) 4 ft. 8½ in., (c) 5 ft. 10 in.?
6. Who became President though his opponent received more votes?
7. What paving material comes from Trinidad?
8. What President had foreign-born parents?
9. Beer was first brewed by: (a) the Romans, (b) Germans, (c) Egyptians?
10. Four horses within the last ten years have won all three of these events: Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes. Can you name them?
11. What musical instrument appears on Irish coins?
12. Since the Declaration of Independence, how many capitals has the United States had?

(Answers on page 108)

Family Quiz



1. Why is Chinese silk sold by weight instead of by length?
2. What famous humanitarian was the first woman passenger in a submarine?
3. Is mistletoe: (a) a parasite, (b) a paranoia, (c) a parterre?
4. From which fish do we get caviar?
5. Who invented "invisible" or nonreflecting glass?
6. Does a scarlet runner bean vine climb around a pole the way the sun travels around it or the opposite way?
7. If canine refers to dogs, to what do feline, lupine and bovine refer?
8. What is a charivari?
9. What are the four major fine arts?
10. What is the plural of opus?
11. Can you name the Scotchman who became famous for giving money away?
12. From what common flower is the famous heart stimulant digitalis obtained?

(Answers on page 121)



MOTHER



BROTHER

1. What is the highest denomination of banknote issued by the Federal Reserve?
2. How long is a pace?
3. Who was the first Vice-President?
4. What is the largest island in the Philippines?
5. Does it take longer to fly from New York to California than from California to New York?
6. How much gas does a Boeing Flying Fortress use in traveling a mile?
7. What is the largest structure ever built by man?
8. What branch of the British armed forces live with private families instead of in barracks?
9. The Ohio River forms the entire northern boundary of what state?
10. What happens to the pay of captured U. S. soldiers?
11. Name the Presidents born in New York State.
12. What famous American recently found Friday the 13th his lucky day?

(Answers on page 166)

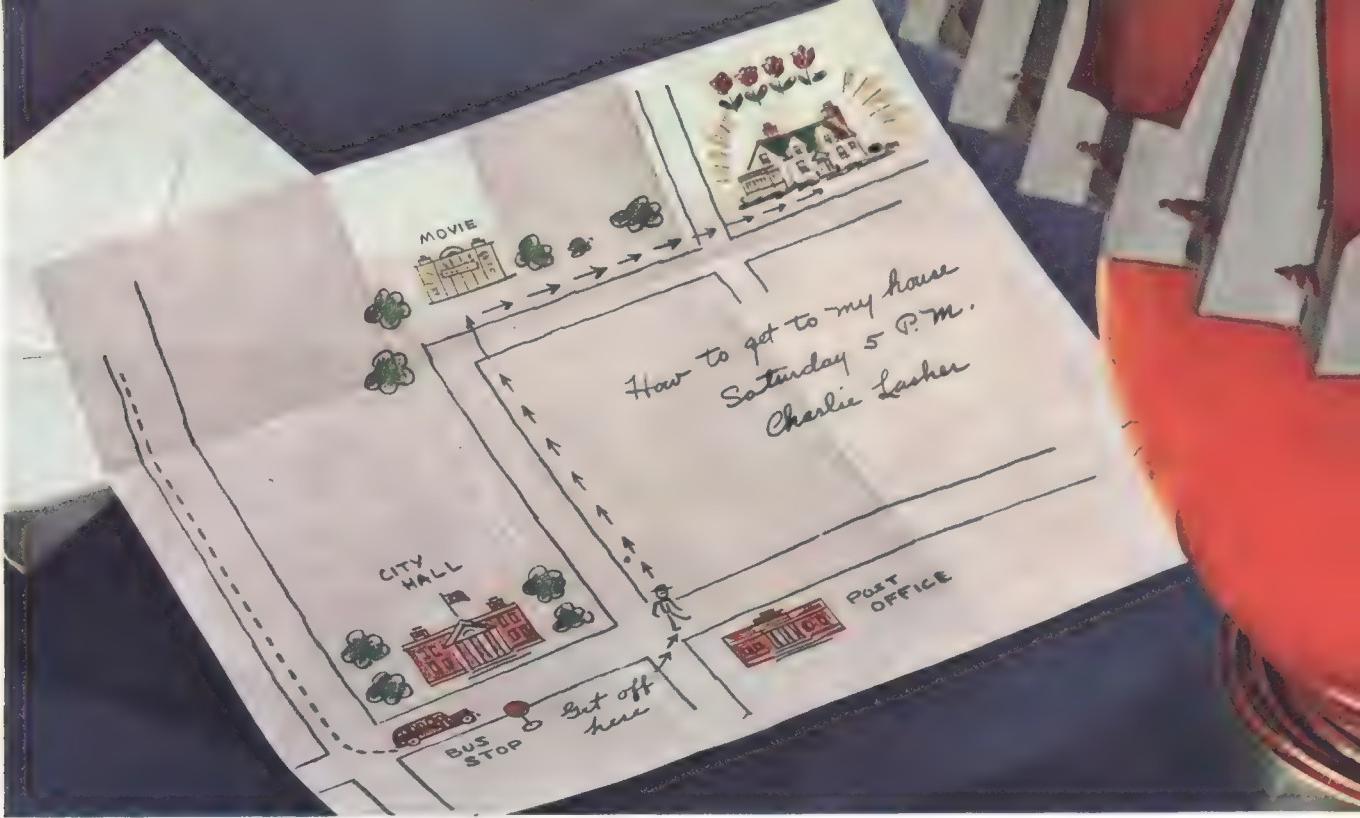
1. What do the capitals of Wisconsin, Missouri and Nebraska have in common?
2. Give a word of 8 letters having only one vowel.
3. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1918 holds what position in the Navy today?
4. Can you name the five Great Lakes in their rightful order from east to west?
5. Should you say 2 and 2 are 4, or 2 and 2 is 4?
6. Have women ever been candidates for President?
7. Which is the only state named for its founder?
8. Who painted "The Age of Innocence"?
9. What is an onychophagist?
10. What country was known in olden times as Cathay?
11. Besides Romeo, who was a suitor of Juliet?
12. Who other than Congressmen and certain Government officials are permitted the franking privilege in sending mail in the United States?

(Answers on page 148)



SISTER

We will pay \$2 for each original question submitted which the Editors find acceptable. Please give the source or proof of your answer. All questions submitted will become the property of Cosmopolitan. Address FAMILY QUIZ, Cosmopolitan, 959—8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



How to get to Charlie's House



Reason for getting to Charlie's House

To CHARLIE... and to YOU

Sometimes you may have difficulty in getting Four Roses. The reason is this: We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for Government taxes.)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.
Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can get More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what Palmolive's Proved New Beauty Plan did for Hazel Laribee of Ridgefield, Conn.



"My complexion had lost its lovely look. So I said 'yes' quick when invited to try Palmolive's New 14-Day Beauty Plan—along with 1284 other women! My group reported to a New York skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some average." After a careful examination, we were given the plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then, each time, into your clean face, massage that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather for a full 60 seconds . . . just like a cream. This way you extract the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather. Then rinse carefully and dry. That's all!"

"After 14 days, I went back to the doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My complexion was smoother, brighter, *clearer!* Later I learned these and other skin improvements had been observed by *all* the 36 examining doctors. In fact, the final report showed 2 out of 3 women got see-able, feel-able results. Palmolive's my beauty soap now!"



YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- ★ Brighter, cleaner skin
- ★ Finer texture
- ★ Fewer blemishes
- ★ Less dryness
- ★ Less oiliness
- ★ Softer, smoother skin
- ★ Better tone
- ★ Fresher, clearer color

This list comes right from the reports of the 36 examining doctors! Their records show that 2 out of 3 of the women who pre-tested the Palmolive Plan for you, got many of these improvements in 14 days! Now it's *your turn!* Start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive tonight. In 14 days, look for fresher, clearer, *lovelier* skin!

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

PALMOLIVE

WAR HAS always tapped the well-springs of human ingenuity. Sadowa in 1866 produced the needle gun. Sedan in 1870 the mitrailleuse. Tank warfare was born along the Somme in 1916. At Warsaw and Rotterdam the dive bomber came into destructive being.

From Pearl Harbor to April of this year, the genius of America has poured into Washington 135,000 separate gimmicks of mayhem and massacre, roughly one for every 1,000 ordinarily peaceful citizens of the nation. One-third pertain to aeronautics—ideas to make planes fly faster and higher and hit harder than the enemy. Some of the schemes are of the genus Rube Goldberg. Many are astonishingly practicable. Hundreds are helping to win the war today and are tracing the pattern of tomorrow.

At the top of the list, of course, is Igor I. Sikorsky's amazing helicopter, from which the veil was lifted when it flew from Stratford, Connecticut, to Wright Field at Dayton, Ohio. It has been hailed with justification as the greatest single advance in aviation since man first took wings. It is destined to be the scourge of U-boats in the immediate future and the average man's mode of transportation in time to come.

Decades have passed since the helicopter idea broke upon the world. More than ten years ago a German inventor flew a plane of this type inside the Berlin Sportpalast where Adolf Hitler later was to hold forth in lurid oratory. Juan de la Cervia's autogiro was capable of vertical ascension. But Sikorsky's new craft has all the answers. It can fly forward, backward and sideways and land in your backyard. More important still, it can hover motionless in mid-air, and upon this faculty the plane's chief war use is based. No enemy submarine operating beneath the surface can escape the eyes of observers patrolling the coastlines of America aboard helicopters proceeding at funereal pace.

The craft also will prove of limitless value as an aerial ambulance. It can maneuver over thick jungle country, for example, to drop food and supplies to stranded men and even carry off the wounded. For it can land on swamps and water and upon terrain suicidal for any ordinary planes, then take off straight up in the air and reach a base many hundreds of miles away.

The avalanche of publicity which followed Sikorsky's first long-range flight laid far too much emphasis upon the helicopter's postwar rôle, and within a few weeks the United Aircraft Corporation plant was deluged with orders from air-minded commuters with an eye to the future. Sikorsky has now made clear his only interest at present is the winning of the war.

"Our organization," he told this writer, "is too busy with the technical development of this new craft for military uses to spend any time now on postwar peace-time projects. When the war is over and we can direct our efforts along peaceful lines, we believe the helicopter has tremendous possibilities."

The same applies to countless other innovations spawned of conflict that are destined to play a major rôle in ordinary,

everyday living when the war has ended. Many will be adapted to prosaic use. Some day radar will be as commonplace as the telephone, for this great and secret development in electronics is closely allied to radiotelevision. Right now radar is the eye of the Navy. This sensitive device spots enemy ships or aircraft hundreds of miles away, makes possible deadly firing accuracy. It is a weapon no hostile craft can escape. Someday it will answer to the push of a button in your home.

But even of the inventions designed for wartime use alone, many verge upon the incredible. There are airborne lifeboats, self-righting and fully equipped with buoyancy tanks, clothing, medical supplies, food, signaling equipment, gasoline, sails, oars, a portable radio and a device to make sea water drinkable, all dropped by parachute.

There are parachute flares to dot the ocean as traffic beacons in peacetime; troop-carrying gliders that take off under their own power and drop their engines when no longer needed. There is new gasoline so powerful existent engines cannot handle it, cathode ray oscilloscope devices



that record speeds of 1/100 of one-millionth of a second.

Four aerial cameras mounted in a Lockheed Lightning made possible simultaneous photography of a 2,500-square-mile area of the Coral Sea and thereby a battle was won. A brand-new machine to calibrate gears measures the atomic distance equivalent to 2/1,296,000 of a circle—less than 6/10,000 of an inch on a circle ten feet in diameter. Less than 1/3 of an inch on a circle of *more than three miles*.

Large demountable hangars are being flown to the fronts and erected on the most unfavorable terrain inside of eighteen hours. Flexible steel runways turn swamps into serviceable airstrips; de-atomized petroleum makes unbreakable glass. There are dual rotation propellers, bombing planes of plywood, parachutes built inside a flying suit, microphones within an oxygen mask. Built for high-altitude interception only, the Lockheed Lightning has by invention and modification become acrobatic dogfighter, dive bomber, precision bomber with a 1,000-pound payload, ground strafer, tank and submarine destroyer, photographic reconnaissance plane and smoke-screen layer. It has not yet replaced the infantry.

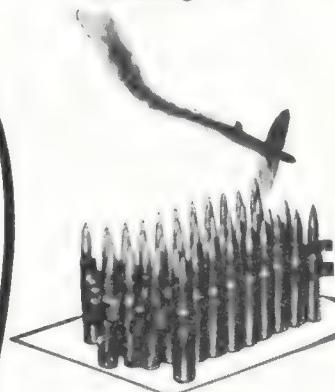
Both Great Britain and America have their "hush-hush" (Continued on page 104)



Igor Sikorsky's versatile new helicopter has countless uses in wartime.



Bulletproof vest of manganese and steel for bombing crews.



Super-effective .50-caliber ammunition—50 rounds can down a plane.



Streamlined oxygen mask for altitude flying.



Look at Grandma's face.

Walter M.
Baumhofer



then read

her story

Grandma Isn't Playing

BY EDNA FERBER and you will

understand how her simple wisdom

solved her granddaughter's problem

SHE SHOULD, by now, have been a wrinkled crone with straggling white hair and a dim eye. Certainly her mother in the Old Country had been that at forty. Yet here was Anna Krupek, a great-grandmother at sixty with half a century of back-breaking work behind her, her lean hard body straight as a girl's, her abundant hair just streaked with iron gray, her zest for life undiminished. The brown eyes were bright and quizzical in the parchment face, the whole being denoted a core of soundness in a largely worm-eaten world. Not only did this vital sexagenarian enjoy living; she had the gift of communicating that enjoyment to others. When, with enormous gusto, she described a dish she had cooked, a movie she had seen, a flower that had bloomed in her garden, you vicariously tasted the flavor of the dish, you marked the picture for

Gloria, between laughter and tears, kissed her grandmother and said, "Could I get a job, do you think?"

seeing, you smelled the garden blossom. She never had been pretty, even as a girl in her Old World peasant finery, bright-hued and coquettish. But there was about her a sturdy independence, an unexpected sweetness such as you find in a hardy brown sprig of mignonette.

On first seeing Anna Krupek in her best black you were plagued by her resemblance to someone you could not for the moment recall—someone plain, sustaining and unpretentious as a loaf of homemade bread. Then memory flashed back those photographs of that iron woman Letizia Bonaparte, mother of the ill-starred Emperor—she who, alone of all that foolish family, had been undiscerned and unimpressed by the glittering world around her.

It wasn't that Anna didn't show her years. She looked sixty—but a salty sixty, with heart and arteries valiantly pumping blood to the brain. Her speech still was flavored with the tang of her native tongue, though forty-four years had passed since she had crossed the ocean alone to marry Zyg Krupek and live with him in Bridgeport, Connecticut. This linguistic lack was only one of many traits in Anna which irked her daughter-in-law Mae and rather delighted her grandson Mart and her granddaughter Gloria.

"Heh, Gram, that's double talk," Mart would say.

Anna's son Steve would rather mildly defend his mother from the waspish attacks of his wife Mae. "Now Mae, leave Ma alone. If you don't like the way she does things whyn't you do 'em yourself?"

For Anna Krupek lived in that household and the household lived on Anna, though none of them realized it, least of all she. It was Anna who kept the house spotless; it was Anna who cooked, washed, darned, mended; but then, she had been used to that all her life; she was a dynamo that functioned tirelessly, faithfully, with a minimum of noise and fuss, needing only a drop or two of the oil of human kindness to keep her going.

Mae the refined, the elegant, perhaps pricked a little by her conscience, would say, perversely, "I wish I had your energy. You never sit still. It makes me tired just to watch you rushing around."

"Inside is only," Anna would say above the buzz of the vacuum or the whir of the mixer, for Mae's house was equipped with all the gadgets of the luxury-loving American home.

"Inside is only. Only what, for God's sake! Drives me crazy the way you never finish your sentences. Fifty years in this country and you'd think you landed yesterday. Inside is only what?"

Mildly Anna would elaborate. "Your legs and arms isn't tired, and back, like is good tired from work. Inside you only is tired because you ain't got like you want. You got a good husband Steve, you got Mart and Glory is swell kids, you got a nice house and everything fixed fine, only is like all the time fighting inside yourself you would like big and rich like in the movies. Is foolish."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

But she knew well enough. Mae Krupek definitely felt she had married beneath

her when she, with generations of thin native blood in her veins, had descended to Steve Krupek, son of that Bohunk Anna Krupek. Steve had been all right, a nice boy and earning pretty good money in the Bridgeport General Electric, but everybody knew his mother had supported herself and her children and educated them by doing scrubbing and washing for Bridgeport's comfortable households. Before her marriage to Steve twenty years ago Mae had taken the secretarial course in a Bridgeport business school but she never could learn to spell and her typed letters looked like sheet music. She never had kept a job more than a week or two. But she knew what was what, she never wore white shoes to work, and now her nails were maroon, she pronounced *and* with two dots over the *a*, her picture even sometimes appeared in the club and society page of the Bridgeport Post when there were local drives or community doings or large municipal

activities of an inclusive nature. Still, she wasn't a complete fool. Though she thought it would be wonderful to have the house to herself with her husband Steve and her son Mart and her daughter Gloria, she knew, did Mae, that her mother-in-law was a pearl of great price when it came to cooking the family meals, doing the family dishes, scrubbing the family floors, all of which tasks are death on maroon nail polish.

But if the second generation, embodied in Anna Krupek's son and his wife, took her for granted or grudgingly accepted her, the third generation, surprisingly enough, seemed to meet her on common ground. Mae had managed to get herself and her husband on the membership roll of a second-rate country club. Mart and Gloria never went near it. Mae and Steve, in the century's '20's and '30's, had dutifully followed the pattern of hip flask and high speed and cheap verbal cynicism. Theirs had been a curious grocer's list vocabulary of rejection. Nuts! Apple sauce! Banana oil! Boloney! To the ears of Mart and Gloria this would have sounded as dated and ineffectual as the nit-rubberneck-skiddoo of a still earlier day.

When Gloria Krupek had been born almost eighteen years ago the first thing



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BAUMHOFER

that struck her family's eye was her resemblance to her Grandmother Krupek. It was fantastic—the little face with its wrinkles and its somewhat anxious look; thin, wiry, independent. The Connecticut neighbors said, "She's the spit of her Grammaw, the way she looks at you. Look, she's trying to set up!"

They had named her Gloria (influence of the movies on Mae) and Anna Krupek had not interfered, though her nice sense of fitness told her that it somehow didn't sound well with Krupek. She thought that a plain name like Sophie or Mary or Anna would have been better. She did not know why.

Perhaps the day and age into which they were born had given young Mart and Gloria their curiously adult outlook, their healthy curiosity about the world. The years of the Depression had been followed by the War Years. These two young things never had known a world other than that. Emotional, economic and financial turmoil all were accepted by them as the normal background to living. They had been catapulted into chaos and had adjusted themselves to it. Their parents, Mae and Steve, were like spoiled foolish children to them. They were fond of them, tolerant of them, but not impressed. But the old woman of peasant



Mae was furious when her son Mart brought home Lieutenant Gurk, of the Gurk's Garage Gurks!

stock—hardy, astringent, shrewd, debunked—this one they understood and respected. They knew the simple story of her early days—a trite enough story in American annals. They never thought of it, consciously, but they knew her for a courageous human being who had faced her fight with life, and fought it. She didn't bore them as she bored Mae and—sometimes—Steve. Mae and Steve were impatient and even contemptuous. "Oh, Ma, you're a pain in the neck! This isn't the Old Country."

The Old Country. Anna Krupek never thought of it now, except when she saw the familiar name in the newspapers. War-torn now, the peaceful village in which she had been born. Ravaged, blood-sodden, gruesome. Anna had been fourteen when Zyg Krupek sailed away to America. She would have married him before he left, but he had no money for her passage and her parents forbade his marrying her and leaving her, though he had promised to send the passage money as soon as he should begin to work in the rich New World overseas.

"Yes, a fine thing!" they scoffed. "Marry and off he goes and that's the last of him. And then you'll be here on our hands with a baby more likely than not, and who will marry you then!"

They had tried to make her marry Stas after Zyg had gone—Stas who was an old man of thirty or more with a fine farm of his own and cows and pigs and God knows what all besides, and a silk dress and gold earrings and a big gold brooch containing a lock of his first wife's hair—she who had died giving birth to her fifth. It was the old plot of a trite story, but it wasn't trite to Anna. She had held out against them in the face of a constant storm of threats and pleadings. For months she wept until her eyes were slits in her swollen face, but her tears were shed only in the privacy of her pillow and quietly, quietly, so that the other seven children should not hear. And then when she was sixteen and faced with spinsterhood in that little village from which the young strong men had fled to the golden shores of the New World—then Zyg's letter had come with the passage money. It was like a draught of new life to one dying. Pleadings and remonstrance meant nothing now. The child of sixteen packed her clothes and the linen she herself had woven and she embarked alone on the nightmarish journey.

Conn-ec-ti-cut. Bridgeport, Conn-ec-ti-cut. A place you couldn't say, even. She stepped off the gangplank in New York harbor in her best dress, very full-skirted

and tight-bodiced, with six good petticoats underneath and her bright shawl over her hair and the boots that came up to her shins. And there in the crowd stood a grand young man who looked like Zyg but older, in a bright blue suit and a fashionable hat with a brim and a white linen shirt and a blue satin necktie and yellow leather shoes and a gold ring on his finger. When he saw her he looked startled and then his face got red and then for one frightful moment she thought he was about to turn and run through the crowd, away from her. But then he laughed and as she came toward him his face grew serious and then he took her in his arms and he was Zyg again, he was no longer the startled stranger in the splendid American clothes, he was Zyg again.

Sixteen to sixty. There was nothing startling or even fresh about the story. The Central European peasant girl had joined her sweetheart in America, had married him, had borne four children, all sons, and had settled in a community in which there were many from her own native land, so that she spoke with them, and her English remained bad. She had lived her lifetime, or most of it, an hour's train ride from the dazzling city of New York, she never (*Continued on page 104*)

Nonny had a sweetheart who adored her,
but she also had a high-powered rival

No Silver Wings

NONNY knew even before she was fully awake that it was David coming up the stairs. "David!" she murmured, but she said it in her sleep, adding, "Oh, he's not here, stupid. He's seven hundred miles away."

She had known he was coming, but she hadn't known when. Every day she thought: Tomorrow, maybe.

But she certainly hadn't expected him to come banging up the stairs at six o'clock this morning. Why hadn't he wired?

But David didn't do things that way. He simply came or went, always without warning. Would it be the same when they were married? She thought it would. Only they weren't going to be married. For a moment she had forgotten.

His steps on the stair sounded light and free, pleased with their noise. Great-aunt Martha in the next room would be wide awake now, frightened, not realizing, as Nonny did, who or what was making the racket; all Aunt Martha's worries about two women living alone would rise up and smite her.

But David wouldn't care. He would want everyone wide awake because he was in the house. But was he there? Or had she dreamed him? She had dreamed him back so many times. Nonny turned restively on her pillow, trying to sieve fact from hope, to rouse her sleeping self.

But she still had not completely come to when he reached the upper hall and stood banging on Aunt Martha's door and Nonny's door beside it. Not until she heard Aunt Martha's staccato voice say, "David! Is that you, David?" did Nonny really wake, sitting bolt upright, waiting for his voice to answer.

"Of course it's me!" he shouted. "Who else?"

He turned the knob of Nonny's door, and around the jamb his head appeared, cap still on it. He looked as she had guessed he would in his uniform, and she felt absurdly proud that she had known exactly. In the new morning light his brownness and gold insignia and gabardine were like the picture he had promised to send and never had.



BY NANCY MOORE

He snapped on the light, and she was filled with affectionate fury because she had planned for him to see her first in her new tawny suit, and here he was viewing her tattered by sleep, blinking her eyes at him and the light.

He stood a moment laughing at her, not saying anything. Then he came straight to her and leaned down from his new height—for surely he was taller—and put his arms around her, and kissed her the way he kissed, which was the only way in the world anyone ought to kiss. A small resentment prodded her that maybe she was still partly asleep and not fully appreciating that kiss after so long a time of not being kissed at all.

"Get out of here," Nonny whispered. "Aunt Martha doesn't approve of men in my bedroom."

"Never mind Aunt Martha," he said, and kissed her again. And there was no sleep in Nonny after that.

"David!" shouted Aunt Martha.

He turned swiftly and went from that room into the other, and Nonny could hear him saying as if he'd never been away, "How about breakfast? This is the worst canteen I've been in for months!"

"Get downstairs," ordered Aunt Martha, her voice cracking a little because she was so pleased to have him back.

His steps went down the stairs, and bustling noises began in Aunt Martha's room. But Nonny sat as David had left her. She must have sat there a long time, because the next sensible thing that penetrated her mind was Aunt Martha's light tread on the stairs. I must dress, thought Nonny. I must not waste a minute up here when David's downstairs. He shouted up at her, and she fumbled putting on the new suit, while her brown hair refused to be coerced into shape. Giddy as a schoolgirl, she thought.

When she came down at last, he was at the table, Great-aunt Martha beaming opposite. He had his cap off now, and something was very wrong. His hair. It was cropped off as if sheep had nibbled it. He didn't look like himself without his mahogany hair falling like commas into his eyes.

"You look awful," said Nonny.

"I knew you'd hate it," he said happily.

She brought his cap.

"Wear it," she said, "or I can't eat."

He put it on, ignoring Aunt Martha's protests,

and went on devouring scram-

bled eggs. But his eyes communicated to Nonny how cruel it was that anyone had to be in the house but himself and her. Familiar high ecstasy stirred in her, warning with the necessity to appear casual before Aunt Martha's age and gentility.

Aunt Martha asked questions—what he ate at camp; when he got up, went to bed; what he did, was, would be. He answered, while his foot under the table touched Nonny's, and she wondered how Aunt Martha could fail to interpret the unguarded look in his eyes.

Nonny barely listened to the breakfast quiz. She was thinking how wonderful David was not to use the war as an excuse to get married. If he had used it, she would have broken beneath it, and he knew it. But he didn't take his advantage.

No war marriage for us, they had decided. For once they were sensible, they who dabbled in madness. "We've got to know each other better," they parroted, aware that they knew each other as well as two people ever could, and better than most. Time didn't decide those things. Eight months they had gone together before he enlisted; after the first week, the first date, even, they had known each other.

But you had to be sensible in time of war. You had to say, "Eight months is no test at all. We've got to see how we'll last." You also had to say, "What's the use of being married if you can't live together and be married? What's a ring on a finger?"

So they had said all the right things, and now Nonny couldn't eat her breakfast for thinking how marvelous David had been to keep on being sensible when neither of them wanted to.

Nonny emerged from her thoughts to hear Aunt Martha exclaim, "Don't lie to me, David! I refuse to believe you do all those things with airplanes."

"What was he telling you, Aunt Martha?"

"Weren't you listening?"

"No," said Nonny. "I was thinking."

David looked amused. Aunt Martha looked disgusted. She picked up his plate and marched to the kitchen.

Quickly, in a low voice, David asked, "When will Aunt Martha go to market?"

"Probably she won't," said Nonny, "and it'll be your fault. Stop sweet-talking her."

Aunt Martha returned. "Now, David. I want to hear some more."

David laughed. "Aunt Martha's blood-thirsty."

"He says," put in Aunt Martha, "that he had to jump out once."

"Bail out," corrected David.

Nonny gasped. "David, you didn't! You didn't tell me!"

"Forgot to," he said.

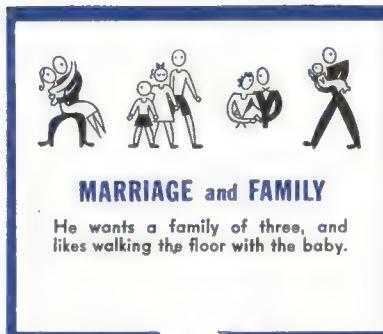
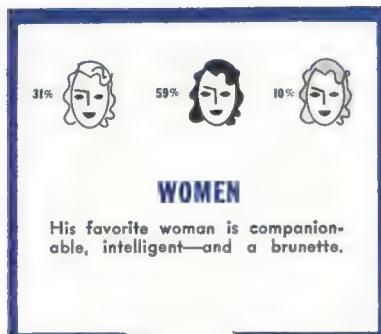
"Don't give me that," said Nonny. "Did you think I couldn't take it if you could do it?"

"No, I didn't think that. I guess I wanted to tell you when I got here."

He began to describe it, simply and straightforwardly, and she tried to get the picture of (*Continued on page 130*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

David came straight to Nonny and kissed her.
"Get out of here," she whispered then. "Aunt
Martha doesn't approve of men in my bedroom."



THE Average

BY
DR. GEORGE GALLUP

Director, American Institute of Public Opinion

AFTER THIS year husband hunting is likely to become progressively tougher in the U.S.A., and for reasons having nothing to do with the war.

Sometime in 1943, according to the Census Bureau, the United States will cease to be a "young" nation, in which the males outnumber the females, and will become an "old" nation in which there will be *more women than men*—permanently. Are the males complaining? Hardly. The typical American male will obviously become the center of more interest and attention on the part of the female than ever before in his history.

And it is equally obvious that the woman of tomorrow will have to be a good deal cleverer than her mother or her grandmother in getting her man—and more understanding of the vagaries of the male of the species, because there won't be quite enough men to go around.

What is the typical American man like? I have studied the results of talks with many hundreds of thousands of representative men in the past eight years. These surveys have brought out their attitudes about serious issues which have determined the course of the world, and also about things men are likely to discuss with their feet on the barroom rail.

While there is no such thing as an exactly average man, nevertheless it is possible to draw a composite picture of average men in their lighter as well as their more serious moments. You may disagree violently with some of my conclusions, but here is a rough picture of what the typical American male, 1943, is like.

What He Thinks About Women

Whoever said gentlemen prefer blondes was mistaken. At least American men don't. They prefer brunettes. When the man shortage grows acute, the brunettes of the country can take heart from the results of a national survey in which the vote of the men was: 31 percent prefer blondes; 59 percent prefer brunettes; and 10 percent prefer redheads. That gives a redhead an advantage of approximately 6 to 4 against the field!

Gentlemen who do prefer blondes claim that they are "more affectionate." You may disagree, but the redhead-lovers insist that brunettes "have more common

sense" and "hold their good looks longer." However, there is no denying the logic of one man who, when interviewed on the blonde - redhead controversy, said, "What's under the hair is more important than the color."

What quality in a woman attracts a man most? Women think it is talent for homemaking—at least that's what they have said in a national survey. But is talent for homemaking the thing men most appreciate? Actually they find that quality pretty boring. They are looking for more than just a good housekeeper. The two main things the average man wants in a woman are, first, *good companionship*, and second, *intelligence*. To him talent for homemaking ranks only third in importance.

You, yourself, may not agree, but the typical man thinks that the main fault in





SPORTS and RECREATION

He likes baseball above all sports, and goes to the movies once in every twelve days.



POLITICS

If he's a Democrat he favors a fourth term; if a Republican, he chooses Dewey, Willkie or MacArthur.



HIMSELF

He fears cancer most of all diseases, and is subject to tuberculosis and colds in the head.

American Man

... What He Thinks About...

women is jealousy. He can stand almost anything but that. The second fault he notices most is nagging; the third, extravagance; the fourth, bossiness. There's an interesting difference, too, in the faults singled out by men in the various income groups. A man earning above \$1,500 a year complains more about extravagance in women, but less about bossiness and bad temper, than a man earning under \$1,500. Moral: as women go up the income scale they become (in the eyes of men) more docile and sweet-tempered—and more expensive.

Marriage and Family

The typical male likes to express conservative views about premarital love affairs. He says, for example, that modern girls do too much petting and kissing before marriage. But, oddly enough, in the same breath he will tell you that he would not object to marrying a woman who is not a virgin. Sixty percent of all males take this view, although some of them hastily add the qualification: "Would be all right to marry her if it weren't generally known around town that she isn't a virgin."

After watching the wartime rise in juvenile sex delinquency, the average man is pretty strongly convinced that high schools ought to institute courses in sex education. He thinks it is indecent for women to wear shorts on public streets, but that it's perfectly all right for men to wear topless bathing suits in swimming.

When wedding bells are over and husband and wife settle down, the average man complains that women don't make enough effort to keep themselves as romantic, neat in appearance or charming as they were before marriage. (Wives make the same complaint about husbands.) But men do think wives try to keep themselves as "sympathetic" after marriage as before. The average man and the average woman agree that the ideal size of a family is three children. The wife thinks the first child should not arrive until the second year of marriage, and that when it does arrive the husband should help take care of it. The typical male is perfectly resigned to walking the floor with the baby. In fact, he rather likes it, for despite all the drawbacks of matrimony, men with wives say that married men are happier than bachelors—or else they're trying hard to rationalize their status.

As for the bachelors, 61 percent of them, believe it or not, admit that married men are happier.

Sports and Recreation

The American male likes baseball above all sports, with football second and basketball third. He feels strongly that professional sports should continue during wartime, believing them to be good morale-builders.

The average man (that is, if he is a civilian) goes to the movies once every twelve days. He disagrees with the womanfolk about many things connected with

the movies. His favorite production for the past year was "Wake Island," whereas the women picked "Mrs. Miniver." His favorite movie actor is Bob Hope. The women, on the other hand, pick Walter Pidgeon. His favorite actress is Greer Garson, while theirs is Bette Davis. The men prefer action movies with plenty of war and fighting. The women like movies dealing with emotional problems.

A high percentage of all males gamble, mostly on bingo, dice, card games, or the placing of bets. They are strongly opposed to returning to prohibition of liquor, and differ markedly in that respect from women. Of all males 71 percent oppose prohibition; of all females, only 57 percent. Nearly half of all males have not looked inside the Bible in a year, although the majority of women have.

Food

The chief diet deficiency of American males is citrus fruits and raw greens—fewer than half of them eat any daily. The problem of the average wife is whether to try to reform the eating habits of her man, or simply cater to them. What men love most is meat (when they can get it) and bread. Males are still pretty baffled by the point-rationing system; only about half of them say they understand how it works. However, the average man thinks wartime rationing is being handled fairly. Of all rationed products, he finds meat and coffee the hardest to cut (*Continued on page 144*)

THE LECTURE came to an end.

The men and women crowded into the assembly hall of the Sull-
grave Club remained motionless, hushed. Then Peter McKnight himself broke the spell his words had woven. Running thin fingers through his rumpled dark hair, he said with an engaging crooked grin, "And now let's translate emotion into action. Let's all do something about it!"

A storm of applause broke. The audience rose almost en masse, surging toward the platform.

Jean remained in her chair at the window end of the first row. She too had been carried away. Now she gave silent thanks for the crowd's unabated enthusiasm. Peter dreaded public speaking and had shunned it during his peacetime career as novelist. But this not being peacetime, he regarded it as his duty, inasmuch as his fluctuating pulse plus his age of thirty-eight had disqualified him for active combat save in a journalistic rôle.

The formally attired ambassador of the country for whose benefit Peter had just spoken was now thanking him with undisguised emotion. They made a curious contrast, Jean thought. Peter's gray suit hung loosely on his tall, almost gaunt frame. His necktie had become twisted. He was seeking her eye. She nodded in unreserved commendation. She would have been tempted to do so anyway, for in Peter's present mood, indeed in almost every one of his moods, he needed reassurance as vitally as a flower needs water.

Old water carrier, that's me, she thought. For the next two days, however, while they remained in Washington, her toting would be shared. Howard was certain to be waiting downstairs this very moment—bless him. The color deepened in her cheeks. Automatically she opened her handbag, as new and expensive as the navy-blue taffeta spring frock it matched, and consulted its oval mirror.

Her microscopic hat, chiefly a pink rose adorning her pompadour of soft curling brown hair, was becoming. She adjusted the brief crisp veil over her blue eyes. Being really well-dressed was still a novel experience. And a costly one! Her New England conscience had troubled her, even though Peter had expressed surprise when he had returned last week after six months at the North African front, at her having drawn so sparingly on the account they had possessed jointly ever since their marriage fourteen years ago. An account recently swollen to unrecognizable size by Hollywood's belated discovery of Peter's early books. Beyond this, however, Jean had justified her extravagance by trying to convince herself that if she appeared with her hair done a new way, wearing smart clothes, Peter would be bound to take notice. Actually, he had made no comment whatever. She had burst out, "You don't know what I look like! You just take me for granted, the way you do the air you breathe!" He had been astonished. "I don't know what you're talking about, Jean," he had said . . .

"You must be very proud of your brilliant husband." The phrase, which had lately become all too familiar, was uttered now by a middle-aged man of distin-

THE COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

guished appearance. A Cabinet member, Jean recalled, whom she had met today at luncheon at the Embassy. "You are Peter McKnight's wife, aren't you?" he asked.

Jean yearned to say, "Yes, and critic and secretary. But I'm also a human being." Instead, she said, "I am indeed." She forced herself to complete the expected response: "And it's a great privilege."

A year ago, half a year ago, this would have been a woeful understatement. But during Peter's absence she had come by imperceptible degrees to resent being made to feel she had no identity of her own. Everywhere she went, she was introduced as Peter McKnight's wife; everyone talked to her only of Peter's syndicated newspaper dispatches, Peter's outstanding success in this new endeavor.

She became aware that Peter was signaling her, one dark eyebrow cocked in mute S O S. She edged through the admiring circle. "I'm afraid you'll be late unless you leave at once, Peter."

His farewells were so precipitate, a masculine voice said, "I'll bet he's due at the White House."

"No, he was there last week," a woman answered. "He flew down the day after he got back."

"Oh, yes, I saw that in the papers too. That's why I'm sure he's been asked again. That young fellow makes more sense than all the regular war correspondents put together."

Peter was shaking hands with the ambassador, yet his sharp ears had registered this tribute. His eyes were dancing points of light between black lashes as, hand under her elbow, he rushed Jean outside and down the marble steps.

He dropped her arm when he saw the tall fair-haired officer in Naval uniform standing in the lower hall. He seized Howard's hand, clapped his shoulder. "*Mon vieux!*" they said simultaneously. And the two eventful years since they had last met were bridged.

Outside, Peter linked one arm in each of theirs. "Well, here we are again—the Three Musketeers."

"One of them looking very lovely," Howard declared.

"And one of them feeling as if he'd been drawn through a very small knot-hole," Peter said. "Did you hear any comments about my speech, Howard?"

Howard's gray eyes twinkled. "I'm relieved," he told Jean, "to find success hasn't changed him. He's the same old single-minded guy he's always been."

"That's right," Peter agreed, swinging them around onto Dupont Circle. "What did my public say?"

"I'd be embarrassed to tell you. I haven't been associating with any literary geniuses since I joined the Navy. But you'll find the incense burning here, all right—the fatted calf prepared. When I stopped to leave your bags the old Negro butler told me Mrs. Littlejohn has been saving all her ration points for days."

"Mrs. Littlejohn," Peter declared, as they ascended the two steps to the iron-grilled door of the venerable widow's house, "is a pearl among women. I love Mrs. Littlejohn."

On the principle of Mary and the little lamb, Jean thought, as the ancient manservant ushered them up to the second floor.

Mrs. Littlejohn was waiting at the entrance of the library, an imposing black-clad figure, her erect carriage and bright dark eyes beneath snow-white hair belying her boast of being over seventy. She held out both hands to Peter. "Your articles have been magnificent. I've felt as if I were right in Tunisia myself."

She spoke then to Jean and Howard. Yet she made scant pretense they were more than mere appendages to her hero.

Made in H eaven

BY
MAUDE PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

It's fun being



Peter was staring at Ingrid Anderson as if hypnotized. "Haven't you ever been married?" he demanded. "Not even once," laughed Ingrid.

a celebrity's wife until one becomes a celebrity's shadow.

Then it takes the bright sun of competition

to refocus the picture . . .

At any rate, I have company as an appendage today, Jean thought as Howard sat near her on one side of the massive fireplace. Mrs. Littlejohn had seated herself on the other, smoothing the black draperies she had worn ever since the untimely death of her only child, a son, sixteen years ago. He too had been a writer of great promise.

"This red chair is the most comfortable," she told Peter. "Light your pipe. Don't feel you have to talk. I know your voice must be tired. What you need is a drink. Brown is bringing them."

She was touchingly like a mother whose son has come home on furlough, Jean thought. No wonder Peter smiled contentedly as he lighted his pipe and began to relax.

His five novels lay on a near-by table. He had written in one: "To Jean's only rival." At the time, two years ago, he'd shown Jean the inscription and asked teasingly, "Don't you think you're a pretty lucky woman?" She had said, "Incredibly lucky!" But she had not been referring to Peter's unquestioned fidelity. She had taken it for granted as much as her own.

Today, however, she found herself wondering ironically whether Peter's failure to be interested in other women was a matter for congratulation, or whether it did not arise from the mere scarcity of women—under seventy!—who would make no demands. Always take second place.

But he was beginning now to talk with spontaneity. The reaction had set in. She had almost forgotten how quickly the pendulum could swing. He was becoming increasingly gay; animation lighted his face. He was riding toward the crest of the wave; fast approaching what she and Howard called his "madder-music-stronger-wine" phase.

It was wholly self-engendered. He could brew within himself an exultation far headier than any bottled fermentation. The results, however, had certain points

of similarity. Jean became uneasy. They had promised Howard to spend tonight and tomorrow, Sunday, at the farm he had recently acquired an hour away in Maryland. But if Peter became too exhilarated, he might decide that the quiet of the country would be unbearable. He might crave the stimulus of noise and lights and strange faces.

That her wishes might ever go contrary to his seemed never to occur to him, any more than that she might have any interests apart from his. He knew, for instance, that she had made several trips to Washington while he was away, in connection with her job of editing and writing the continuity for the scheduled publication in book form of his newspaper pieces. She had told him of seeing Howard on each occasion, of his extraordinary kindness in giving her lunch or dinner, getting train reservations. He had read the new volume in page proof and liked it. She had mentioned too, a shade self-consciously, Howard's sending her each time a corsage of lovely fragrant Parma violets.

Peter, exercising his gift for extracting from any recital only that which he considered relevant, had merely answered, "Of course Naval Intelligence has nothing to do with passing this stuff. Howard's judgment is sound, though. I'm glad he likes the book. Glad you saw him."

Jean was not yet sure whether or not she was glad. It had been curiously disturbing. She had been only nineteen when she had fallen in love with Peter—the first evening her father had brought him home for Sunday supper at their house in Cambridge. They had been married a year later, and since that time she had never thought of any other man in personal terms. Howard, whom she and Peter had met during their honeymoon in Madrid, his first post as an embryonic diplomat, had become their closest friend. This winter, alone with him for the first

time, Jean had found his thoughtfulness, his consideration, healing balm. He had gone to endless trouble to insure her comfort; been quick to notice and appreciate what she wore.

Not that there had been one word exchanged between them which could remotely be called romantic. In fact, Jean thought wryly, they could scarcely have spent more time talking about Peter, had Peter been present in the flesh.

Mrs. Littlejohn pressed the bell beside her chair. "We're going to dine in here. The servant problem being what it is in Washington today, I rarely use the dining room. The drawing room is closed off, of course. All guest rooms but one. And that one will be dismantled tomorrow, D. V."

"I noticed some widely traveled luggage downstairs," Peter said. "I assume the present incumbent of your guest room is on the point of departure?"

"I trust so," Mrs. Littlejohn said grimly. Then, glancing

toward the butler, who was setting up a square lace-covered table just large enough for four, she went on with false sprightliness. "She's a confrere of yours, Peter. She came down last Tuesday to address the Women's National Press Club. Someone asked me to put her up because there wasn't another available room in town. I understood she was to be here only one night. You may have heard of her—she's a newspaperwoman turned war correspondent. There's a book of hers over on that table, although I haven't read it. Her name is Ingrid Anderson."

"Sounds familiar," Peter said. "Didn't I once see you reading her book, Jean?"

"Yes," Jean answered. "About a year ago. It was a good job, too. With a little direction, she'll be first-rate someday. As I remember, she's quite young, isn't she?"

"Why, no. I would say she was around thirty," Mrs. Littlejohn answered. Then, as they all laughed, she declared stoutly, "I refuse to subscribe to this preposterous modern habit of calling any woman who reaches the public eye before she's fifty, 'young.'" She rose with dignity and moved to the table.

"You sit opposite me, Peter." When the servant had vanished she said, "Some columnist referred to Ingrid Anderson as 'the starlet of the glamour-girl journalists.' She made a grimace of distaste. "In my day, women who wrote were called authoresses, and they were always dowdy and totally lacking in charm for men. I always assumed that's why they took up writing in the first place. But today it appears to be just the reverse: you'd think, to read the newspapers, the sole qualification for a woman's becoming an authority on public affairs is to possess the sort of face and figure which would once have landed her in Ziegfeld's Folies."

Peter chuckled. "It's about their only qualification, as a rule."

The butler placed a huge old-fashioned tureen in front of Mrs. Littlejohn. "Crabmeat bisque," she said, ladling it into generous-sized soup plates. "I remembered your liking it, Peter, so I—" The words seemed to freeze on her lips. She stared at the door into the hall. Then she spoke with icy sharpness. "Come in! Don't just stand there. Come in, Miss Anderson!"

Howard stood up. Peter did not so much as turn his head until he had put the spoon down in his empty plate.

Ingrid Anderson was then standing beside Mrs. Littlejohn.

Why, Jean thought, she really is a glamour girl!

She was tall and slim, with shining blond hair. Lovely hair, falling almost to the shoulders of her smart black street dress. She was not pretty; she was something far more distinguished. The bone structure of her face was excellent. Her cheekbones were high, with sculptured hollows beneath. The line of her chin was clean-cut, valiant. And she was sun-tanned to a warm, almost golden shade.

Mrs. Littlejohn said pointedly to the men, "Sit down." To Ingrid Anderson: "You must be dining very late?"

"Oh, I've decided not to go out, after all." Her teeth were milk-white, small



Nostalgia almost too great to be borne swept over Jean as she stared at the white frame house.



"You're crazy!" cried Jean. "Utterly crazy!" They clung together.

and regular; she smiled with almost childlike excitement. "You see, Peter McKnight and I have just missed each other everywhere. By only a day, the last time, in Casablanca."

Jean had never before seen Mrs. Littlejohn at a loss. After a pause she said with the tonelessness of defeat, "Peter, will you bring up another chair? And

press the bell so Brown can try to set another place."

It was Howard who performed these tasks, moving his own chair to an uncomfortable angle. Peter was too busy firing names back at Ingrid Anderson, comparing notes with her on the apparently unlimited number of places and persons they both knew: Malta, Moscow,

the Burma Road. Stalin, Gandhi, the Generalissimo. Beveridge, Bevin . . .

Mrs. Littlejohn interrupted. "There's no more of the bisque," she said, not without satisfaction. "And I could get only four squabs."

The platter containing them was being offered first to Ingrid Anderson. Talking animatedly to Peter, she placed one on her plate. Peter helped himself to another.

Mrs. Littlejohn's dark eyes met Jean's. In that moment they were closer than they had ever been. They struggled not to smile. Yet had they laughed aloud, it seemed doubtful that either Ingrid Anderson or Peter would have noticed.

While the butler was attempting to carve the two remaining squabs into three equal portions, Mrs. Littlejohn asked Howard to fill the winglasses. "The last of my vintage Burgundy," she said ruefully. She winced when Ingrid Anderson picked up her glass and drank as casually as if drinking water. Mrs. Littlejohn raised her voice. "I've been saving this bottle for you, Peter." She added with more emphasis than strict accuracy, "For you and for your wife."

Ingrid Anderson turned her eyes on Jean. Eyes tawny in color, and with a strange lens-like quality of acute perceptiveness. Jean felt herself tabulated "brown hair, blue eyes, conventionally well-dressed," dismissed.

She was not, however, prepared to hear Ingrid Anderson say with devastating frankness, "I can't believe you and Peter McKnight are married to each other!" She glanced back at him as if taking fresh stock of his irregular features, thick untidy dark hair, eyes more green than hazel. She shook her head. "No, you two don't look at all as if you belonged together."

"We don't, do we?" Peter returned blithely. "Jean's as Boston as baked beans, and I'm just a country boy from upstate New York."

"A country boy who eventually developed a nice taste in the wines of France," Mrs. Littlejohn said.

It did the trick. Whether the tribute or the unwonted acerbity with which it was uttered, Jean neither knew nor cared. She felt immense relief when Peter laughed and, lifting his glass appreciatively, told Mrs. Littlejohn, "A wonderful bouquet."

For all of five minutes, perhaps, the conversation was general. Then Ingrid was reminded of some claret served her in Freetown. "You've been in Freetown too?" Peter asked. And the dialogue began anew.

It was still going full tilt some half-hour later when the servant came in proudly bearing a lighted chafing dish. He placed it on a side table and began pouring in liqueurs.

Unable to bear the disappointment in Mrs. Littlejohn's eyes, Jean put her hand on Peter's sleeve. "Crêpes Suzette! You gave us those at Foyot's, Mrs. Littlejohn, the first time we dined with you. That was in 1930, and we hadn't had a really substantial meal in weeks. I ate so much I was almost ill the next morning. But Peter worked all night. When I woke up he handed me page one, chapter one, of the first novel." (*Continued on page 128*)

Presenting an Exclusive Cosmopolitan Feature

Pack Up Your Troubles

BY
JOHN GOLDEN

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT COLEMAN



ONE evening recently an unusual event took place in a New York theater. A distinguished audience of men and women paid \$100,000 for the privilege of witnessing a single performance of five one-act plays written, directed and acted by enlisted men of the United States Army. (The receipts of \$100,000 for this one performance broke all records for a non-star, non-musical evening in the theater.)

These five plays were the Prize Winners in the John Golden Prize Play Contest and were selected by a committee headed by John Golden, the well-known theatrical producer.

In all, 114 manuscripts were received from enlisted men both here and abroad,

furnishing clear proof that Uncle Sam's boys know how to write as well as fight . . .

Mr. Golden says that many people are entitled to credit for the brilliant success of the contest, but that if any one person is entitled to priority it might very well be Major Richard French, now in action overseas, who happened to be John Golden's General Manager for over sixteen years.

It is quite possible that you have never actually *read* a play, though no doubt you have seen hundreds performed. Incidentally, we don't ever remember *Cosmopolitan's* publishing a play. But when we heard of this one-act play contest, the opportunity to present one of the winners to our readers proved irresistible. So here it is.





Among those who attended the record-breaking performance were: Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, the Duke of Windsor, Mrs. Roosevelt, the Duchess of Windsor and John Golden.

CAST OF CHARACTERS



PRIVATE ELMER BENSON
Very young, with abundant charm and an ability to get in and out of difficulties.



PRIVATE EDDIE CLARK
Hysterical, pessimistic in situations of great strain, but capable of helping a friend.



CORPORAL JONES
A careful man of thirty or so, with a commanding, bullying attitude and a murderous mind.

SERGEANT KELLY

A bellowing sergeant whose training methods are much appreciated in a crisis.



KELLY

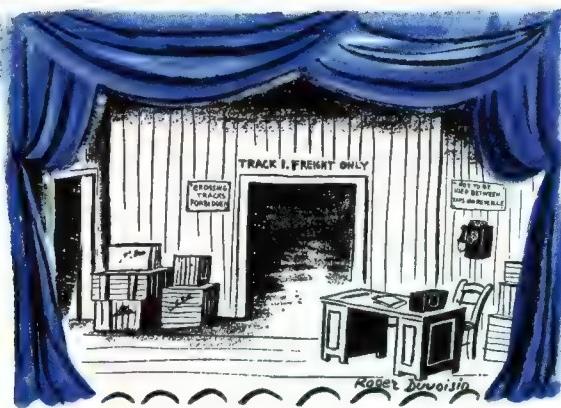


MORELSKI



VIRILE M. P.

. . . AND A **MP**



SCENE:

A portion of a warehouse at a receiving station. It is very plainly built; the only furniture is a battered desk and chair.

A sign on the pay-station telephone on the wall at right says: Not To Be Used Between Taps and Reveille.

Around the walls are stacked a few large packing boxes. On the desk there is a small two-way radio box, some papers and a pencil.

Upstage center is a wide entrance above which is a sign: TRACK 1. FREIGHT ONLY. Another sign near the door says: CROSSING TRACKS FORBIDDEN.

At left a door leads to the grounds.
It is almost reveille.

★ ★ ★ CURTAIN ★ ★ ★

A sentry, Corporal Morelski, enters, center, makes a cursory inspection, exits.

At that moment two privates appear at left entrance. Private Benson wears a long raincoat, reaching to the floor, galoshes and a turned-up fatigue hat. Private Clark wears a helmet underliner, jacket and sun-tans. They are tiptoeing in, Clark behind Benson. As they get inside, Clark does a silent about face and starts off. Benson grabs him.

Benson (speaks in a frightened whisper): Eddie! Where you goin'? You c-can't desert me now!

Clark: I will gladly die for you, Elmer, but under fire in the field, not in the kitchen.

Benson: B-but I thought we were buddies.

Clark: Ever since we left the barracks my heart and my stomach has changed places three times. Them spareribs we had for chow are wanderin' around insida me lookin' for a home, Benson: G-gee! Wh-what's that pourin' off you, sweat?

Clark: It ain't chocolate syrup!

Benson: W-w-well, what could they do to us, anyway? All I wanna do is m-make a telephone call.

Clark: I been warnin' you, Elmer! For two hours I been warnin' you! I once knew a guy who scratched his nose while his company was doin' eyes right in front of Colonel Butler. Y-you know what happened to him?

Benson: No—no—what—what happened to him?

Clark: Even G-2 is still tryin' to find out!

Benson: Holy m-mackerel!

Clark: They'd probably court-martial us, that's what!

Benson: Just for making a telephone call to my wife?

Clark: Just for the hell of it! Ever see a court-martial?

Benson: N-no.

Clark: I seen it! In the movies! It's all with drums! A couple guys with drums march the victim around and around and some guy throws a thick black bag over his head—

Benson: Gee whiz! The guy could smother!

Clark: And then he hangs him!

Benson: Hangs him!



Clark: One guy appealed to the highest military court. He didn't wanna be hung!

Benson (trying to find a happy thought somewhere): Didn't hang him, did they?

Clark: No! He got shot.

Benson: W-well, w-what did he do? Kill somebody? (Plays with his hat.)

Clark: No, he had his left shoelace in his right shoe and his right shoelace in his left shoe.

Benson (looks down, then up): Y-you m-mean there is such a thing as a right shoelace and a left shoelace?

Clark: I didn't ask no questions! I just let the bottom of my pants out!

Benson (nervously moving to phone): Gee, Eddie, I don't know what to be more nervous about—this, or my wife havin' a baby! (Puts hat on desk.)

Clark: Listen, Elmer, I'm tellin' you—we better scram! I got a taste in my mouth like GI soap!

Benson: If Mabel knew what I had to go through she never would have the baby before reveille.

Clark: What makes you so sure she's gonna have it before reveille?

Benson (deposits coin in phone): I forgot to tell you I called after taps, and the doctor said, 'My boy, you'll be a father before the next bugle blows.' Well, reveille's the next bugle. (Dials operator.) Three two five four o eight three seven.

Clark: What the hell is that?

Benson (to Clark): She asked for my number. (Realizing.) Oh—she means—hello . . . Operator . . . Hello? I'm calling Mrs. Mabel Benson at the Laussy Hospital. (He pronounces it 'lousy.') In Dripwell, Long Island . . . Laussy Hospital. (He spells it.) L-a-u-s-s-y. It's a French name, operator, but I only took a commercial course . . . Mrs. Mabel Benson . . . That's right. She's my wife. (Proudly.) She's havin' a baby.

Clark: She don't care about that!

Benson (into phone): Yes, I'll hold on.

Clark: Elmer, are you sure this is the only pay phone in camp?

Benson (to Clark): You know the public telephone building closes at midnight, and this is the only pay phone that ain't in a locked building! That's why they got this sign over it! Take a look and see if anyone's coming. (Clark peers out center door.) How much time did you say we had left until he walks his post and comes back?

Clark: Enough time for you to make up your mind what you wanna hang up—you or that telephone.

Benson (into phone): Hello . . . Operator . . . I'm waiting . . . Could you rush a little? This is a matter of life, birth and death maybe . . . That's right, Laussy Maternity Hospital . . . I'm going to be a — Yeah . . . Ain't it? Thanks! Same to you . . . I mean if you're married . . . What? . . . FOUR! Listen, could I ask you a very personal question? Is the first one very annoying?

Clark: Listen, Elmer. Cut it out! I ain't hangin' around here much longer. (Shivering.) I'm freezing!

Benson: Just a minute, operator . . . What's wrong, Eddie? Somebody coming?

Clark: Listen, Elmer, first I start sweatin', then I get cold! Then I start sweatin' again, then I get cold again!

Benson: Here. You better take my coat. (He takes it off and throws it around Clark's shoulders. Benson has only long underwear underneath.)

Clark: Listen, Elmer. I'll watch outside. That guy oughta be comin' back soon! I'll knock twice-twice if I hear anyone comin'!

Benson: Twice-twice. Okay. (Clark exits. Benson speaks into phone.) Hello . . . I'm still here waiting for my call . . . What?

. . . Who? . . . No! No! I'm not the one who put in a call to Colonel Butler! I'm waiting for Dripwell, Long Island. (Pause, then eagerly.) Hello . . . Is this the Laussy—Who? Colonel Butler! (He stands frozen a split second, slams the receiver on the hook and runs towards exit.)

Clark (entering suddenly): Well! What is it? A boy or a girl?

Benson (excitedly): It's Colonel Butler!

Clark: How did he get there? I thought he was on maneuvers!

Benson: He was on the telephone!

Clark: Holy Gee! What did he say?

Benson: He said, "This is Colonel Butler," and from there on he was talkin' to himself.

Clark: I knew it! I knew it! We'll be shot! We'll be hung! And

then they'll give us a dishonorable discharge! Things are looking more gruesome.

Benson: D-don't you know that everyone has a Good Fairy watchin' over 'em?

Clark: A Good Fairy, huh? (There is a sudden shriek of a train whistle, "Whoo, whoo." They rush into each other's arms.)

Benson: What was that?

Clark: That was the Good Fairy whistlin' at us to get the hell out of here!

Benson: That was no fairy; that was the train! There's a shipment today.

Clark: Sure it was the fairy! Didn't it go "Woo, Woo"? LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE! (He starts to go.)

Benson (grabbing him): If—if—you leave me now—I—(He is thinking up some dire threat.) I—I'll never save a seat for you in the phone booth!

Clark: Listen, Elmer, under the Articles of War they could turn a little innocent belch into an act of sabotage!

Benson: But, Eddie! Once I get the hospital on the phone, it'll be all over! All I want to ask is: Is it a boy or a girl and how's Mabel?

Clark: And the rest of it you can write her from the death cell.

Benson: D-don't you th-think you're exaggerating, Eddie?

Clark (solemnly): I know of a case where a guy forgot to salute a second lieutenant . . .

Benson: Y-y-es?



Clark: They tied his hand to his head and now he's a statue in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Benson: Listen, Eddie—I'm going to t-take j-just one more chance. S-stop worrying for a m-minute. You watch outside, and if anybody comes d-don't forget to give the knocks—twice-twice.

Clark: All I know is, you're becoming a father and I'm suffering. (He exits.)

Benson (depositing a nickel and calling after him): D-don't worry, Eddie. I'm suffering too! (He dials operator.) Hello, operator? Before we start anything about numbers we better get something straightened out. I have nothing to say to Colonel Butler. In fact I don't wanna talk to anybody above the rank of mother.

Clark (sticking his head in doorway): Psssst! Elmer! Elmer! Benson (excitedly into phone): Hold it, operator, hold it! (To Clark.) What happened? D-d-did you see somebody coming? Clark: Not yet! But don't worry, we'll be caught. In the meantime, I can see anybody who comes in this way, or that way. (He points to upstage entrance.) If they come that way, I'll knock three times twice them once and twice three times. If they come this way I'll knock three times once and then twice once and three times. (He ducks out again.)

Benson (very confused): What? What? . . . I didn't get it . . . Eddie. (Into phone.) Just a second, Eddie. (To Clark.) Hey, operator . . . What's that? A dollar and fifteen cents. J-just a second. (He starts to count his change.) Fifty, seventy-five, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety, one hundred. (Into phone.) I only have one dollar, five cents of which is pennies. But I don't have a dollar fifteen. Will you wait a second? I'll borrow it. (He runs to door L.) Psst! Eddie. Eddie!

Clark (running in): Well! What does the doctor say? Is it a boy or a girl?

Benson: I have to pay fifteen more cents to find out!

Clark: What?

Benson: Don't stand there like a jerk! Gimme fifteen cents.

Clark: What do I look like, a slot machine?

Benson (getting very excited): I gotta have it! I gotta have it!

Clark (annoyed, to put it mildly): I ain't got it! I ain't got it!

Voice (over loud-speaker): Attention! All posts! Be on the lookout for two saboteurs who have been traced to this camp.

If they are in fear of being apprehended they will probably make for the nearest telephone to try and get a message through! That is all!

Benson (runs to phone as Clark dashes madly L. door, throwing Benson's coat to the floor. Benson jiggles hook wildly): Operator! Operator! I told you to stay there!

(Severcl knocks, signals from Clark, come from off L.)

Benson: Hello. (He deposits another nickel and dials.) Operator! I'm calling Colonel Mabel at the Dripwell Hospital, in Laussy, Long Island—I mean—I mean—Mrs. Hospital at the Maternity Colonel! . . . No, I haven't got the fifteen cents! You owe me four nickels already! . . . What? My name and address? What for? . . . No, no no! I don't want you to mail me the nickels. I want—operator—you don't know what it means to be a father before reveille.

(There are more signal knocks. Benson can't take it any more. He hangs up the phone, starts out Left; tries to recall signals, starts out C; apparently sees someone, then crawls under the desk. He can be seen from the audience side, because it is one of those desks with an opening all the way through, like a tunnel.)

Corporal Morelski (enters Center. He goes to box on desk. Pulls lever down): Corporal Morelski, Post Number Five, Warehouse Station, reporting on the quarter hour at o four four five. Everything in order.

Corporal Jones (enters center, breathlessly): Just in time! I was almost spotted!

Corporal Morelski: But you weren't! Good work! (They shake hands.)

Corporal Jones: When that troop train blows up it will be the biggest home-front military disaster in the nation's history!

Corporal Morelski: The train is moving out on Track Twelve. That's not even a quarter of a mile away!

Corporal Jones: As soon as the train passes switch forty-five—EOOM! And the Berlin School of Sabotage honors two more of its graduates!

Corporal Morelski: I have to laugh, too, to think how we got into the Army!

Corporal Jones: Only the Gestapo could think of something so clever like breaking into the draft board and putting cards from the dead file into the live one, then intercepting the mail!

Corporal Morelski: A stroke of genius!

Corporal Jones: And to think that you get stuck with a name like Morelski!

Corporal Morelski: Some Polish dog! What about you! Jones! American hick!

Corporal Jones: It will feel good, mein Herr, to be Steuhmer and Waldhardt again.

Corporal Morelski: It will feel very good!

Corporal Jones: And take our rightful places in the Reich of the United States.

Both (simultaneously): HEIL HITLER!

(They seem to remember to be quieter, and look about suspiciously to see if they have been detected.)

Corporal Jones (notices coat): Is this your raincoat? (Picks it up.)

Corporal Morelski: Not mine.

Corporal Jones: There's a number—three two five four o eight three seven. Who could that be? Was it here when you made your last rounds?

Corporal Morelski: I didn't notice it. Maybe it was; maybe not.

Corporal Jones (sitting at desk): Throw it here on the desk. You came in several times and you don't remember the coat? (Morelski throws it on desk. Jones picks up hat from desk.)

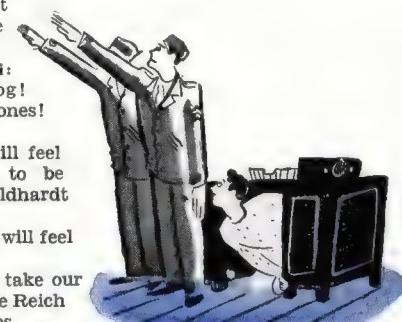
Corporal Jones: And this hat? With the same number!

Corporal Morelski: No, I'm sure now there was no coat or hat.

Corporal Jones (as the telephone rings): Such an hour for a telephone call!

Corporal Morelski: Answer it.

Corporal Jones: Hello. What? . . . What? . . . Well, are you—Don't be a fool! Why should (Continued on page 124)



People like Us...

BY DALE EUNSON

Here is a truly distinguished American story,
for in Stella Beacon and her husband you will find
the best and the worst of us all. Spoiled for years,
shocked into reality, could they find the way back?

"AND THEN?"

Dear Dr. Schilling's voice from the shadows behind her gave her courage to continue with the recital. Dear Dr. Schilling. Sometimes Stella Beacon thought she might have lost her reason if she had not found him.

She lay on the sofa in the small beige room. Light from a single lamp behind Dr. Schilling cast his silhouette like a gigantic gray moth against the wall.

"And then?"

What had she been saying? Oh, yes. She had been telling him about the time she came home from Bermuda and found the lipstick in Tom's dinner jacket. That certainly proved . . .

"Perhaps you're exhausted, Mrs. Beacon."

Perhaps she was. It had been a bad day. Out since ten-thirty; a fitting at Lucy's, where everything went wrong; luncheon with that boring career woman Natalie Fletcher (of course, she had Natalie to thank for dear Dr. Schilling); two hours pouring tea for the Greeks (people would go on and on with the most harrowing stories about famine).

Yes, she'd been ready for Dr. Schilling at four-thirty. How nice to lie in this peaceful room, opening wide your heart and your mind, remembering, floating lazily back up a river of time, exploring obscure tributaries of thought and experience that you had never dreamed important. And yet everything that ever happened to you was important.

"Yes, I am tired," she said. She swung her feet to the floor. Dr. Schilling was instantly at her side, helping her. Stella thanked him with her eyes. The little courtesies; the charm of the man. How unlike Tom. "Mustn't spoil me," she said. He pressed her hand slightly. "I'm almost thirty-five years old. If I can't take care of myself by now . . ."

"Of course you can. But should you?"

She felt a sudden tingling at the base of her hairline. She was standing close to the man. He was so quiet and reserved, yet she knew what he must be thinking: *How fragile and helpless she is, married to a man who . . .*

Then it came out. No longer could she suppress the question she had been leading up to ever since that day when she

first talked to him about Tom and herself. "Dr. Schilling. Should I leave him?"

He did not move, nor was there any change in his expression. Yet something happened to his eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Beacon," he said. Something was gone from his voice too. Warmth? For a moment he had been close, but now he had retreated within himself and closed a door. She had to get through to him again.

"Clive!" she cried. She had never called him that before. "Clive! Listen to me. You know all there is to know about me. I've no one to turn to. Oh, I have friends, but they don't belong to the real me, the me that you know. They don't know how suffocated I am. You know! Tell me. Has he any right to keep me chained?"

Dr. Schilling took her hand in both of his. "My dear Mrs. Beacon," he repeated.

With the coming of spring,
work began on the Beacon
farm before the sun had
driven the stars from the sky.



"It's too soon to talk of what you are going to do with your future. We still have a great many curtains to lift on your past."

After Stella was gone he rang for his secretary. None of his wealthy female clients knew that she was also his wife. He kissed her. "Mrs. B.'s in love with me," he said lightly. "Wants to divorce her husband."

The girl sighed. "The difficult stage," she murmured. She looked up at him.

"You didn't—encourage her, did you?"

"To divorce her husband? I may be a phony, but I'm not a fool."

Vi Schilling sighed contentedly.

Tom Beacon poured himself a drink and surveyed his image in the mirror. Last week had been his forty-second birthday, and he knew he looked his age. His tie was not quite straight, and a lock of hair fell over his brow. He had been told that he might be Willkie's younger brother.

Tom did not relish the scene ahead any more than he would relish slapping a child—which was the way he sometimes thought about Stella—but there was no avoiding it now. It was almost upon him, and no matter how many times he told himself that, whatever the result, it would be better for being settled, he was not sure. For marriage is a habit hard to break.

Funny how people changed. No, there was nothing funny about it; rather, it was bewildering and tragic. You fell in love—and he could never doubt that he had fallen in love, blindly and completely. You married the sweetest girl in the world. Yes, you were aware of her idiosyncrasies, but they were charming and endearing. That desire to keep ahead of the Joneses; that tendency to refer to celebrities by their first names, as if she knew them. Stella had never had much money. This was her way of bettering herself; of building on the future instead of the past. When you looked at it that way, it was rather admirable.

But that was seventeen years ago, and there had been three hundred and sixty-five days and nights in each of those years. The relentless, pulverizing erosion of time, dulling the sharp, sweet surface emotions, flattening the mountains of ecstasy, and yes, even washing over the dark ravines of despair.

But never quite filling them. Tom never ceased to wonder what had happened, or why it had happened.

One of the first disillusionments had come when he discovered that Stella was not interested in his business life. He was just getting started in wholesale furniture, and a few weeks after the honeymoon he had landed a large order from a Midwestern department store. He could



In the bright moonlight Tom's face was wretched as he murmured, "My little lost love."

from him. He stood still, trying to get his bearings. The Dempsters? Oh, yes, Stella's friends. He'd written a book or something. Mix drinks for the Dempsters. Don't think everybody's as interested in what you're doing as you are!

From the living room came the sound of her laughter. And then: "Tom was telling me about some deal he's just made. Do you think I might subtly leave a copy of 'Babbitt' on his bedside table?"

That had cut deep, hard as he had tried to rationalize it. He had never again mentioned to her either a triumph or a defeat. And that seemed to be the way she wanted it, for she never asked him about financial affairs.

She had never suggested a cut in her personal and household allowance during the depression. Afterward, when business picked up, he had given her more and she had responded with a show of affection which sickened rather than pleased him.

What, then, he asked himself, was left of marriage? Why did it matter whether Stella followed him to—well, Stella would call it the end of the earth, though he called it home, because New York had long since ceased to seem like home. He supposed it must be that, in spite of those seventeen years, he thought of her as the tender, helpless little thing he had married; the girl who had cast her lot with him for better or for worse.

And now there was only one course left. One for him, that was, because the money, the little fortune he had come to make in New York twenty years ago, was gone. At last the crisis was here and he would soon know whether, beneath the glazed polish of the woman who was Mrs. Thomas Beacon, there was still left a trace of the girl who had been Stella Randle.

She said, "Oh, you're home," as she passed through the living room into the bedroom.

"Yes, I'm home," he said. He followed

hardly wait to tell Stella about it. He was late, and she met him at the door. She looked annoyed. "The Dempsters have been here half an hour," she whispered.

He had grabbed her and whirled her around, there in the foyer. "Darling. I landed the Drake Mercantile order. Three hundred dollars' commission, and that's just the beginning!"

"Let me go," she said. "They're waiting for a drink."

She walked away from him. He stood still, trying to get his bearings. The Dempsters? Oh, yes, Stella's friends. He'd written a book or something. Mix drinks for the Dempsters. Don't think everybody's as interested in what you're doing as you are!

her, watching as she removed hat and coat.

She sat before her dressing table, examining her face critically. It was still a good face, Tom thought, though the outlines of her chiseled features were sharper than they had been; the blue eyes now more gray than blue. She was still a striking, if not beautiful, woman. She tilted her chin so that she could see her neckline, then frowned, dipped slim fingers into a jar of skin cream and applied it to her throat.

He began to talk. One of his pompous moods, Stella thought, and switched his voice from her consciousness as she would switch off a radio program.

"For a long while," Tom said, "I've been feeling guilty. I've wanted to be in the war doing my part, instead of sitting behind a desk trying to hold my business together, but I didn't know what my part was. I'm too old for actual combat, and I'm untrained for public-relations work. Phony commissions—they're not for me . . ."

Stella was thinking: I wonder if I should have something done about my neck now or wait? I'll never tell anyone if I go to that plastic man . . .

". . . and now there's no longer any way to hold the business together. It's washed up. Wholesale furniture is out for the duration. We can't make anything

to sell. I poured everything I had into it, thinking somehow we could keep going and after the war build it up again. But we didn't have the capital. We were small fry. Business expendables, I suppose. So now that problem's disposed of. I'm free, white and forty-two. I'd been thinking about going into defense work, but now I'm glad I didn't jump at anything in a hurry because this morning I got a letter from my brother Fred. He's eighteen years younger than I am, you

know, and he's enlisted. Being inducted this week. I'm going to take over the farm while he's gone. His wife's pregnant. She's not going to be able to get hired hands, and even if she could she won't be fit to manage things this summer. Ollie has her school . . ."

Damn! Stella said under her breath. There goes a run. My last pair of nylons. Damn the war, anyhow! No stockings, no meat, no servants . . . I'm going to take over the farm while he's gone. The sentence leaped up out of her subconscious to the surface of her mind.

She turned to face her husband. In



Stella felt a little sick as she turned the warm eggs. Suppose she broke one?

one hand she held a tiny brush with a droplet of liquid rouge suspended on it. She said, "Tom Beacon, what are you talking about?"

Here it was at last. He looked at her without emotion. "I've been telling you. My business is washed up. I'm broke. I'm going to take over the farm while Fred's in the Army."

The rouge dropped on her skirt, glistened a moment, then became a dull, widening blotch. For a moment Stella could not speak. When her voice came it was a rasp. "You've decided all this without consulting me?"

"I've decided everything without consulting you, Stella, because you weren't interested. It used to matter to me what you thought. But it doesn't any more. I've had to get used to your indifference."

Suddenly Stella was on her feet, her fists beating against his chest. "How about me? How have you disposed of me, Mr. God?"

He took her wrists in his hands and forced them down. "You have two choices," he said. "You can come with me—"

"To Grayson? Live on a farm?"

He nodded. "Or stay in New York. But there's no money, Stella. If you stay, you'll have to go to work."

She could not believe what she was hearing. "Tom," she said. "I'm very sick." She sat down heavily.

"You're not sick," Tom said. Be cruel now, he told himself; kill or cure. "In these times," he went on, stony-faced, "an able-bodied woman who doesn't draw her own weight is an anachronism. You've never produced a child because it would spoil your figure. For what? I've often wondered. Stella"—his voice softened in spite of himself when he spoke her name—"Stella, this can be the end or a new beginning for us. It's now or never with you and me. Either you play it my way and go to Grayson with me, or you stay here and go it alone."

He turned then and went into the bathroom. He had said nothing that he had not felt for years, but somehow the mere putting of it into words made him distrust what he knew to be the truth. He was violently sick at his stomach.

The crowded local out of Des Moines jerked and rattled across the rolling plains. Stella stared at the scenery, such as it was. She had known vaguely that Tom came from this part of the country, but she had never thought of the citizens of the Middle West as people. The ones who were anybody got out as soon as they could. Those who stayed behind were clods. Human vegetables. Corn-fed yokels, they were good for one thing: they filled the nation's bread basket.

And that was where she was going. To the bread basket. The Grass Roots were out here too, weren't they? Land of violent storms, violent heat and violent cold.

She had tried every trick in the bag to stay in New York. Hysterics. Tears. Threats. Taking to her bed. But none of them had worked. Finally, like a sleep-walker, she had begun to pack. Tom had shown his one trace of humanity as the train emerged from the tunnel on upper Park. She was crying, and he reached over to pat her hand. "If the crops are good this fall, maybe there'll be enough for you to have six weeks in Nevada—if you still want a divorce."

She had considered finding a job, but what could a woman with no experience do?

It had not been easy telling her friends; not easy to make them believe that going to the Middle West "for the summer" was simply one of those mad, impulsive things to be expected from Stella Beacon. "It'll be such a *lark*," she had said, her voice a little shrill. "We're going to be farmers. Yes, actually. Can't you *die!*" Stella could. With shame. "We're going to raise pigs—isn't that divine?—and corn and wheat. It's up to all of us to put our shoulders to the wheel this summer."

"But you, Stella! People like us don't do things like that."

Yet here she was. Here she incredibly was.

The train was slowing down. "We get off here," Tom said. "This is Grayson. Better get your coat on. Ollie will be at the station to meet us. Hope she has Chris with her."

Ollie was Tom's old-maid sister. She'd taught school since she was eighteen. "Who's Chris?" Stella asked.

"Christopher Christopherson," Tom said. "Quite a character. He's been the Beacons' hired man since before the turn of the century. Can't do much work any more on account of his rheumatiz."

"Why don't you fire him, then?"

"Fire Chris? I'd as soon turn out a toothless dog to run with a wolf pack."

The train jolted to a stop. "Here we are," Tom said. He reached out to steady his wife. Her shoulders went rigid under his grip. He held her for a moment, staring into her face. "I'm sorry, Stella. But this is the way it is, and this is the way it's going to be. It doesn't matter how you feel about me. I can take it. But I want you to be decent to my family. They're nice, honest, simple people. And if I find you being a—"

Stella glared at him. "You'll what?" she asked. "You may be able to lay down ultimatums—just because you have no money—but I don't like threats."

He gathered up their bags and preceded her down the aisle, down the steps, into the station of Grayson. "Welcome to Grayson. We Feed the Nation," read the legend in the depot yard. "Elevation 1,248. Population 6,350. Products corn, pork, beef, wheat, barley, oats, vegetables. The town that has everything but discontent. Drive slow. Don't kill our children. We love them."

Tom was at her side one moment; the next she saw him rushing down the platform. A plump woman was charging forward to meet him, tweed coat open to the wind. They threw out their arms and pounded each other on the back.

After a moment an old man hobbled up to them. Tom grabbed him and kissed him on both cheeks, while the old fellow slapped at him good-naturedly. "Chris!" Tom cried. "You damned old cuss! Still as ornery as a bull calf, I'll bet."

"Lemme lug your grips," Chris said. "S'about all I'm good for these days."

Tom looked at his sister. "Go on, let him," she said. "Makes him feel useful."

Tom handed them over. Chris strained to straighten up with them and staggered down the platform.

"Where's your—where's Stella?" Ollie asked. "Isn't she with you?"

"Yes. She's with me." Tom turned and saw Stella standing (*Cont. on page 160*)



Stella didn't know that women of Grayson never entered the Elite Bar without an escort.



I'm proud

◀ No. 1 pin-up picture,
75,000 soldiers wanted copies,
and it cost Miss Grable's studio
\$5,000 to fill their requests.

I CAN'T tell you the name of the hospital, for military reasons, but I can tell you the boy's name, or rather, what everybody called him. "Happy," they called him, and that name was all you needed to know about his courage. He was back from North Africa, where he'd been so badly burned in a tank which had received a direct hit that he'd never be quite the same again.

I was in New York on a quick rest between pictures when they asked me to visit Happy and the fellows in his ward. At first I didn't want to go—I thought I couldn't "take it." But I finally d'd go, and the moment I stepped into the ward was the first time I had the thought that someday I might become a dramatic star. For I kept on smiling. They'd told me I was the hospital's favor-



to be a Pin-up

In the hospital "Happy" didn't recognize her face—

but here Betty tells how she proved her identity

BY BETTY GRABLE

ite pin-up girl. It was true. The boys had pinned me up all over the place. There were so many Grable legs looking out at me I began to think I was a centipede. They were everywhere, quite often without a face or even a torso to top them.

The boys began shouting, "Betty, sing," "Betty come up and autograph my cast." "Betty, do us a time step." I stayed chatting and gagging with them, and all the time Happy, a shrunken little figure from all those horrible burns, slept. He looked like an immature boy in the middle of that white cot.

The other boys told me how sick he'd been and how he needed the sleep, but they kept arguing he mustn't miss my visit. They finally woke him. The minute

he opened his eyes I knew how he'd earned his nickname, for he grinned up at me the way I'm sure only an American boy can still grin after going through hell.

I said, "Hello, Happy, I'm Betty Grable. I came over to visit you."

"I don't believe you're Betty Grable," he said with that contagious grin.

"But I am," I protested. "Look at me."

He looked me straight in the eye and said, "I still don't believe it."

Try to prove that you're yourself sometime! There was only one thing to do. I did it. I stepped back about six feet, covered my face with one hand and raised my street dress above my knees, putting my gams together in a pose I had struck a thousand times before. Happy looked

and the whole ward started whistling.

"There can't be another pair like that," said Happy, satisfied. "Imagine you coming to see me. What a beautiful war."

I go to a lot of hospitals and I always remember Happy. He so gallantly typifies the boys who have chosen me for their pin-up girl, and all the rest of the fellows in uniform. When I think of being a pin-up girl to boys like that I get weak in the knees, and that's no good, for my knees have a war job to do. My art seems to be strictly beneath me.

They're the grandest gang that ever walked the earth. Their gallantry, their ability to grin and their spirit take your heart. I'm extremely proud to be a pin-up girl.

WITH A brand-new C sticker on his windshield and an excellent breakfast inside him, Mr. Satterlee felt elated to be driving his coupé to Bakersfield on such a fine morning. He was on his way to two oil wells of which he was part owner and for which he was carrying the weekly pay roll of eighteen hundred dollars.

He had especial reason to bless this mission. For he owed his C mileage card to the oil business and especially to his function of company paymaster. Thinking of that, he took his left hand off the steering wheel and felt the bulging wallet in his inside coat pocket.

He overtook an Army lorry with its load of soldiers and regretted that no soldiers, sailors, or marines were likely to be hitchhiking away from Los Angeles on a Saturday morning. He had passed a civilian hitchhiker a while back because of the old notion that a man carrying a pay roll should not pick up strangers. But such caution seemed obsolete and selfish with the country at war and gas being rationed. As a matter of fact, thought Mr. Satterlee, I promised the rationing board I'd carry riders whenever possible.

A minute later, rounding a curve, he saw a man plodding along. He was small and wore a baggy dark suit, but he looked respectable. On seeing the car, the man jerked his thumb, not hopefully, but as if he were observing a rite in which he had little faith. When Mr. Satterlee stopped the man's pasty face came alive. "Gee, mister, this is swell," he gasped.

"I'm going as far as Bakersfield," said Mr. Satterlee.

"Gee, I've been trying since yesterday to get to Bakersfield, but you're the first guy who's stopped this morning. I sure appreciate it. I got a lift on a truck last night, but we laid up at Newhall and the driver bounced me off. Since eight o'clock this morning I guess fifty guys have gone by without even looking at me."

Mr. Satterlee said, "I'm surprised. Nowadays people are supposed to carry riders, and most of them are glad to."

"That's what you think, mister. Maybe they'll stop for men in uniform, but they don't for me. And it ain't because I got the wrong kind of haircut, either, 'cause they don't see it with my cap on."

Mr. Satterlee took his eyes off the road long enough to study his passenger. "What's the matter with your haircut?"

"Well, mister, it's a San Quentin haircut and it's still too thin on the top to make me attractive with my cap off." The man raised a skinny hand to take off his old checked cap.

Mr. Satterlee noticed the hand first, with its clawlike fingers, and then the bared head with the prison haircut. There was no reason for alarm, he told himself, just because he'd picked up an ex-convict. With his eyes once more on the empty road ahead, he said as casually as he could, "It does look a bit recent. How long were you up there?"

"Three years. I had to serve my full time."

"What had you done?"

The little man's eyes reflected in the mirror were evasive. "I was a victim of the depression. My wife had to go to the hospital, and I couldn't find a job and was desperate. I saw a crowd of people

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

Mr. Satterlee shares the ride

The cop said, "Whereja think you're goin'?"

and neither passenger dared answer

BY ROBERT E. MC CLURE

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

going into a movie theater. A woman near me was dangling her purse, practically offering it to me. It was just a case of being tempted beyond my strength."

Mr. Satterlee's right arm was pressing hard against the bulge of his wallet. Trying to make his voice sympathetic, he said, "Do you mean you got three years just for stealing a purse?"

"That's right. I don't mean they caught me that first time—that dame was too surprised to holler. But a couple of years later I was tempted again, mister, after trying to make a living selling apples. I was starving and found myself in another crowd at a station, and I saw a guy take out a roll big enough to choke an ox! That time I played in bad luck."

Mr. Satterlee's foot pressed down on the accelerator. "So they gave you three years. That was pretty severe."

"I'll say it was! I tell you, mister, if ever a man got a raw deal, it's me! They wouldn't even believe it was my first offense; some dick who wanted to get his name in the papers said I was a professional dip! He framed me and the judge wouldn't let me plead insanity, though I was certainly crazy when I conked that guy who grabbed me in the station. There's insanity in my family, and I get that way when I'm desperate and think of all the money other people have."

"I see," said Mr. Satterlee mechanically, pressing down harder on the accelerator.

"I was feeling pretty desperate, mister, before you gave me this lift. You don't know how hard it is to go straight, when no one will give you a job. I got to thinking about all the money people have now—and every time a car went past without stopping it gave me that old desperate feeling. So it was a good thing you stopped for me, mister."

With the speedometer needle at seventy, Mr. Satterlee could not agree.

The little man's head jerked around



for a rear view. "Step on it, mister. There's a motorcycle cop tailin' us!"

The siren's wailing was music in Mr. Satterlee's ears. He put on his brakes and pulled over, thinking: What a story I've got to tell him. Carrying eighteen hundred bucks and I have the luck to pick up the only pickpocket on the road.

The cop was beside them before Mr. Satterlee could get out. "I guess you never heard about the war," he snapped. "Whereja think you're goin'? Let's see your driver's license."

Mr. Satterlee produced it. He asked permission to get out.

"Okay," said the cop.

"I'd like to explain something to you, officer," said Mr. Satterlee in a low voice. "Yeah? You can explain it to the judge. You were hitting seventy."

"But listen, officer!" Mr. Satterlee was desperate.

The cop began writing in his book.

From inside the car came the voice of Mr. Satterlee's passenger: "Say, officer, you gotta let him off with a warning. He's the best guy on the road, the only one who'd give me a ride. Honest, officer, he was only doing thirty-five till I told him I was sick and asked him to step on it."

"And you got a C sticker, too," muttered the cop over his book. "You guys

don't care how you burn up your tires."

He stepped around the car to check the license number. Mr. Satterlee followed him. He thought he was finally going to be able to speak to the cop alone, but he was mistaken. For the little man also got out. "Listen, officer," he pleaded, "have a heart, won't you? This guy stopped for me—"

"I'm not interested," said the cop. "Here's your ticket, mister." He handed Mr. Satterlee the citation, restored his book to the side pocket of his tunic, and turned toward his motorcycle.

Mr. Satterlee stood staring at the citation, but his passenger seemed unable to understand that the incident was closed. "Please, officer, let me speak just a word for him," he pleaded, keeping close beside the cop as the latter climbed on his motorcycle.

The cop finally had to push him aside. "Go on, I've heard enough."

The motorcycle turned and made off.

"That dirty flatfoot," said the little man. "Honest, mister, that's the meanest cop I ever saw! The only good thing about him, he's headed the other way. Now we can streak along to Bakersfield."

Mr. Satterlee was too dejected to reply. He could only reflect that this was probably the last time he would be driv-

ing to Bakersfield, or anywhere else, for the duration. If he tried to tell his story in court, the judge would probably point out that Mr. Satterlee's safety had not been increased by driving seventy and that he had better lose his money than lose his C book and wear out his tires.

They drove on to the outskirts of Bakersfield. "Just drop me off near the center of town if you're going that way," said the little man.

"I'm going that way, all right. I'm going to stop at the Automobile Club to see if they can do anything about this ticket."

"That dirty flatfoot!" said the little man. "When he wouldn't listen to you, it made me feel desperate."

"Well, you'd better conquer that feeling," said Mr. Satterlee. He was drawing up before the Automobile Club. Once more his right arm pressed against his side; his wallet was still there bulging and safe. "Well, here's where I leave you," he said. "Good luck."

"Thanks, mister. And thanks again for the ride. But listen, I don't think you gotta tell the Auto Club you were pinched."

"Why not?"

"Because that flatfoot isn't going to report it." The little man grinned, and one of his clawlike hands held something up for Mr. Satterlee to see. "I got his book."

Mr. Satterlee tried to speak to the cop alone, but the little man got out of the car from the other side.



Tommy Meets a Man-Hater

BY GLADYS TABER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

THE FAMILY ON MAPLE STREET IV

he said, then, ashamed of his weakness.

His route was established to the kitchen; like all armies, he traveled on his stomach. Bessie was ironing a blouse for his sister Penelope.

"Anything in the house to eat?" asked Tommy.

"If there is, there won't be long," she answered, "not with you home. Your mother say not to eat up the gingerbread I got for supper."

"Aw, gee, Bessie."

Her black face eased into a smile. "I made you a small extra one. In the cupboard behine where we used to keep the coffee at."

Tommy reached for the gingerbread instantly.

"No butter," warned Bessie.

"Where's Mom?"

"She and Mis Pen both down to Red Cross makin' bandages. Mis Pen come home early from school, I thought you was to practice for the operetta."

Tommy swallowed a large hunk of spicy sweetness. "I got thrown out." He grinned, embarrassed. "We started to sing, and you know, Bessie—I don't sound quite the same. I only sang a little bit and ole Fullimwider threw down his baton and said, 'Carrington, get out of here and don't come back for two years!'"

"Oh, my," Bessie clicked her teeth. Then she said comfortingly, "I reckon no man stays a boy soprano forever. Don't you mind."

"I don't," said Tommy. "They got that Vera Phillips for the heroine. She's a per-

meeting. You're on the War Stamps committee with us."

Tommy's face was stern. "You know I don't allow women in this house."

"But Tommy!" Vera spoke a little thickly because of the brace on her teeth. "This is important."

"I'm very busy," he said, not yielding an inch. "Go on have your ole meeting and I'll see you before Latin. In the hall."

They trailed away, disconsolate.

Tommy ran his hand through his hair so it stood on end.

"Women," he said. "Why can't they let a guy alone a minute?"

The phone was ringing now. Tommy bounced to the kitchen and said, with a sudden croak, "Bessie, you got to answer it."

"All right," said Bessie. "I'm through now. What you scared of the phone for?"

"Aw, I dunno. I got a hunch."

Bessie ambled to the phone. "Mis Carrington's residence . . . Who? . . . Mis Wainwright?"

Tommy began leaping up and down, waving his arms at Bessie like a windmill in a hurricane. Pris barked happily and jumped too.

"Well, I'll see." Bessie laid a large brown palm over the mouthpiece. "She wants you," she said in a loud whisper.

"No, I can't. I absolutely can't."

Bessie returned to the phone. "Mister Tommy say he mighty busy jus' now. I could take the message." There was a long flow of sound over the phone. "Yas'm," said Bessie. "I'll ask him, Hold

That noise you hear is the revolution at The House on Maple Street

when Tommy Carrington makes the age-old discovery

that Girls Are Not Necessarily Revolting

TOMMY CARRINGTON moved down Maple Street, his brief case under one arm. He looked neither right nor left; he was counting off: One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four

"Tommy! Tommy! Wait a minute!"

"Tom—Tommy!"

They were girls' voices.

"Double quick—harch!" said Tommy, breaking into a trot. His voice broke too, rising into a croak. "Harch," he said hoarsely. "Squads right, harch!" He turned in to his own walk. "By the left flank, harch," he said.

His speed was amazing as he bolted into the house. Priscilla, the golden cocker, was waiting for him. She bounded up, flinging herself rapturously against his thin body.

"Hi!" said Tommy, and as there was nobody in the hall to see him, he picked her up and laid his cheek against her soft muzzle a moment. "As you were,"

fect drizzle. What happens to the guy plays with her shouldn't happen to a dog. 'Pinafore.' He removed a pint of milk from the icebox and inhaled it rapidly. "I have dared to love your matchless pearl," he sang huskily. "Matchless pearl! Any oyster'd be ashamed of that pearl."

Bessie said, "You shouldn't talk that way. She can't help it."

"Phooey," said Tommy.

The doorbell was ringing. Bessie said, "You answer it. I can't lay this ir-run down."

Tommy sighed. "Fall in," he muttered. "Right dress. Count off by twos; one, two. Forward, harch."

Priscilla accompanied him, gingerbread crumbs on her whiskers. Tommy opened the door just a crack and peered out.

Vera Phillips and Margery Brown were outside, giggling.

"Tommy, we want to have a committee

the wire." She turned and muted the phone again. "Mis Wainwright says on account of the dimout, she nervous having Ruth Ellen come all the way home from dancing school, and you live so near would you bring her with you?"

Tommy's face turned pale. "No, I can't," he said. "I will not bring Ruth Ellen home. Not from a dogfight."

"But what'll I say? Mis Wainwright's in your momma's club."

"Tell her I got another engagement across the river right after," said Tommy, "so I can't come this way at all."

Bessie softened the message slightly and delivered it. "You could have brung her home once," she observed.

"Not me. She'd have been on my neck every darn night for the duration. It'd suit me fine, Bessie, if there weren't any women in this world at all except you and Mom and Pen. Women are just a pest," said Tommy firmly.



He took the stairs two at a time and anteloped down the hall, then remembered and saluted smartly as he entered officers' quarters. Pris stopped so short she fell backward. Tommy threw down his brief case and reached into his bureau drawer for a bag of stale salted peanuts, his iron ration.

He looked briefly at his face in the mirror. Vera Phillips told Margery Brown, who told him, that he resembled Tyrone Power. He paused to inspect his brown eyes and ruffled hair, delicately cut lips and strong chin. "Tyrone Power, yah," he said, in disgust.

His paper on "The Peace After the War" was due Monday. With a groan, he got out his notebook and fountain pen. The pen leaked, dropping a large blob on his good school pants. So he stopped and took it apart. It was interesting the way fountain pens were made. But a fellow could invent a kind of extra

"Do you always act so genial with men?" Tommy asked Kathy. "Or do I just poison the air for you?"

gadget to keep ink from ever leaking out. Ought to be simple.

The plunger was defective, that was it.

It was more interesting to tinker with a fountain pen than write about the peace after the war. Tommy already found it hard to remember before the war, when the family used to drive all over the country and have a steak apiece over a charcoal fire. When Pop went to war, it had been awful hard to get used to doing extra chores, but now he carried in wood for the fireplace and took care of the ashes without yelling.

How could a fellow think about the war being over someday? He'd be ready for it himself pretty soon. Lower the age one year and it'd be three years; maybe

he could get in earlier. His Commando practice would make him ready to step right in anywhere.

"Tommy! Tommy!" That was his mother's voice. He started and stared at his shock-proof watch. "Well, the heck," he said. Almost suppertime, and he hadn't even started the paper. He left the pen in pieces on his desk and got up. "Fall in," he said severely.

Alix Carrington was hanging up her jacket in the hall closet as Tommy and Pris came in close formation down the stairs.

"Halt; one, two," said Tommy.

"Oh, there you are, dear," she said. "Run down and get a quart of milk." She smiled at him. "Bessie is making potato soup for supper so we'll need extra for breakfast."

"Column right about—face," said Tommy. "Forward—harch; one, two; one, two; one, two." (Continued on page 111)



The Heart says Yes

..... but the mind says No
in this romantic story of a girl
whose father had disillusioned her about charm

BY HELENE MANARD

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE



The music circled around Linda and made patterns her feet were eager to follow.

LINDA pinned the little crescents of silver leaves into the dark wings of hair at her temples and turned anxiously from the mirror to meet her grandmother's critical scrutiny. Just in these last few minutes she'd begun to feel a little breathless stirring of excitement at the thought that tonight was hers—the twinkling lights in the ballroom, the flowers, the music, all the glittering pageantry that would be swallowed up tomorrow in the fever of Red Cross drives, and Civilian Defense Committees and the hundred and one grim demands of a world at war.

Her eyes met her grandmother's and Linda knew it was one of those rare moments when the barriers were down and they weren't afraid to admit the understanding and affection that bound them together. *

"Your father's here," Gran said. "I've brought you his flowers."

Linda touched the delicate spray of white orchids on her shoulder. "I'm wearing yours," she protested.

Gran shook her head and lifted the glistening white camellias from their box. "His memory has improved," she observed. "They're very lovely."

Linda's chin set stubbornly. "Do we have to pretend, even to ourselves, that we're glad he's here?"

Gran's smile was bleak. "Perhaps you're young enough to afford bitterness," she said. "But don't wear it like a sword, Linda. It's easier to hold your head high and forget the past. If you don't you give it chains to bind you down."

She went out, and Linda knew that she would wear her father's flowers. For tonight at least the Oliphants would pre-

sent a united front. She owed her grandmother that. It hadn't been easy for Gran to ask Rick to come back, after six years, even to share his daughter's debut. Linda paused in the act of pinning the camellias on her shoulder. It hadn't been easy for her father to come either, she realized with sudden, startling clarity. Dee Laurie, who was his fourth wife, had vowed that Rick would never enter his mother's house without her. He hadn't, until tonight, and Linda could imagine the stormy scene with which he must have paid for his decision—Rick who hated scenes, who was always careful to choose the easiest way.

There was a kind of poetic justice, she thought, in the knowledge that Rick, who had dissolved three marriages to women who had loved him, should be bound so irrevocably to the one who had wanted nothing but his name.

She hesitated at the door. Down the stairway from the ballroom drifted the opening bars of "Girl of the Moment." The orchestra was tuning up. Gran and Rick would be waiting. This was Linda's night. Anything might happen. With an unconscious lift of her head, she sped along the hallway to the stairs.

Rick reached for her hands and almost lifted her down the last two steps. He studied her face with pleased wonder. "You're very lovely, Linda," he said softly. "If you will insist on being eighteen I can be glad of that, anyhow."

"Worried about your age?" Linda asked mockingly. She was ashamed of the barb as soon as it was launched. Rick flushed and the little muscle in his cheek twitched painfully.

Linda looked at him now, for the first time, really, in almost six years. The stiff little luncheons arranged at regular intervals by Gran didn't count. This wasn't the gay, charming, irresponsible father

she'd loved until she ached with it, and who'd failed her again and again. This was just a tired, worn man with graying hair who'd learned too late how it felt to be betrayed by someone you loved.

He's paid too, she thought. She pitied him because he'd hoarded the little he had to give so long it had lost its value.

She caught his hand. "I'm glad you're here," she whispered, and left her hand in his while they went to take their places with Gran in front of the banked palms that marked the receiving line . . .

It seemed a long time later that Gran said, "Linda, this is Channing Prescott. His grandmother's my oldest friend."

Linda extended her hand automatically. She'd heard the same words in a dozen variations during the past hour. She looked up and the polite phrases that had slipped off her tongue so easily a moment before froze in her throat. Channing Prescott's laughing eyes blotted out everything—the room, the twinkling lights, the waiting line. A sympathetic smile flickered at the corners of his wide, humorous mouth. "Don't try to remember it now," he suggested. "I'll collect during the first dance you haven't already promised."

He was gone then, and the room swung slowly back into focus. I'm in love, Linda thought with breathless astonishment. I didn't know it could happen like that. Her glance slid upward quickly to the polite mask that was Rick's face. It was strange—Rick, who'd been in love so often, had been dead to that first singing leap of her heart.

The music circled around her and made patterns her feet were eager to follow. It beat in her blood until she was sure Channing Prescott must feel its insistent clamor. He smiled down at her and the electric shock of his nearness ran through her like fire.

"You're the first girl I ever met who really enjoyed her own party," he said.

"It's because I'm numb," she told him. "Two solid hours of standing and shaking hands. It will be weeks before the

He kissed her, and she felt as though the sea had opened and closed a long way over her head.

feeling comes back into my hands and feet."

It isn't true, she thought. I'm so alive it hurts.

When she danced with Rick she thought he must guess. But he didn't. He just said, "Have lunch with me soon, Linda. I've missed so much of you there's almost too little time to make it up now."

"I will," she promised, and felt sorry for Rick because he didn't know how little time there was.

She couldn't sleep because Channing Prescott had left her without any promise that she'd see him again. Perhaps nothing had happened to him, she warned herself. But her heart refused to accept the possibility. He couldn't have walked into her life like that and set her quiet world whirling dizzily without feeling something too.

She dragged through an endless week of luncheons and committees and teas and more committees, with the band of hurt misery drawing tighter and tighter around her heart. And then, at the Renwicks' dinner, he was sitting beside her and the lilting music sang in her blood once more.

"I never dreamed the glow was real," he told her. "I thought it was just the lights—and the silver flowers in your hair. But it wasn't."

They went on to the Plaza together—to the banked palms and the set smiles of another receiving line. He danced with her and with the guest of honor, and then they were in the elevator and he was saying, "There's a moon—and a handsome cab at the door."

It was the first time she'd ridden in a hansom since she was six—since the day her father and Cam, who was to be her new mother, had returned from their honeymoon and arrived at Gran's to take her home. That was Rick's third marriage, only Linda had been young then, and had loved Cam passionately. She remembered the drive downtown through the park, and the way Cam had squinted her eyes against the sun, and Rick had told her, "You'll have to get used to that, my girl, because our lives are going to be full of sunshine from now on, aren't they, Linda?" She'd said, "Yes!" breathlessly, because that was when she still believed Rick's promises.

Suddenly she wanted to tell Channing Prescott about Cam, and the twins, Linda's young half-brother and sister, and those times when Rick had been gay and clever and exciting and she'd thought he was the most wonderful father in the world. But she couldn't because then she'd have to tell about the divorce and Rick's fourth marriage—to Dee Laurie this time—and about that day when she'd returned from school to find Gran, very tall and stern-faced, standing in the hallway with Linda's bags around her. "You're coming home with me, Linda," Gran had said.

Linda still remembered how Dee had looked, sitting defiantly on the sofa, the bodice of her red velvet negligee pulled too tight across her full white breasts. Linda had tensed her body to ward off the shrill fury of Dee's voice, raging at Gran as she raged at Rick in their fre-

quent quarrels. But Dee had nothing to say. She seemed to know she had no weapon that could pierce the armor of Gran's loathing.

"Why so pensive?" Channing Prescott demanded. "Would you rather go back to the party?"

"Oh, no!" Linda breathed. "I was just remembering the only other time I rode in a hansom. I was six, and my father'd just been married."

He laughed. "You said that as though it were a habit."

"It was," she admitted. "Or at least four times is almost a habit."

He reached for her hand and held it under the musty robe. "It's much too pleasant a pastime to be reserved for fathers and daughters," he said.

Linda's heart skipped a whole succession of beats. She thought he meant that the moon, and the flickering shadows of the park, and the rhythmic clop-clop of the horse's hoofs had been designed for lovers. But he didn't talk about love; he talked about the war, and his job, designing motors for airplanes, and about debutante parties which bored him, and flying, which didn't.

"You stayed at my party until the very end," she reminded him.

His laughter was warm and teasing. "I liked your grandmother," he said.

It was one o'clock when he left her at Gran's door. For just a minute she thought he was going to kiss her, but he only reached out and broke the smallest gardenia from her corsage. "To remember a party that was dull—and a girl who wasn't," he told her. And then he was gone and Linda mounted the stairs, her body shaken with the tumult of the kiss he hadn't taken.

LINDA DID NOT want to meet Gran's sharp glance, but the older woman's light was on and she called to her granddaughter.

"You're back early," she said. "I left a note on your desk. Your father called—he wants you to lunch with him tomorrow."

"I can't," Linda reminded her. "I have a date with Cam. She's taking me back to the apartment for tea because it's the twins' birthday. I suppose he's forgotten that."

"Undoubtedly," Gran admitted. "Ten years is a long time. And as I recall he didn't remember any better even when he had them under foot as a reminder."

"It isn't fair," Linda protested. "They're his children as well as Cam's. She's had all the responsibility, except for the money you've furnished."

"We all pay for our mistakes one way or another," Gran said. "I bore him. As for Cam—he'd been married twice before he met her. She couldn't have considered that he carried a lifetime guarantee of stability."

Gran gave Linda a thin smile. "I hope you'll remember how you feel now when your own time comes," she told her. "There was a time when your father had great charm and sweetness. It was hard not to love him. But it takes more than charm to make a success of marriage and raising a family. It takes unselfishness

and integrity, and something else he never had—guts."

Linda laughed shakily. "I'll remember," she promised. "The man I marry will think divorce is the name of a tribe of South American Indians—now extinct."

Crossing the hall to her own room, she sang it under her breath like a refrain. "The man I marry . . ." He'd be tall and loose-limbed, with hazel eyes and a wide, humorous mouth. And he'd love flying, and riding in hansom cabs—and her. Even if it did take him a long time to find it out . . .

It was ten o'clock when she woke to find Gran's maid, Rita, standing over her bed with a breakfast tray and a huge florist's box. "Your grandmother said not to wake you," Rita whispered, "but these looked special."

Linda sat up with a bounce. "They do at that," she agreed.

They were gardenias—a dozen of them. The card said: "Good morning, Pete."

Linda balanced the box on her stomach, along with her breakfast tray, where she could look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance with her coffee. It must mean something. Nobody sent flowers just to say good morning—unless it was a good morning for him too.

The telephone on her bedside table rang, and she reached for it so fast the tray tipped perilously. She was trying to straighten it when he said, "Hello," but it slid through her nerveless fingers and landed on the floor with a clatter.

"I trust those weren't your hopes crashing around your ears," he said.

"Nothing so easily mended," she assured him cheerfully. "Just my grandmother's best china crashing around my feet."

"Then I refuse to weep. It couldn't have ended its career in happier surroundings."

Linda laughed ruefully. "Maybe you'd better make a point of telling Gran. I doubt if she'll see it that way."

"I'll do it almost immediately if you'll lunch with me."

"Today? I'd love it. And thanks for the flowers. Only you never told me anyone called you Pete."

"You never asked me. There are millions of things I could tell you if you'd give me time."

"You can start at lunch. But you'd better tell me where to meet you or——"

"I'll pick you up at one. Then I needn't lose any time in making it right with your grandmother about her best china."

Linda dialed Cam's number. She knew Cam would understand. And the twins wouldn't mind because she'd get there for tea as she'd promised.

She tried hard not to be waiting anxiously at the door when he arrived. But she was just coming down the staircase with her hat and coat on, which was almost as bad. He grinned at her approvingly. "They told me women kept you waiting so they could look more beautiful, but it wasn't true. No one ever looked like this for me before."

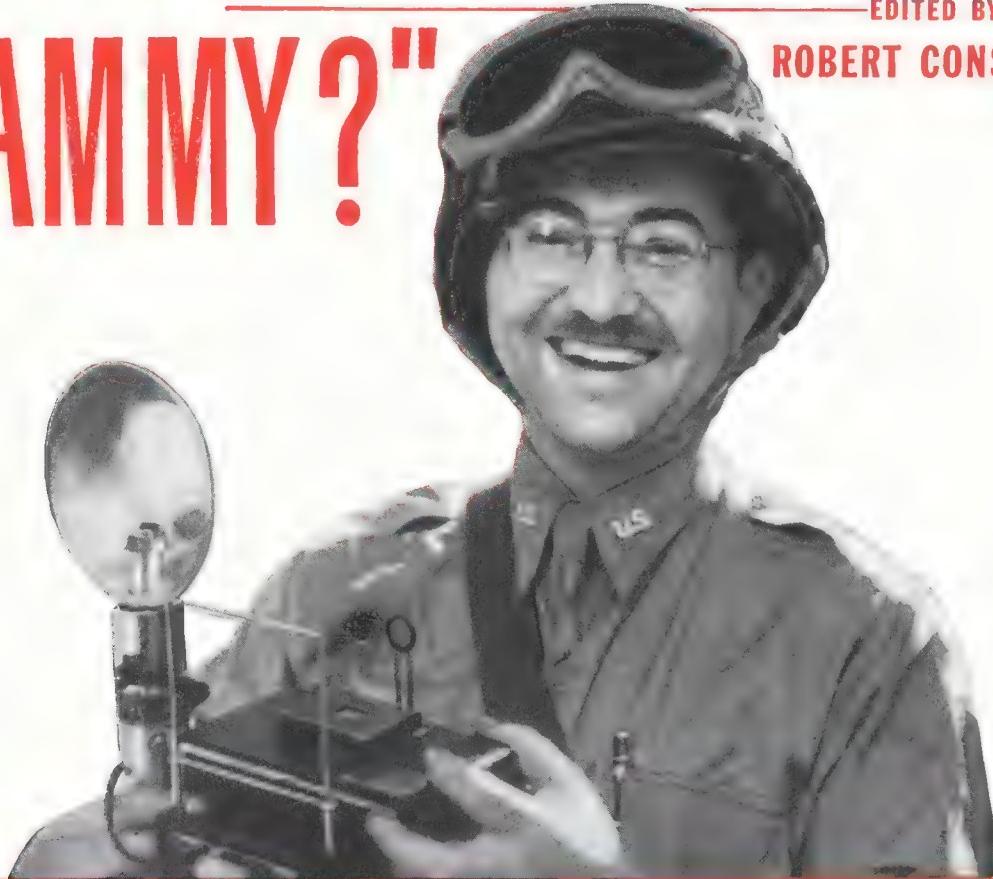
Linda's heart raced and she had the funny sensation that there wasn't any ground under her feet, that she was just moving forward effortlessly through the air. The feeling (*Continued on page 121*)

"WHERE'S SAMMY?"

BY SAMMY SCHULMAN

EDITED BY

ROBERT CONSIDINE



COSMOPOLITAN PREVIEWS AN IMPORTANT FORTHCOMING BOOK

The most famous news photographer of our time

here looks at history with a camera eye,

particularly at Casablanca where he scooped the world

WHEN WE were eight days at sea, Lieutenant Colonel R. L. Salzman called Irving Smith of Universal Newsreel and me to his quarters.

"Congratulations," he said. "You're going ashore in an early assault wave."

Smitty and I gulped in perfect unison. "What time of day will it be?" I asked.

"About four-forty-five A.M.," Colonel Salzman said.

"But we won't be able to take any pictures at that time of morning," I said.

Colonel Salzman smiled and said he didn't think the invasion of North Africa could very well be postponed until daylight just to make



United States troops on the beach at Fedala, Morocco, where French guns blasted them from the moment of landing.



Members of the German Armistice Commission in French Morocco, captured by American forces.

prettier pictures. "You're in the Army now, boys," he finished.

I was to go in with the third wave of men from our troopship, the Thomas Jefferson. To reach the beach by 4:45 meant that we'd have to get into our lowered Higgins boats an hour earlier.

On the afternoon of November seventh I was standing on deck with Lieutenant McClelland, a Baptist chaplain, when a group of serious-looking young privates approached him. They saluted first, then began taking a lot of loose bills and change out of their pockets. They piled the money in their leader's hands and he held it out to the chaplain.

"Sir, would you keep our dice winnings for us?" the private asked the chaplain.

Chaplain McClelland laughed and said they'd better hold on to the money.

The boys considered this for a time; then one said, "Well, sir, will you accept it from us, and put it to some good use? We—we might lose it." You could see that he wasn't talking about shooting craps.

Chaplain McClelland laughed again, and put them at their ease. "I'm going into the same thing you're going into," he said. Then he added thoughtfully, "And I've got no special armor."

The boys stuffed their gambling winnings back into their pockets, saluted and walked away.

I spent that late afternoon of the seventh waterproofing my camera equipment and a part of my military gear. I had been thinking a lot about what the water would do to it. I can't swim a stroke.

I wrapped one of my two Speed Graphics, eight film packs, six film holders, three film

pack adapters and three dozen films in rubber sheeting. I also filled my musette bag with camera equipment and wrapped that in a chunk of the sheeting. In my field pack I put three pairs of socks, some underwear, an extra pair of shoes, soap, a towel, half a dozen bars of chocolate, extra film and my other Speed Graphic. Counting my military necessities, my pack weighed about eighty pounds.

I carried this load to the Mess Hall early that evening, so I wouldn't have to drag it up when the time came to get off the Thomas Jefferson.

A hot poker game was under way. I wrote a quick note to Gertrude, my wife, then asked them to deal me in. It was a swell game, that last one on the Thomas Jefferson. Seven-card stud with deuces wild. Nobody mentioned the impending landing, even though the ship seemed to be slowing down. Every once in a while somebody in the game would call across the room to Captain Casteel, who had played in some of our earlier games, to stop writing to all his relatives and pull up a chair. But by midnight Captain Casteel was still writing, and we had long since stopped calling to him. He must have felt the need of tying up the loose ends of his life. He was killed during our battalion's march on Casablanca.

At about 2 A.M. Sunday, November eighth, the loudspeaker in the Mess Hall began to sizzle like a frying egg. It said, "First wave . . . Report to stations!"

Two officers in our game got right up, cashed in their chips, shook hands hurriedly and left the room. Their chairs were filled immediately. Then came the call for the second-wave men, and again there were quick good-byes around the table and a "See you on the beach." And new faces in the game.

It was a little hard to concentrate on the cards now, but just as the frying noise came back into the loudspeaker's throat I bluffed a second lieutenant out of a four-dollar pot. I cashed in thirty bucks' worth of chips while the loudspeaker was saying, "Third wave . . . Report to stations." I hustled down to our quarters to pick up a few odds and ends, feeling the new money in my pocket—and wondering if I'd get to blow it in.

The passageway was almost pitch-black when I stepped out of our room to start up top. I put my hand on the shoulder of a man ahead of me, felt a hand on my own shoulder, and we moved toward the ladders. There were dull red lights near the ladders and they made our faces look ghostly. I hurried back to the Mess Hall, hoisted my camera and personal stuff on top of everything else I had to carry, and felt my way to Boat Station 18.

Lieutenant Lawrence Hoover, our Public Relations Officer, and Smitty were waiting. It was so dark I found myself whispering to them. The ship, of course, had stopped. I felt my way over to the rail and looked down. A Higgins boat was down there in the water, but it took me a little time to see it. It seemed awful far down.

Something had gone wrong with the landing net we were supposed to use. We were ordered to another station, an alarmingly higher one. When I got up there I couldn't even see the waiting Higgins boat, but the soldiers who were scheduled

to go in the boat were climbing over the rail, armed to the teeth. You could hear their bodies and guns and equipment thumping against the outer steel wall of the ship as they lowered themselves on the swaying rickety net.

I know it's not important, except to me, but my favorite nightmare has always had me climbing down an uncertain rope on the outside of some tall building. That black morning of November eighth was the nightmare come to life. It would have been tough for me to go over the rail with



The Fort That Wouldn't Give Up. Defended fiercely by the French, old Fort Lyautey was finally knocked out by Navy dive bombers.

glue on my hands and eighteen firemen holding a net under me. To make it harder, I had an eighty-pound pack strapped to me, was wearing a bulky Mae West life preserver, had a gas mask hanging between my legs like a pendulum and a few other obstacles that probably made me the most ludicrous invader of North Africa. Besides, it was going to be about an eighty-foot descent to the landing boat.

"Let's go," Lieutenant Hoover said quietly. "They're waiting for us." I managed to get up on the railing after some shoving from behind and began reaching uncertainly for the first sagging step.

"Easy does it," Lieutenant Hoover said. Before I could say "Nuts!" he added, "Take hold of one of the upright ropes and follow it all the way down. Hump your body out as far as you can, so that when the net sways it won't bang you against the wall of the ship."

I started down, wondering how in God's name a guy with a Mr. Five-by-Five build could ever hump his body. But after going down three or four wriggly steps I decided that it was a cinch. So I put my right foot down on the next step with great confidence. It felt even firmer than the step before that, so I brought my left foot down on it just as confidently.

"Get off my fingers, you ——" rang out in the night. It was loud enough to hear all over North Africa and so unexpected that it nearly broke my grip. I reached out to my right, grabbed another invisible upright rope and stepped sideways off the soldier's fingers.

Then I started down again and had got down three or four more steps, when from immediately below me came another titanic bellow. I was on somebody else's hand.

I just kept moving to my right, figuring that if I stopped long enough to let the fellow underneath me get out of range of my descending feet, somebody above might come down on my fingers and loosen my clutch on the net. What was worse, the net was now swaying so much that I suddenly became seasick. My hands lost all their strength and I just tottered out there like a sick fly in a spider's web.

I began going down straight again, and after a lifetime I stuck my left foot down once more—and there wasn't anything there but black air.

After I was seasick a few more times I saw that the Higgins boat into which I was supposed to land was twenty feet to my left. I let out a yell and pretty soon Lieutenant Hoover worked his way across the face of the net to me. He helped me get back to the center of it. Then he said, "Okay, Sammy, the boat is right below you." So I simply let go. It was a six- or eight-foot drop. I hit that Higgins with a thud that shook every timber in the boat and me.

Landing boats of this type hold thirty-two men, a crew of three and have one of those let-down bows, two .50-caliber machine guns and a fairly powerful motor. The boat was bouncing around like a chip. I found my way to the motor covering, sat down on it and wiped my wet brow.

Pretty soon someone said, "Shove off," very quietly. The muffled engine started and we slopped away from the high, gloomy wall of the Thomas Jefferson. I looked around the boat and could see that the boys were in good spirits.

We bounced and plowed over the waves toward a dim light that shone out to sea. It turned out to be a light on a mean-looking destroyer. We circled the destroyer and joined the line of other Higgins boats in front of the warship. Then we waited for the signal to advance on Fedala beach. It was darker than the inside of a safe. There was no sound except the murmur of idling motors in our boats.

Then a dull red light blinked on the destroyer that was mothering us, and the air immediately shuddered with the sound of stepped-up Higgins motors. The light was our signal to go in.

We churned and bucked through the black angry water. I guess we had gone no more than a hundred yards toward the beach when a blinding searchlight suddenly blazed on, on the shore ahead, and pinned its beam exactly on our lurching boat.

Almost immediately, from another point on the black beach, lengthening red lines reached out hungrily toward us. Nobody had to prompt me. I hit the deck before the first yell of "Tracer!" I looked up as the slanting red rain went just over us.

Our .50-caliber machine guns were now barking like mad at the searchlight, about 400 yards away. So were the guns on near-by Higgins boats. Looking up, I saw the baleful white eye of the light suddenly turn yellow and then a dull red. Then nothing—nothing except the night again, our bucking bronco of a boat, and the knowledge that they knew we were coming.

The light had been out only a minute or so, and the machine guns firing at us from the shore had shut up, when the bottom of our Higgins scraped noisily on something and lurched to a stop.



This photographer's dream shot was taken by Sam Schulman, of INS, working for the picture pool: President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, with the top-ranking military men of both countries.

"The beach," somebody said, and the let-down front of our boat splashed into the water. The first few men piled into the water, went under, and came up sputtering that it was over their heads. Then we knew we had stuck on a reef or a sharp-backed rock and had become a kind of seesaw. But we had to get out.

When I got to the bow I took off my Mae West. I was afraid that it would make me float face downward, so I hooked my left arm through it, held my breath and went in. The water was shockingly cold. The weight on my back kept pushing me deeper and deeper, while the Mae West, very buoyant, kept pulling up my left arm.

But finally it pulled the rest of me up to the surface, and kept me there with my nose about an inch above sea level. I kept paddling with my free right arm, and some time after all feeling went out of it I felt sand and rocks under my feet. I started to walk as fast as the water, my soggy clothes and burden would let me. It seemed to me I walked a good 500 miles with that water holding its fist right under my nose.

There was a faint suspicion of dawn by the time I wallowed up on the beach and fell on my face. (Continued on page 115)

If jealousy is a disease, what is the cure?

Alpha Orchard finds out—the hard way

Green Eyes

A HANDBOOK OF JEALOUSY

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL



CONCLUSION: That single word "divorce" threw Alpha Orchard into a psychic deafness. Wade tried to soften it, but she could hear none of his explanations or his new attacks. She was not hysterical, she was entirely blank, and he had to get her home. The streets were so snowdrifted that he had not taken his car out, and he telephoned and waited for a taxicab, looking at her, worrying, tapping his teeth, which became a gesture more real and profound than the waving arms in an antique drama.

At home, safely tucked in, she said pitifully, "You didn't mean that—what you said? You were just being cantankerous."

Wade had drawn the big chintz chair up to the bed. He said stolidly, "I'm sorry, Alpha, but I did mean it. I've been picked at too long."

"Aw!" She smiled; she tried to be the cunning bride again. "I know you too well! You wouldn't hurt your bad little wife, no matter how naughty she's been. You couldn't be cruel!"

"Honestly, I don't like to be. That's why I want to get it over quick, and not have a couple of awful years of fighting and making up and then doing it all over again."

She illustrated what he meant by getting angry again, and flaring, "You want! It's always what *you* want! It never matters what I want! I have to go to dull parties and meet your dull friends, so you can sell real estate, and then if I resent it, even playfully, you fly into a rage and call it my 'jealousy.' That dumb word! Maybe you think I wouldn't like to have a divorce myself, and not be subject any longer to your fits of temper. But I have a conscience. I happen to realize you can't just fly off the handle and do things to suit yourself. You have to think of

other people occasionally! You like to show off, talking so glibly about wanting a divorce, but as it happens, I remember that we have a child, poor little thing, and I consider her. Can a great financial genius like you possibly understand that?"

"Perfectly. As I said, I want a divorce. And by the way, I shall insist on having Hazel for at least six months out of the year."

That made it fairly plain to her.

She tried again, and I think she was sincerely penitent. "Oh, let's forget all this, and I'll be good." She laughed shakily. "Why, I won't even say 'Yes, I can read the dictionary too' again."

Her poor effort to be funny was a mistake. It brought back the hundred times she had humiliated him with those words, and he said clearly, "No, you'll keep on saying that—but not to me. I won't be around to hear it."

It was the only time that he was beastly, but it was enough. She was timid now; she couldn't get any of her familiar acid into the query, "Did you mean that you have never spoken to our dear Astrid about all this?"

"I have not. Anyway, I'd want a divorce now if I'd never heard of Astrid Koren. I just can't take your spitefulness any more."

Alpha broke, then. For hours she kept sobbing, "I won't give you a divorce! I won't break up our home!" But Wade said nothing. My guess is that his still boyish heart was pitiful toward her agony, but that his boyish stubbornness was urging, in panic, "Don't give in now—get it over—get it over."

She came to with a reasonableness you would not have expected in Alpha Orchard. She got up and put on the dressing

gown he liked. She sat and looked at him candidly and murmured, "Wade, I feel as if I were in a fog. Nothing seems real. I honestly don't understand what's happened. I love you so devotedly—you and Hazel are my whole world. If I have been as jealous as you say, it was just the silly side of my devotion to you. I won't give you a divorce. Not because it would be unjust to me, but because it would be unjust to the real you. I understand you better than anybody else. I know that when you're sort of silent and lumpish, you're unhappy. Oh, so often I wasn't really jealous, but just teasing you in a way that I see now was stupid. I won't do it again. You do believe that, don't you?"

"Very civilly, 'I wish I could.'"

"You must! Oh, Wade, a busy careerist like Astrid would never take the time to understand you."

"She does already. Perfectly. There's nothing so darn difficult about me to understand! But it's no longer a question of Astrid. You still don't think you were very jealous—or else you think jealousy isn't really important, and if I stay with you, you'll go on with it, and kill me, and maybe kill Hazel."

"Oh!"

"And murder is no longer a justifiable feature of matrimony. You'll make it so much easier for yourself if you'll realize I mean exactly what I say. I want a divorce!"

"Very well."

He looked surprised, and rather uncomfortable.

"Only I've got to think about it, Wade. Look. Let me go off somewhere for a month and try to see myself, and see us. We've been so close together. I've never had time to catch myself being jealous.



Charter's first kiss
wasn't one that Alpha
could overlook. "You're
mine," he stated, "and
we're going to lick the world."

A month—and then maybe I'll agree to the divorce." She tried to be funny, since once he had thought her very humorous. "Perhaps I'll agree to it so heartily you'll think I'm darned uncomplimentary!"

He did not smile. He said gravely, "All right. A month, then."

A week later, with a jubilant Hazel who thought this was a fine wintertime jaunt, Alpha went off to Quintero, Florida, on the rather odd mission of looking among the palms and strands and coquina walls to find her own true self.

Before she left, she made less than a dozen irritating hints to Wade about Astrid and May, which for her was conservative. But as she sat in her compartment on the Tangerine Special, she was thinking that this pilgrimage to Mecca was all nonsense. She had never been jealous, never, she insisted; and if she had been, jealousy was a mild foible, if not indeed a virtue which showed that its practitioner was sensitive and amusing.

Wouldn't she find in Florida some man who would appreciate that fact, and appreciate her?

Every Midwestern city has its favorite winter resorts. Quintero, on the West Coast of Florida, is so favored by exiles from Cornucopia that in your first half-hour there you have nodded to a dozen old acquaintances, and you feel that Main Street has been yanked entire from the snowy maple trees to the glistening palms, without disturbing one single bridge game.

Quintero is well spoken of in Cornucopia as not being "flashy and expensive" like the great East Coast Hotel colonies, and Alpha lugged Hazel there, to the modest Cervantes Inn. She took a hotel cottage—two rooms with cane rockers and rattan mats and the general air of a harness room in a large stable—and settled down to pious meditation on her lamentable matrimonial ways. Anyway, she found that she had settled down to a lot of loneliness.

Hazel, now aged nine, in alliance with two kids from Kankakee, started a fair-sized Maginot Line on the beach. The terrifying callousness of young children as well as their blessed honesty lets them forget all family crises straight away. Within a week Hazel had quit whimpering, "When will Daddy come down?" Clad mostly in caution and a bead necklace, she rolled noisily over the beach all day.

And that left Alpha more wretchedly conscious that nobody needed her.

If Wade really did go through with this insane business of bullying her into giving him a divorce, she might before long be a lonely woman in a small, perpetually listening flat; might be a derelict as bleached and negligible as these lumps of water-soaked driftwood along the beach.

Here was a fairly ordinary woman started on a stranger expedition than any Stanley seeking a tangible Dr. Livingstone in a chartable jungle. Though it was herself for whom she was looking, she was not sure what sort of person that was, or whether there was such a person. Was there a real Alpha Orchard, or just a scrapbook made up of small habits that she had learned from her father and mother; small prejudices that she believed to be "ideas" and that she had caught from her teachers and her husband; small social ways that were only imitations of other prosperous young matrons?

The Alpha who was energetic enough to throw jealousies around like Indian clubs was also honest enough to stare at herself now, when she had nothing else to do. It was not a happy stare.

She had been a brooder, but that was the opposite of thinking; that had been only a collecting of wrongs to exhibit to Wade or the Wetherals. Now there was no one to beg, "Come, come, my pretty, cease lowering and be gay." There was only her painfully clear and empty thinking.

She was not so simple that in crazy reaction from her old crazy hatreds she decided that Wade had invariably been a profound and noble fellow, and that to obey him would solve all life. That would be too easy and fictional a conversion. Though Wade was built of solid honesty and kindness, there had been times when he had been dull and blind, and she had been the wiser.

Only—which times were those?

A very sober Dutch doll, her lips trembling, her golden hue blurred against the golden beach, sat quiet hour on hour, letting the sand run through her fingers. Perhaps in her tiny mirror was the spiritual struggle of a whole world in which kings and congresses had been no

more able than she to laugh themselves out of their jealousies. But she did not know that she was a small-sized experimental League of Nations—she knew only that she was confused and bored.

In that mood, the primness of the Cervantes Inn was no very good stimulant for her. With America just gone into the war, the younger people had not come holidaying.

Except on the two dance nights every week, when they raised Cain clear up to eleven o'clock, everybody at the inn went to bed at ten. There was nothing festive for Alpha to do except to read the newspapers from home and to sit and think—or anyway, to think she ought to be thinking. And she felt afraid.

At the end of a fortnight, when she was so tired of turtle steak and of the old ladies' rocking-chair stories about pioneer days that she was ready to fly into any desperate rebellion, she heard a heartening racket on the drive in front of the inn and looked up to see the pleased porter unloading from the station bus the blond luggage and powerful person of Charter Zolling.

Mr. Charter Zolling was that Cornucopia social problem who had offended the patrons by making his fortune only ten years ago, by making it out of meat instead of lumber or railroads, and by entertaining them so well on his preposterous Imperial Roman barge on Lake Sunset. He was a deep-chested, wiry-mustached, energetic person, and for tourist and recreative purposes, he was now clad in a Panama hat with a pleated purple silk band, a green tweed jacket, a purple shirt and bow tie, brown mole-skin trousers and black and white shoes. But the Alpha who had once denounced Wade for wearing a checked cap now galloped up to greet the one lively person, over the age of twelve, that she had seen in two weeks.

"Oh, it isn't—it's Mr. Zolling!" she welcomed him. And he answered indisputably, "Why, it's Mrs. Orchard."

But he did better as soon as he realized how appealing she looked in white linen, with no scars of husband-baiting on her face. "Now I

know why I came here. I had an idea I ought to have some rest and relaxation, so I left my cars home and figured on doing nothing but sleeping. But when I saw this old folks' home just now, I was going to buy the bus and tell the driver to start for Miami or some place where the kindergartens teach roulette. But if you like the place, it must be good. Is Wade here with you?"

"No, just me and the baby."

"Oh."

He said only that word, and it was polite enough, but Alpha felt as though



he had said, "My dear Mrs. Orchard, I highly esteem you, and I trust that, on the most elevated plane of thought and conduct, you will permit me to stroll with you, to discuss social philosophy with you and to absorb from your incorruptible presence the stimuli needed by a lonely—though wealthy—bachelor."

He added to what he had said without saying it, "No kind of a bar here, I suppose."

"I'm afraid not."

He did nothing so crude as to invite himself to her cottage, but, like the

friendliest of big brothers: "I wish you'd wait for me at that trick tin table on the terrace. I've got some first-class rum in my suitcases, and I imagine I can wake up a lemon and some sugar. Will you? Fine!"

While one of the sunsets that are the glory (and selling point) of the Florida West Coast poured itself out, the big man sat with her on the terrace and talked about meeting Thomas Edison on a picnic near St. Augustine, years ago, when Zolling was a penniless and wandering grocery clerk. He admired Edison so boyishly that Alpha admired him—girlishly.

Fate? Alpha and Zolling were practically the only guests here between the ages of nineteen and sixty-nine.

At the Cervantes Inn, none of the men ever dressed for dinner—supper, I suppose it really was—or for the dances, except to put on white buckskin shoes or a red tie with horrible little yellow tennis rackets on it. But when Charter Zolling came into the dining room this first night, he had on the most disqualifying thing he could have worn: black dinner clothes. But not only that; he had sullied the gloomy purity of the veteran resorters with a silk cummerbund instead of a waistcoat, and with a bright blue bow tie. Alpha was correctly shocked; then she decided that his was the only gay garment there, among the slightly bilious white linens.

He had a table to himself. The other tables were little pens, each shut off by invisible pickets, within which the decorous couples, or Mother and the Girls, decorously ate their decorous fruit salad and fried snapper, fingered the thick paper napkins and peeped timidly over the fence at the intimate strangers about them. But Charter's glance leaped his barrier and strode so boldly to the table where Alpha sat shepherding Hazel that she was embarrassed.

She remembered his barge floating in the mild blaze of the sunny lake. What other picture was it that he suggested? Then she saw that Charter Zolling, the smug and ponderous burgher to whom she had always felt superior, was like a painting she had seen in schooldays of a crusader in chain armor—that same blunt jaw and blunt mustache.

She admitted that it took genius to view Mr. Zolling as a medieval knight. Yet the real knight crusaders could not have been the slender gentleman lilies of Tennyson, who fooled around all day with languid ladies named Elaine. They must have been fairly businesslike to have hiked across Europe and victualled their troops and cheated the busy Turks at loot and love. Yes, Charter had something adventurous and brazenly imaginative in that thick face. He wouldn't be one to fool with banners; but if he had to, in the way of business, he would hang out the very best ones, with the shiniest gold and the richest imported purple, and if there was a Galahad in the enterprise, he would be the banner holder

and private secretary to the Lord Zolling. And the stout Sir Wade Orchard would rate the command of one reserve battalion.

The lonely girl Alpha had got so far in her imaginings when Charter stuck a cigar in his mouth, lighted it, rolled it aggressively and turned from a paladin to a pal.

She didn't like him much then. But when Hazel had fled off for one last hysterical game of tag before bedtime, Charter clumped across the room, like a drum roll made visible. He plumped down at Alpha's table, without permission, and she looked at him as haughtily as she could manage. But she had an exasperated feeling that if this brute demanded, "Hey, quit it!" she would have to obey, and not argue about it as she could with the mild and husbandly Wade.

"Say, Alphy—"

He had never called her by her first name before. And *Alphy*—the nickname she detested!

"Say, Alphy, I never had a chance to tell you how it tickled me, that day on my boat, when you bawled out May Wetheral. She had it coming to her."

Alpha was confused. She was pleased that anybody should have approved her in that playful incident, yet she caught herself, as a registered member of the Agency Hill set, being shocked that this outer barbarian should dare even to comment on her bad manners.

"I'm not—well, still—half joking—blub, blub, blub," she got out—one of those animal cries we use for conversation when we have nothing to say.

He was going on, "Matter of fact, neither you or I belong to that prissy bunch—waxwork imitations of real Long Island society. We're both mavericks. Oh, listen: I don't mean you and I are alike otherwise. You're a great lady, with so much nerve and imagination that their pokiness drives you wild."

You think Alpha, in her present loneliness, minded being called a great lady?

"And me, I'm a farmer that can sneak through barbwire faster than these city slickers. That's why I appreciate—from a distance, mind you—the way you handle the society fakers."

What do you think?

"Look, Alpha, the dance here at the inn tonight will be awful dull, so let's go to the Enchilada. Ten miles from here. Low-grade but fun."

"A night club sort of place? But Mr. Zolling—"

"Come on, now—fellow refugees from Cornucopia—make it 'Charter'!"

"All right—Charter. But you must be mistaken. There's no live place anywhere near here."

"Oh, yes, there is. On an inlet. I found out about it by the slight expenditure of four bits to the bell captain."

"But how would we get there?"

"My car."

"You said you didn't bring a car."

"Oh, that was way back this afternoon. Lady, I now possess a twelve-cylinder Stix, special-body job, convertible coop. I'll call at your cottage in one hour—don't put on your swellest party dress; we'll find an occasion for that later. On the way to the (Continued on page 172)

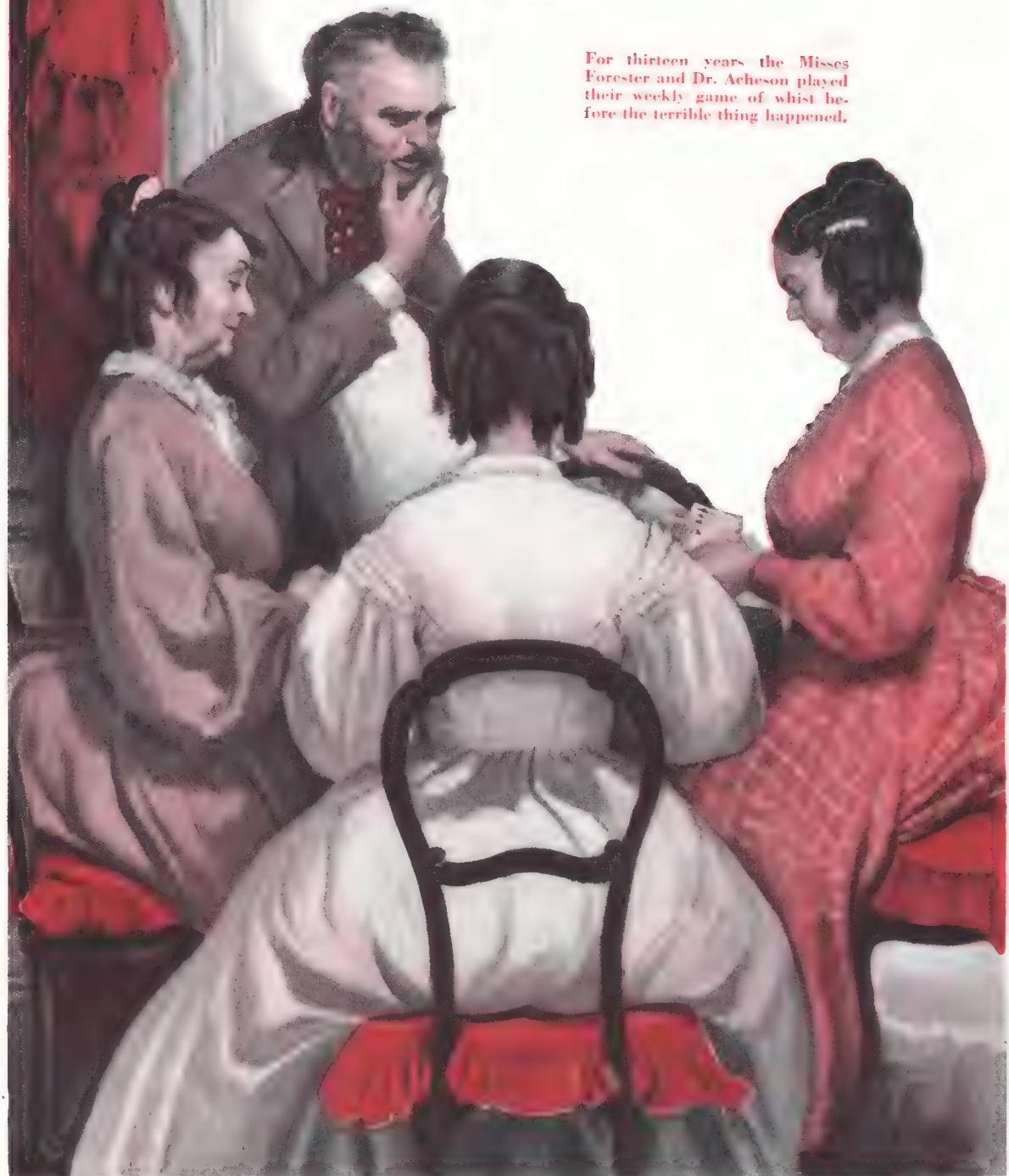


Hazel ran to her father, and the stillness was smashed with cries and tender patting. But Alpha stood back



The Bedchamber

For thirteen years the Misses Forester and Dr. Acheson played their weekly game of whist before the terrible thing happened.



Mystery

Here is a yardstick to measure your sophistication,

for this gentle and exquisitely humorous story

belongs in the classic tradition

BY C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

NOW THAT a hundred years have passed, one of the scandals in my family can be told. It is very doubtful if, in 1843, Miss Forester (she was Eulalie, but being the eldest daughter unmarried she, of course, was Miss Forester) and Miss Emily Forester and Miss Eunice Forester ever foresaw the world of 1943 to which their story would be told; in fact it is inconceivable that they could have believed that there ever would be a world in which their story could be told blatantly in public print. At that time it was the sort of thing that could only be hinted at in whispers during confidential moments in feminine drawing rooms; but it was whispered about enough to reach in the end the ears of my grandfather, who was their nephew, and my grandfather told it to me.

In 1843, Miss Forester and Miss Emily and Miss Eunice Forester were already maiden ladies of a certain age. The old-fashioned Georgian house in which they lived kept itself modestly retired, just like its inhabitants, from what there was of bustle and excitement in the High Street of the market town. The ladies indeed led a retired life; they went to church a little, they visited those of the sick whom it was decent and proper for maiden ladies to visit, they read the more colorless of the novels in the circulating library, and sometimes they entertained other ladies at tea.

And once a week they entertained a man. It might almost be said that they went from week to week looking forward to those evenings. Dr. Acheson was (not one of the old ladies would have been heartless enough to say *fortunately*, but each of them felt it) a widower, and several years older even than my great-great-aunt Eulalie. Moreover, he was a keen whist player and a brilliant one, but in no way keener or more brilliant than were Eulalie, Emily and Eunice. For years now the three nice old ladies had looked forward to their weekly evening of whist—all the ritual of setting out the

green table, the two hours of silent cut-and-thrust play, and the final twenty minutes of conversation with Dr. Acheson as he drank a glass of old Madeira before bidding them good night.

The late Mrs. Acheson had passed to her Maker somewhere about 1830, so that it was for thirteen years they had played their weekly game of whist before the terrible thing happened. To this day we do not know whether it happened to Eulalie or Emily or Eunice, but it happened to one of them. The three had retired for the night, each to her separate room, and had progressed far towards the final stage of getting into bed.

They were not dried-up old spinsters; on the contrary they were women of weight and substance, with buxom contours even married women might have been proud of. It was her weight which was the undoing of one of them, Eulalie, or Eunice.

Through the quiet house that bedtime there sounded the crash of china and a cry of pain, and two of the sisters—which two we do not know—hurried in their dressing gowns to the bedroom of the third—her identity is uncertain—to find her bleeding profusely from severe cuts in the lower part of the back. The jagged china fragments had inflicted severe wounds, and, most unfortunately, just in those spots where the injured sister could not attend to them herself. Under the urgings of the other two she fought down her modesty sufficiently to let them attempt to deal with them, but the bleeding was profuse, and the blood of the Foresters streamed from the figure lying face downwards on the bed in terrifying quantity.

"We shall have to send for the doctor," said one of the ministering sisters; it was a shocking thing to contemplate.

"Oh, but we cannot!" said the other ministering sister.

"We must," said the first.

"How terrible!" said the second.

And with that the injured sister

twisted her neck and joined in the conversation. "I will not have the doctor," she said. "I would die of shame."

"Think of the disgrace of it!" said the second sister. "We might even have to explain to him how it happened!"

"But she's bleeding to death," protested the first sister.

"I'd rather die!" said the injured one, and then, as a fresh appalling thought struck her, she twisted her neck even further. "I could never face him again. And what would happen to our whist?"

That was an aspect of the case which until then had occurred to neither of the other sisters, and it was enough to make them blench. But they were of stern stuff. Just as we do not know which was the injured one, we do not know which one thought of a way out of the difficulty, and we shall never know. We do know that it was Miss Eulalie, as befitting her rank as eldest sister, who called to Deborah the maid to go and fetch Dr. Acheson at once, but that does not mean to say that it was not Miss Eulalie who was the injured sister. Injured or not Miss Eulalie was quite capable of telling Deborah what to do.

Deborah fetched Dr. Acheson and conducted him to Miss Eunice's bedroom, but of course the fact that it was Miss Eunice's bedroom is really no indication that it was Miss Eunice who was in there. Dr. Acheson had no means of knowing; all he saw was a recumbent form covered by a sheet. In the center of the sheet a round hole a foot in diameter had been cut, and through the hole the seat of the injury was visible.

Dr. Acheson needed no explanations. He took his needles and his thread from his little black bag and sewed up the worst of the cuts and attended to the minor ones. Finally he straightened up and eased his aching back. "I shall have to take those stitches out," he explained to the silent figure which had borne the stitching stoically without a murmur. "I shall come next Wednesday and do that."

Until next Wednesday the three Misses Forester kept to their rooms. Not one of them was seen in the streets of the market town, and when on Wednesday Dr. Acheson knocked at the door Deborah conducted him once more to Miss Eunice's bedroom. There was the recumbent form; there was the sheet with the hole in it. Dr. Acheson took out the stitches.

"It has healed very nicely," said Dr. Acheson. "I don't think any further attention from me will be necessary."

The figure under the sheet said nothing, nor did Dr. Acheson expect it. He gave some concluding advice and went his way. He was glad later to receive a note penned in Miss Forester's Italian hand:

Dear Dr. Acheson,

We will all be delighted if you will come to whist this week as usual.

When Dr. Acheson arrived he found that the "as usual" applied only to his coming, for there was a slight but subtle change in the furnishings of the drawing room. The stiff high-backed chairs on which the three Misses Forester sat bore, each of them, a comfortable cushion upon the seat. There was no knowing which of the sisters needed a cushion.



Reducing on Rations

WHEN rationing changed from rumor to fact, with meat as scarce as raw rubber, you blithely assumed your figure, like your kitchen stocks, would get slimmer and trimmer. But—woho!—you doubtless forgot the dangers of falling prey to the lures of lovely desserts and the succulent pasta, pancake and hot bread. Want to be slender? Would you like to lose twelve pounds? In twelve days? We'll tell you how. It's a twelve-day diet,

MONDAY

Luncheon

Tomato stuffed with
Cottage Cheese and Chives
1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

Broiled Chopped Round Steak
3 points
Cooked Leafy Green Vegetable
Radishes Celery
Dessert (see above)
Small Black Coffee

TUESDAY

Luncheon

Hard-boiled Egg Slices
Watercress, Seasoning
1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

$\frac{1}{2}$ Broiled Chicken
Carrots cooked with Parsley
Tossed Green Salad,
Lemon, Seasoning
Dessert (see above)
Small Black Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Luncheon

Shrimp, Crab, or Lobster,
Parsley, Lemon, Seasoning
1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

1 Broiled Lamb Chop
(no fat)—*3 points*
Cooked Leafy Green Vegetable
Raw Vegetable Relishes:
Carrot Strips,
Turnip Slices, Radishes
Dessert (see above)
Small Black Coffee

SUNDAY

Luncheon

$\frac{1}{2}$ Broiled Chicken
Julienne Green Beans and
Chopped Mushrooms
Cucumbers, Radishes,
Celery, with Parsley
Dessert (see above)
Small Black Coffee

Supper

2 Soft-cooked Eggs
1 unbuttered Melba Toast
1 glass Skim Milk

MONDAY

Luncheon

Tomato stuffed with
Cottage Cheese and Chives
1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

Vegetable Broth
(cube or paste)
2 poached Eggs on
Spinach, Broccoli, or
Asparagus
Tossed Green Salad (with or
without Onion), Lemon,
Seasoning
Dessert (see above)
Small Black Coffee

TUESDAY

Luncheon

Hard-boiled Egg Slices
Watercress, Seasoning
1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

Broiled Lobster, Lemon,
Seasoning
or
Broiled Fish, Lemon,
Seasoning
Stewed Tomatoes
Shredded Cabbage, Seasoning
Dessert (see above)
Small Black Coffee



on 12 Red Ration Points

complete on these two pages, and will cost you exactly twelve of your red ration points, provided you add nothing to it (except Vitamin A and a Vitamin B Complex supplement prescribed by your doctor when he approves of your going on a reducing diet) and eat everything on these menus. Once those twelve pounds have gone the way of all flesh, it should be easy to prevent their resurrection. Our advice is to

be pound-wise; stick to the diet and you'll find it's fun to be fit. The diet was worked out by Alice Wade Robinson for Town & Country after thorough consultation with diet experts in the medical profession. Because it is timely, nutritious and important, we are pleased to have Cosmopolitan pass it on to Cosmopolitan's millions of readers.

HARRY A. BULL,
Editor, Town & Country

THURSDAY

Luncheon

- Watercress, Carrots, Cream Cheese with Chives
- 1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
- 1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

- 2 Poached Eggs on Spinach or with Broccoli
- Sliced Tomatoes
- Lots of Celery
- Dessert (see above)
- Small Black Coffee

FRIDAY

Luncheon

- Salad of Grapefruit, Oranges, Apples, Pineapple, Strawberries—the Juices mixed with Pot Cheese (Substitute no other fruits for those out-of-season)
- 1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
- 1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

- Broiled Fish, Lemon
- Broiled or Stewed Tomatoes
- Tossed Green Salad, Lemon, Seasoning
- Dessert (see above)
- Small Black Coffee

Breakfast

- (Ditto for every day)
- 1 glass Orange Juice
- 1 unbuttered Melba Toast
- 1 Egg
- Tea with Lemon—no Sugar
- or
- Black Coffee—no Sugar

Dessert

- (Ditto for every dinner)
- Choice of one:
- ½ Grapefruit
- Orange Gelatin—unsweetened
- Fresh Apple with ½ portion Blue Cheese

SATURDAY

Luncheon

- Shredded Beets, Sliced Turnips, Shredded Carrots
- Parsley
- Pot Cheese
- 1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
- 1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

- Broiled Chopped Round Steak
3 points
- Cooked Leafy Green Vegetable
- Sliced Tomatoes with Parsley
- Dessert (see above)
- Small Black Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Luncheon

- Shrimp, Crab, or Lobster, Parsley, Lemon, Seasoning
- 1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
- 1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

- 1 Broiled Lamb Chop (no fat)—3 points
- Julienne Green Beans and Chopped Mushrooms
- Sliced Tomatoes, Parsley
- Dessert (see above)
- Small Black Coffee

THURSDAY

Luncheon

- Watercress, Raw Carrots, Cream Cheese with Chives
- 1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
- 1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

- ½ Broiled Chicken
- Cooked Green Vegetable
- Raw Vegetable Relishes: Tomatoes, Turnips, Radishes, Celery
- Dessert (see above)
- Small Black Coffee

FRIDAY

Luncheon

- Salad of Grapefruit, Oranges, Pineapple, Apples, Strawberries—the Juices mixed with Pot Cheese (Substitute no other fruits for those out-of-season)
- 1 Whole Wheat or Rye Wafer
- 1 glass Skim Milk

Dinner

- Vegetable Broth (cube or paste)
- Broiled Fish, Lemon
- Broiled Tomato
- Tossed Green Salad, Lemon, Seasoning
- Dessert (see above)
- Small Black Coffee

What to do till the doctor comes . . . home?

That was Carey's problem when . . .

He married a doctor

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

THE STORY SO FAR: "Am I going to live?" asked Carey Dennis.

"I'm afraid so," Dr. Hilda Barrington told him.

"With you?" he asked. "Forever?"

The question had been in both their minds before this—before Carey's accident in the swimming pool of his Westchester estate, Halekapu, summoned a doctor who was also a woman in love. But they had fought against themselves and each other.

From the first there had been antagonism between Hilda and Carey. He disliked women doctors and seemed to resent the fact that this one was unusually attractive. But they were neighbors in Waynefield, where Dr. Barrington practiced with her aunt Dr. Jenny Redding, and eventually Carey acknowledged to himself that Hilda was a pretty fine girl, even if she did scare him.

She was entirely different from Maida von Kunst, a silver-gilt socialite with whom he had been violently in love until she threw him over for a titled Austrian refugee. When Maida returned into his life as another neighbor, having rented a house for herself and her husband Franz, Carey was not interested. More and more he compared Hilda with his former fiancée, to Maida's disadvantage. Maida was an unusually beautiful woman, but Hilda had warmth, vitality, charm. And he had seen her in action, caring for a sick boy; had wondered at her coolness, gentleness, courage.

But Carey didn't want to fall in love with a woman who would always put her profession first. Nor did Hilda want to fall in love with a layman. Her girlhood adoration for Dr. Roger Spence, who had a Park Avenue practice and a neurotic wife, seemed unreal and remote beside her feeling for Carey Dennis. But she was

afraid of being pulled two ways; wrenched apart by the demands of her profession and the demands of her emotions.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DURING THE course of Hilda's brief and stormy engagement to Carey Dennis, the Major remarked that it reminded her of Napoleon.

"Why?" asked Hilda, looking at her aunt across the polished dining table at Halekapu.

"Short, belligerent, continuously in battle," Jenny replied gravely.

It was true, in a measure. First of all, the brevity of the betrothal. Hilda was in no haste to marry, but Carey urged an early wedding. He saw no sense in long engagements. He took his case to Jenny. The important adjustments came after marriage, not before, he contended. What did she think?

Jenny replied that possibly he was right.

Hilda surrendered, finally. But two more questions arose—had, in fact, arisen at the very beginning: the honeymoon and Halekapu. She wouldn't hear of going to Hawaii. "I wouldn't know an easy moment," Hilda said, "if I were so far away from the Major—and besides, I can't spare the time." But the time factor was secondary to her anxiety over Jenny, although Jenny was better than she had been in months, and Dr. Bevin was pleased with her.

Carey gave in. He saw Hilda's point, and besides, he was devoted to Jenny Redding. As soon as he had recovered from his accident—the concussion proved slight—he telephoned his parents in Honolulu. Hilda was at Halekapu with Jenny when the call went through, and she found herself talking first to Carey's mother and then to his father, with a



Carey pulled Hilda close and kissed her. He said with great contentment, "Everything's all right as long as you love me."

sense of complete unreality. Jenny spoke to them also. It was a family affair. Hilda, Carey assured his mother, would write; she would have her photograph taken—"not that she's much to look at," he added, which his mother translated correctly as, "I think she's very beautiful."

The Dennises had of course heard about Hilda Barrington, as Carey wrote them once a week. They had enjoyed his



amusing sketches of Hilda and her aunt since the previous spring; and had noted that imperceptibly his tone had changed as the summer went on.

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Dennis to her husband, when the cable announcing the engagement and the impending telephone call arrived. "I was sure there was something to this." To which Carey's father replied that he had always wanted to see

the boy settle down, and thank God it wasn't to be with Maida Henley. Still—a woman doctor? He added that Carey would have a more difficult time than most men adjusting himself to a career wife. "He's in for *pilikia*, and so is she," he added gloomily. *Pilikia* means trouble, in Hawaiian. To which his wife responded that all marriages had their share.

They decided to be married toward the end of October; to go South for a short honeymoon. "Two weeks," said Hilda firmly. She would not leave Jenny—or her patients—longer.

A more serious consideration was where they would live, as Hilda said flatly that she couldn't imagine herself living at Halekapu. But she was forced to admit that it would be foolish to try to put the

JIMMY DURANTE SAYS

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN



IS . . .

THE trouble with WOMEN is—they say all men are alike, and yet when I stand alongside Gary Cooper, they always take Gary. 'Tis true that when it comes to pulchritudeness, Gary and I aren't exactly a photo finish. Still, we do have something in common. Gary bulges with muscles and I just bulge.

The trouble with women is—if I may repeat myself—they don't appreciate me like I do. I admit, I do not have savory faire and distingay. However, very few people know that it was Durante Irving Berlin had in mind when he wrote, "He's not so much in a crowd, but when he gets you alone, you'd be surprised."

I'm determined to learn more about the subject, so I puts on my white tie, white spats and white sweatshirt and out I goes—Jimmy the well-dressed man—to get more data, not data, spelled *i-h-a-i-a*, but data, spelled *d-a-t-a*. The first girl I meets, I stops and says, "Lady, in the strictest confidence, can you tell me what's wrong with you?" She says, "Sir, you're no gentleman!" I says, "That's why I came to you, lady, neither are you." The traffic light turns green, my face turns red, and I am on my way again, beaten but not subdued. Down the street, I hails an open barouche. Who's driving it but Mabel, a lady wrestler, who once had a crush on me. I says, "Mabel, what's wrong with women outside of they talk too much, are always late for appointments and never make up their minds in time?" She says, "Where did you get that information?" I says, "I found that out when I was keeping company with you." Mabel stops the barouche, climbs down ladylike, opens the door, daintily takes my hand, twists it, and I'M FLAT ON MY BACK. I gets up and apologizes. She isn't satisfied. She demands an autopsy, but I talks her out of it. She parks her hack and I takes her to the Stork Club. We gets a ringside table and was I embarrassed? She wants me to pay the check. How would I look in a crowded restaurant, taking off my shoes to get at my purse?

Even among our little feathered friends, one can see what the trouble with women is. I'm sitting in Central Park, and I sees a very pathetic sight. A pappa robin is feeding worms to his little baby robins. And where is the mamma robin? Probably out with some fat pigeon. It's sights like that, that sometimes makes me lose faith.

And yet, sometimes women are very unpredictable. The other day, I'm promenading along Fifth Avenue, when I turns around and I sees a bevy of beautiful girls following me. For blocks and blocks, they goes where I goes. So you see, I do have some charm and eclat. Or could it be the nylon stockings hanging out of my back pocket?

The trouble with women is—ME! I must get rid of my inferiority complexion!

big house on the market at this time. Carey's argument—that a wife naturally lived in her husband's home—was brushed aside. That wasn't the point. Hilda said, "I couldn't possibly have an office here, even if I were not in partnership with the Major." She drew a graphic word picture of her patients plodding up the Haleakapu drive on foot or chugging along in their ancient cars. She added bluntly, "Besides, you bought this place for another woman!" She looked at him as they walked in the autumnal gardens one late afternoon. "I don't like the idea at all."

"Darling, are you jealous?"

"No," said Hilda. "But I don't like it, just the same. And I don't like Maida von Kunst."

The von Kunsts were staying in the Powell house for the winter. Their option to buy ran until the following summer.

Carey had told Hilda about Maida. He had said, "I was crazy about her, Hilda. That's the exact word. I was a lunatic, I don't deny it. But even before I met you, I was once more in my right mind."

She believed him, yet it was uncomfortable to think of living in a house which had been bought, furnished and decorated with another woman in mind—and heart; and more uncomfortable still to know that this other woman lived only a short distance away.

However, Hilda thought of herself as completely realistic. It was unfortunate about the house and more so that the Baroness von Kunst had taken a fancy to Westchester. But as Carey was thirty-six, Hilda could hardly expect that he would have reached that age without a serious emotional involvement.

"How about you?" he asked. "You can't tell me there hasn't been someone—or several someones. You're too pretty, Hilda, and too much a woman."

She had laughed at him, saying that she'd had her moments, none of them important. "Darling, I've been too busy. No time for romance. I've been attracted, naturally, but I didn't want my way of life upset. I always ran away from danger until you made an appearance. And then I couldn't help myself."

That had pleased him, and she hadn't said a word about Roger Spence. She could justify her silence by reminding herself that Roger had never been in love with her. He was fond of her now, as always, and he had treated her originally as a tolerant elder brother treats a ubiquitous small sister; and later, as a benevolent god condescending to an unimportant worshiper. Now, he reacted to her as any man to an old friend who is also a pretty woman and their mutual profession created a natural bond. Emotionally, she had long since recovered from Roger, so there seemed no point in telling Carey about him.

Once she had adjusted herself to the idea that she would live at Haleakapu, they made their plans. She would have her own telephone put in and would conduct her office, as usual, at Jenny's.

VERA VAGUE SAYS

THE TROUBLE

WITH MEN

IS . . .



WHAT I like about men is—even a man with a suit of armor is easy for a woman to see through. If he doesn't like you, his every word and gesture tell you so. (And, believe me, I speak with authority.) If, on the contrary, a woman appeals to him he stands poised on the brink of making a fool of himself for a matter of a few thoughtful seconds and then unflinchingly plunges into a state of ecstatic coma from which he recovers in his normal life span only occasionally.

Men, I believe, belong to an "unwritten" union which has a very well-defined code of ethics. They seem to consider it heresy to tell on each other—unless they are involved with one of their fellow members in a contest for the attentions of one of that poorly organized group called women.

If there should live a man in this enlightened world so "corny" as to tell his wife that he was detained at the office, no brother will ever betray him. This stanch loyalty is based on a principle of reciprocity. After all, a fellow never knows but that he may be next in line for a marital "hotfoot," and one can't have too many alibi-friends against "his day." The American home must be preserved at all costs, I always say, even if we have to hire someone to stay in it. *

Men, in my estimation, have a high appreciation of beauty. Of course, some prefer blondes and others brunettes, but what I mean is, they never overlook anything. Nature undoubtedly means more to men than it does to women. If you don't believe me, next time you're at the seashore follow their eyes, and as the wild waves foam against the silver sands, you'll find them staring at the nearest blonde in the shortest playsuit.

I like men because they are willing to take responsibility. Many men labor under heavy burdens at the office—others hire lighter stenographers. But when all is said and over, it is men who have made the finest fathers in this world and I bow to them. (If I thought it would do any good I'd fall on my face.) According to tradition, men prefer shy and bashful women—and thank goodness there are still some old-fashioned people left in this world. The other day I heard of a woman who shot her husband with a bow and arrow.

She told Jenny wistfully, "But I hate leaving you. Carey wants you to live with us; he says he'll remodel part of the lower floor into temporary offices, but he'd like to build a house for you. Would you consider it?"

"No," said Jenny, "I'll live and die in this house. Not that it isn't good of Carey." She smiled. She too had a vision of her practice consulting her at Halekapu, received by the efficient Sven. "That place would scare the pants off 'em," she added. "It would cry out for a nurse and a secretary, to say nothing of whopping big fees. My practice doesn't run to that."

Carey agreed that the compromise was best. Fond as he was of Jenny, he wanted his wife to himself—when he could have her, he reminded himself somewhat grimly.

As far as being alone nights was concerned, Jenny reminded Hilda that she wouldn't be alone, with the Macs at hand. And she'd lived alone with them for a long time: when Hilda was in college and medical school; during Hilda's internship and her residency at Fairview.

"I know," she added, "you'll say, 'But you hadn't your heart to consider then.' I had, however, while you were at Fairview. And I lived. Good Lord, Hilda, I didn't expect you'd settle down and become a weather-beaten spinster like me. It's my good fortune that you are marrying Carey and will live so near me; will work here in the office. You might have married Lord knows who and moved a thousand miles away. This is a perfect arrangement. I have a telephone at my elbow, night and day. If I so much as sneeze twice when you're not around, I promise I'll let you know. So stop fussing, will you?"

Hilda stopped fussing, at least outwardly.

A more intimate question arose concerning her quarters at Halekapu. She wanted her own room, but Carey howled with horror at the idea. "A fine way to start married life!" he said.

"It's better to start that way than to change the arrangements later," said Hilda. "Be reasonable, Carey. I'll have to go out at night; my telephone will ring at all hours. There's no sense in your being disturbed. Besides, I'd prefer it. It preserves the illusion."

"You've been reading books again!"

"No, but most of my life I've been observing." She smiled. "I promise," she said gently, "no locked doors."

"At least you have the grace to blush!" he commented.

"I'm not blushing." But she was scarlet to her eyes. She added after a moment, "Everyone needs a certain amount of privacy. Most young people can't afford it. We're lucky that we can—at least you can," she said, with her wicked grin. "That's one reason why I'm marrying you," she told him—"for your money and the privacy it will afford me."

He seized her and shook her. This was perhaps two weeks after their engagement, and (Continued on page 145)

FLAT-TOP JENNY

To Lt. Casey a ship
was just a hunk of metal
until that day when he fell
in love with a Navy queen

BY

H. VERNOR DIXON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

DO YOU know how it is with a carrier; how she lives and breathes and fights for you, as any mother would for a child, and at night gathers you into her warm bosom to protect you with her speed while you lie there helpless? How she acts as a mother ship for her whole task force and gathers the destroyers and cruisers around her in the dark to fill their bowels with life-sustaining fuel? How she keeps the whole fleet supplied with ship's stores, clothing, ice cream, radios and all the little luxuries a man needs even at sea?

That is the way it is with a carrier, and that is the way Jenny was with us, like a mother. Jenny, of course, was her code name; a bit on the saucy side, to be sure, but she had her moments. In a good stiff breeze, with a cross sea, she would shake the bone out of her teeth, pick up her skirts and dance around in a little polka she knew. Such sauciness on her part naturally made every deck landing a precarious gamble, with broken props, busted landing gear and many a bruised shank. But no one minded; not with Jenny.

And all her sons—from a third-class seaman working in the bilge, up to the captain on the signal bridge and on up beyond him to a lone scout, sitting up there at twenty thousand feet—adored Jenny, and, like all good sons, would give their lives for her. Like young Brock coming in late from evening patrol in enemy waters and getting lost in a squall directly overhead. We could hear his motor cutting in and out above us, circling, and his voice over the intercom saying, "Never mind the lights, gentlemen. I'll find you." But he didn't. The captain finally commanded him to use his own landing



Casey bore on, straight for the Jap flat-top, releasing his bomb at almost 400 feet. Then all hell broke loose.

lights, but young Brock must have thought: Imperil Jenny, with the enemy all about us? Not on your life! The muffled beat of his engine faded away into the night, and that was the last we heard of him.

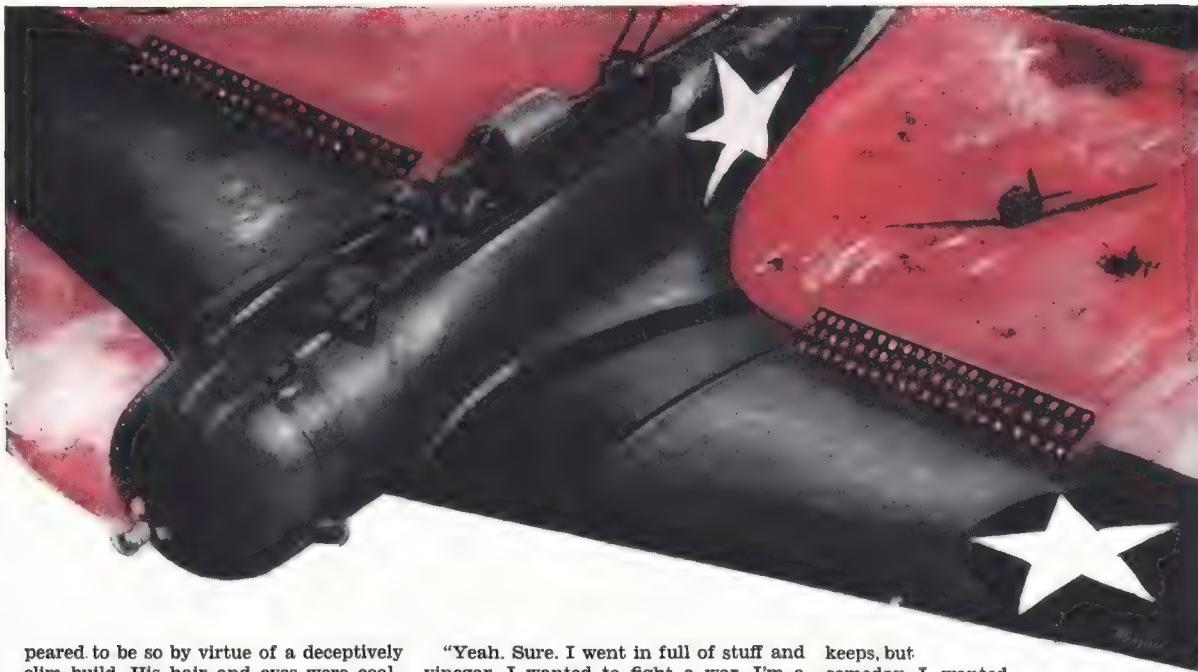
That is how we felt about Jenny. True

sons. Every man a gentleman, at least toward his mother. She fed us and protected us and pampered us too, so we fought for her as long as there was breath left in our bodies. Nothing was too good for Jenny.

Until Lieutenant Michael Casey came aboard; a fighting name if there ever was one. Casey sounded good to us, and his jacket—that is, his record—looked even better. He had been an air-line pilot before the war, but on a certain December seventh he went into the Navy and was next heard from at Pensacola. There he got sidetracked from his real purpose. He was so good, particularly with SBD's, that they made him a dive-bomber instructor, shipped him to Corpus and kept him there over a year. At that point his jacket turned bad. Evidently he had had a constant row with every brass hat in the neighborhood. So they sent him with the fleet. Which, we innocently believed, was what he had been fighting for.

We were steaming out of Port X, on the Pacific Coast, and were already three hundred miles at sea when Casey joined us. There should have been eighteen dive-bomber pilots aboard, but Mal Harris had come down with appendicitis the day we weighed anchor and was left behind. Casey was the fill-in. He circled Jenny with hook, landing gear and flaps down—the signal that he wanted to come aboard—and Jenny turned her nose into the wind. Casey made a beautiful shock landing at full-stall, the taximen jumped for his wings, and he was whisked up to the forward elevator.

I got one brief look at him as he was heading toward the island to report aboard. He was not very tall, but he ap-



peared to be so by virtue of a deceptively slim build. His hair and eyes were coal-black; he had a full, sensuous mouth, and olive skin was stretched tightly over high cheekbones. He walked with a cocky swagger, but there was a surly, bitter twist to his mouth and an almost venomous gleam in his eyes. I wondered: What sort of bird is this?

I did not see him again until much later. I had just left my wife and newborn son, after only ten days ashore, and was feeling none too gay. I had no desire to mix it up in the wardroom, so while Casey was being introduced around, I stayed up on the flight deck, watching our plane guard of four cruisers and eight destroyers. When it was so dark they couldn't be seen, I went below to the hangar deck and looked over my ship, a brand-new SBD, and a honey. I stayed there for some time, dreaming of the kid.

When I finally went down to my cabin, Casey was there unpacking his gear. He gave me a brief nod and continued with the business of hanging his uniforms. I sat on the lower bunk and watched him. Finally I held out my hand and said, "Robert Ormond's my name. We're rooming together, so it'll be Bob to you."

He shook hands, then held out a packet of cigarettes. The two of us sat on the lower bunk, smoking. It was a small cabin, and already it was hot.

Casey stared at the wall for a moment, then turned to me and asked, "How do you like this carrier? Is she all right?"

"Words can't describe her," I said. "She's the best. You'll grow to have a fondness for her that you've never felt for a woman."

He laughed. "That's what you think. Look, Bob; you might as well know I don't like any part of this setup. I wanted to get kicked out of the Navy, not kicked out to sea."

I said, "I was helping out the exec today and got a look at your jacket, the copy. Your record didn't look like that of a man who wanted no part of the Navy."

"Yeah. Sure. I went in full of stuff and vinegar. I wanted to fight a war. I'm a pilot. So what happened? I go to Pensacola, and they send me out with a punk instructor with four hundred hours to his credit, and he starts pointing and says, 'This is the aileron, this is the rudder and this is the elevator. This is the stick you fly it with.' Can you imagine that? Me, with over three thousand airline hours to my credit. And I had to take that sort of thing for seventy hours."

I had to chuckle at that. "Pretty rough, all right. But that's the Navy way of doing things."

He slanted a burning look at me and nodded. "The Navy way is right. You can have it, brother. They made me an instructor, and I had to do everything for those kids except blow their noses. I started to throw my weight around, and then they really slapped me down. Duty Day was every day for me. I spent four months on the field without one day in town. BOQ was a prison. I might as well have been on bread and water."

"You should have coasted along and kept quiet."

"Oh, sure. I'm not the coasting kind. So I threw more weight around and the brass hats got it into their thick skulls that the reason I was misbehaving was that I wanted to go with the fleet. I wanted to bomb the thing, not join it. But here I am. No sense talking back. Not in the Navy."

He regarded me for some time, and then he smiled. He said, "You won't have any trouble with me, Bob. I'm not a hard guy to get along with. It's just the Navy that's got me. I wanted you to know how I feel, so when I do get into trouble you won't get pulled in too."

"You mean you're going to look for trouble?"

He just smiled and made no reply.

When we turned in, I lay there thinking about Sue and Robert Ormond, Jr., and suddenly a cold hand closed on my heart. We were at war, sure, playing for

keeps, but someday I wanted to return to those two. My only possible chance of living through it was in teamwork, the Navy brand of teamwork. When a dive bomber goes off the hump and starts down, he and his crew are virtually at the mercy of enemy planes. So you depend on the man following to keep the bandits off your tail for those split seconds of helplessness. That's teamwork. Without it, without that confidence in the man trailing you, you're lost.

Casey was in my squadron, and that meant that at some time each of the seventeen of us would have to protect Casey and, in turn, depend upon his sense of teamwork for our own protection. And Casey was obviously not interested in teamwork; not the Navy brand.

Perhaps, I thought, he will snap out of it later on.

The following morning, we were off the deck two hours before dawn on scout patrol. Dawn and sunset are the ticklish periods of the day for a carrier. That is when she looms against the horizon and makes a perfect target for submarines. That is also the time when a torpedo bomber can steal out of the face of the sun and plant one in your belly. So you keep on your toes at those times.

We spread out in vees of three to quarter the seas. I was leading my flight, and Casey was left wingman. Hennessy, Lieutenant j.g., was at my right. Customarily, we would have fanned out, but I wanted to test Casey. I called them into close formation and even tried a few stunts. Casey stuck like glue. I glanced into the rear cockpit at Steve Mittag, radioman-gunner, and he grinned and nodded with satisfaction. If Casey could pass the test with that hard-boiled shell-back, he was okay with me.

When we got back to Jenny, she was acting up a bit in a cross sea, and the squadron was milling about her in a wide landing circle. All of us made a pass at

the deck and were frantically paddled off by the deck signalman. But not Casey. He held a beautiful power stall all the way down, plopped onto the jumping flight deck as nicely as you please and rolled on forward.

After we had all landed without breaking any bones, I went into the wardroom and drew some coffee. Commander Taylor, Aviation Officer, came over to me and nodded toward Casey, seated in a lone corner of the lounge. "Seems pretty good, doesn't he?"

I said, "He's a good pilot, if that's what you mean."

The A.O. said, "Hmmm. I get what you mean. He was pretty suply when he reported to me yesterday. You're rooming with him, Bob. Is there anything wrong with him?"

Except for my life, I thought, this is none of my business. I said, "Not that I know of."

"Okay. But keep an eye on him. He has a grudge of some kind." The A.O. mumbled, "Better escort him around Jenny and show him the works."

"Sure," I grinned. "You've probably hit the nail on the head."

But when I approached Casey about a tour around the ship he was not interested. "This crate?" he said. "Who cares what she's like inside? All I'm interested in is the flight deck. That's my country."

"There's a lot of country under that," I said. "This ship's a whole city, complete in itself. Do you know that in our machine shops we can build a whole airplane from stem to stern and—"

Casey interrupted with a chuckle. "Okay, Bob; if it will make you feel any better."

We started out on a tour, and as we went along Casey actually did become interested. We went up to the signal bridge, the captain's country, twenty-five feet above the flight deck; from there down to the hangar deck where the planes were stowed, with plane-overhaul shops, motor-test rooms, fabric department, engine shops, parachute room and the rest of the service departments; then down to the bowels of the ship. Casey was dumfounded at the four giant motors turning over better than two hundred thousand horsepower.

When we returned to the senior officers' wardroom, Casey was preoccupied. I left him alone to think it over, satisfied that Jenny would get into his blood.

But Casey's attitude toward the Navy did not change. Aboard a carrier at sea, there is never an idle moment for any man of the crew. The gun crews are always practicing, either with their own guns or using shotguns on skeet over the side of the ship, so there is a constant racket. The pilots practice diving at a sled towed behind the ship and then skid around for their rear gunners to get in a burst. Every moment in the air is practice of some sort. Then we sit about in the ready room or wardrooms, listen to lectures, study flying technique and naval tactics and strategy and wind up in a bull session, where everyone puts in his two bits' worth, and each man's ideas are sifted for whatever good is in them.

Casey was in on everything, but he was more like a spectator than a participant.

Because of his year or so as an instructor, and wide experience before that, he was one of the really crack pilots aboard and also an excellent shot. He and Lieutenant Commander Peterson, skipper of our squadron, split the gunnery honors between them. The difference between them, though, was that Peterson was trying and Casey was simply coasting on his skill.

I was not the only one who knew about his attitude. He made no effort to conceal how he felt, and it soon became obvious to every pilot in the other squadrons as well as our own. The air about Casey became pretty cool.

Peterson finally called our squadron together, except for the gunners, and had it out. By this time we were deep into enemy territory, and patrols were constantly in the air. Dawn and sunset alerts and battle stations became normal. That morning, in fact, a Wildcat pilot had shot down a four-engine Kawanishi hiding in a cloud above our task force. So we knew the Japs were aware of our presence. Anything could be expected at any time.

Peterson looked us all over, then turned his attention to Casey. The skipper frowned, then blurted out, "Look here, Casey. I've never had to go through this sort of thing before, but you've placed me on a spot. Usually, when anything is wrong, I can take a man aside and talk to him. But—but this has to have a public hearing. Your attitude is endangering the lives of your own teammates, so they have to sit in on it."

Casey glanced at the rest of us and said, "They don't seem frightened."

THAT'S something you don't know, Casey. These men have been in battle before. They know what it's like. And they're not so much frightened of the Japs as they are of a weak man on the team." Peterson tried to force a smile and said, "Now, I may be all wrong about this. I hope I am. But most of us are convinced that you have no interest in what's going on, that you look upon a man who's really working for the Navy as a nitwit, and that you haven't the slightest inclination to be one of the team." He paused, then hopefully asked, "Will you deny it?"

Casey said, "No. You're right in the groove."

The skipper sighed. "Well, you're a good man, Casey. Too bad." He looked at the rest of the squadron, a question in his eyes, and we nodded. He turned back to Casey. "I guess that's it. This has been an informal court, Casey; just your squadron mates. There's no power in it. We just wanted to give you a chance. But now— Well, I'll have to turn this matter over to the A.O. We're not anxious to risk our lives with you."

Casey grinned. "And what will the A.O. do?"

Peterson bluntly stated, "Give you a transfer. We don't want you."

"That suits me, brother."

The skipper walked out of the room. Others followed him until only Hennessy and I were left with Casey. We were all standing. Hennessy, a slim, blond kid,

was boiling over with anger. He faced Casey and asked, "You know what this means to us?"

"No, sonny. What does it mean?"

"I'll tell you!" Hennessy cried. "It means the squadron's strength is cut by one-eighteenth. We can't pick up a new pilot in midocean. Maybe that doesn't sound like much to you, but that eighteenth plane packs a terrific wallop." He thought a moment, then said, "But maybe we can get a new man. Maybe we can pick up a Jap to fill your place."

Casey slapped him across the mouth, and the boy's lower lip spurted blood. Hennessy swung, but Casey side-stepped and caught him full in the face with a vicious right. Hennessy hit the deck. The fight was over.

When Hennessy looked up, Casey said, "You can report this to the A.O. too. I started it."

Hennessy pushed himself to his feet, bleeding at the nose and mouth, then froze as the *bong-bong* of battle stations sounded through the ship, followed by the trumpet call.

Casey looked at me. "They wouldn't have battle stations in midafternoon, would they?"

"Any time!" I shouted. "But this sounds like business."

The three of us broke into a fast run for the ready room, but I stopped Hennessy at the first scuttle butt and washed his face. All the pilots aboard were in the ready room, pulling on their Mae Wests and studying the ship's position and course on the blackboard. Taylor was standing by the board saying, "... one carrier, six destroyers, two heavy and two light cruisers, five or six transports and another heavyweight off in the squall that might be a battleship." He paused and over the intercom we could hear the scout reporting, "Mabel to Jenny. Correction: one hundred and seventy miles, course two ten, speed twenty-two knots. North-northwest." Then the pilot laughed and said, "Come get the rats. I'll keep 'em wrapped up for you."

Taylor grinned. "There it is. Carrier task force somewhat like our own. I needn't remind you of the Kawanishi, and that doubtless they have our position. Good hunting, gentlemen."

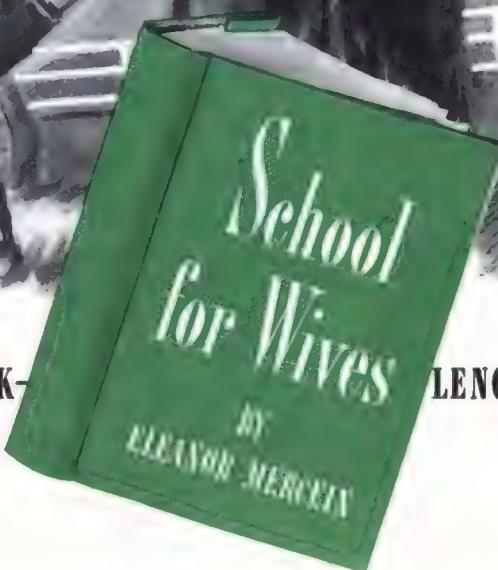
The meteorological officer then cautioned us that the whole area was covered with squalls, with a thick overcast in the vicinity of the Jap fleet. "It won't be easy to find them," he said. "And watch your step on the way back, as we mean to duck into the protection of the squalls."

We started out of the room, but Casey stood at the doorway. Peterson stopped before him and said, "Until the A.O. says differently, Casey, you're with us. But for God's sake, keep out of our way."

Casey said, "Nuts to you!" but joined the scramble toward the flight deck. We ducked under wings and around whirling propellers. The red flag was up, and the island speaker was bellowing, "Pilots, man your ships." This was followed by the white flag, and in a few seconds the snarling fighters were screaming from the deck. The scout (Continued on page 157)



THE COMPLETE BOOK- LENGTH NOVEL



There is real charm in this story
 of a beautiful Southern girl
 who failed in marriage—
 but found a way to give happiness
 to a great army of wives
 waiting to kiss their husbands good-by

ENID LOSSITER, returning to what might be called her native heath, since she had spent a good part of her rather wanderfoot childhood there, was surprised to note how little it had changed in the last decade, except to have grown smaller and dingier and more Southern—Negroes loafing about the stations as the New York Special thundered by; mules increasingly prominent in the landscape; the sparse fields and tumble-down cabins of poor whites giving way to rambling garden suburbs. At Louisville, she did not leave the station between trains.

"If this is going to be 'city' to me for the next year or so, I think I shall stick to rustic retirement at Sayre's Landing," she decided, wondering whether she had made a mistake after all in not choosing Florida, as her husband had suggested.

A number of young men in khaki hung about the station, all very much aware of the slim, arresting figure, with burnished hair brushed high and smart tailored print. Their fixed regard reassured Enid, indifferent as a rule to masculine attention, reminding her that the age of thirty was not quite senescence, and that there was at least a military post within driving distance of Sayre's Landing.

A languid Stepin Fetchit, who had taken possession of her luggage, came presently to inform her that the local train was now ready, and she followed him into an unaired, red plush day coach, where she was received by a conductor who looked like an advertisement of a Kentucky whisky, white goatee, mustaches and all, and who had the manner of a host receiving a long-awaited guest. "Miss Eppie sent word for me to watch out for you, ma'am. Let's see, which of those little Sayre sisters were you—Miss Lettice, wa'n't it?"

"No," said Enid. "Lettice was my mother."

"Well, well, I declare! How tempus does fitgit! Then I reckon you're the one that married rich and went up North to live? There were several of you pretty little Sayres used to spend the summer with your Uncle John Ed."

"There were three of us—my sisters Guinevere and Elaine, and myself, Enid. My mother," she smiled, "seems to have had a romantic taste for Tennyson. But we were not really Sayres; we were Carys. Mr. Sayre was my mother's uncle."

"So he was, so he was! All that fam'ly had a sort of romantical streak to 'em: John Ed never marryin' because the girl he was in love with jilted him for his no-count brother; and Miss Lettice eloping with a fancy city slicker who treated her pretty bad, I always heard—Oh, excuse

me," he interrupted himself, abashed. "I plumb forgot he must have been your father! Anyhow, he was certainly a fine talker—could charm the birds out of the trees when he had a mind to—all except John Ed. Mighty few people ever fooled old John Ed! You take after your father too, Miss Enid—the same dark copper hair and the same kind of careless, takin' ways."

Enid said with some amusement, "Thank you!"

"And you haven't forgotten how to smile either, up there in the North," he went on, with recovered aplomb. "I always think our Kentucky women smile sweeter than any others."

"I am afraid," said Enid, "that I cannot claim to be a Kentucky woman, since I was merely a visitor here years ago."

"It wa'n't your fault," he said kindly, "where you happened to be born; you're a Sayre just the same; once a Kentuckian always a Kentuckian. I'm Joe Echols, 'Captain Joe,' as they call me—account of my father having been one of Morgan's raiders—and I've been courtin' Miss Eppie all my life, off an' on, though she wouldn't ever consider marrying me. More of that Sayre romanticalness: thought she oughtn't to leave John Ed for a home of her own, so long as he needed a woman to look after him, whether he noticed she was there or not."



ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

"Do you mean," asked Enid, intrigued despite herself by this sidelight on family affairs, "that my cousin Eppie was supposed to have been in love with my uncle?"

"Of course she was—head over heels. Everyone knew that! Took it out in makin' him mighty comfortable—which had more to do with his stayin' single, maybe, than he knew himself. Cookin' like hers'd keep any man's eye from wanderin'."

"Dear me!" said Enid. "It sounds like a touching domestic scandal—suppressed desires sublimating themselves into soups and sauces."

The old man looked at her, puzzled, flushing slowly with something that was not embarrassment. "People hereabouts wouldn't no more associate scandal with John Ed Sayre than they would with a God-fearin' Christian lady like Miss Eppie. Good day to you, ma'am!" he said, and abruptly left her. It was her turn to feel abashed.

But later, after the soldiers had left the train, he reappeared, to lift her and her luggage with unabated gallantry down into the care of an elderly Negro, waiting beside a ramshackle museum piece of a car.

"Why, what's become of the village?" she demanded blankly, looking about her at an unbroken expanse of cornfield and pasture and what appeared to be virgin forest.

"Hit's jus' down de road a piece, 'm, whar it always was at," the Negro reassured her. "Only it's kinda swunk up a little, count of de las' big flood. Mr. John Ed wouldn't never let de steamcars come no closeret, dey raise sich a dirt an' racket. Miss Eppie say tell you she'd 'a' come to de station, only it's too hot dis time of day fo' a fat lady to walk so fur an' she don'ts' herself to no new-fangled automobile."

Enid wondered whether her reactionary relative regarded the vehicle awaiting her as answering any such description. "You are one of the Crossroads servants, then?"

"De onlies' one," he said, with pride. "Yes, ma'am! Why, Miss Enid, don't you reckernize me? I'm Mr. John Ed's handy boy. I'm Efum!"

Vague recollection stirred in her of a number of such attendants coming and going about the Crossroads house and store, though she had no memory of their names. But she said, "Of course, Ephraim, I'm glad to find you still here."

He ducked his head. "In co'se I's here! Whar else would I be at, Miss Enid, when you-all pays so good? Sendin' me Chrismus gif's too, all de way from New Yawk City."

Enid dissembled some surprise. Hugh's doing, of course. How like him, she thought with curling lip, to keep up all the proper sentiments: remembering family retainers; settling annuities on indigent female dependents; making the grand gesture always, when he had failed so utterly in all the essen-

tials of marriage! Not that it was not a relief to know Cousin Eppie did have her monthly check, so that she herself would feel free to send the good lady packing without compunction. Life in this backwater promised to be grim enough without the enforced society of an aging spinster relative.

The first sight of the house moved her unexpectedly, as it had always done whenever she returned to its substantial shelter. Foursquare and plain it stood, with no pretentious Palladian columns to mar its antebellum simplicity, though at the side and along the ell-shaped wing a double gallery of a later period had been added, whose upper story commanded a view across fields and trees, up and down the sweeping bend of the river.

The house stood on a slight rise of ground at the upper end of the street where the state highroad crossed, its yard surrounded by a white paling fence whose gate still swung ajar, as Enid always remembered it. In her uncle's time, the doors at each end of the central hall usually stood open too, so that neighbors might take a convenient shortcut to the shopping district. This, Mr. Sayre had been wont to explain with innocent guile, was in the interests of business—to encourage trade with the general store opposite, which he owned and operated.

Enid half expected to find him rocking on the side gallery, as was his custom in later years, in an extra-wide chair which had been made for him—for the old gentleman had grown very stout—ready to exchange the courtesies of the day with all who passed. She closed her eyes, almost hearing the mellow old voice: "Why, hello, honey bunch! Comin' to set a spell on Uncle Big's knee?"—he was "Uncle Big" to every child in the neighborhood. And a sick nostalgia came over her to be able to climb up once more into that familiar refuge and hide her head against a waistcoat faintly redolent of pipe tobacco and peppermint lozenges and cry to her heart's content—she who had not permitted herself tears since she became the wife of Hugh Lossiter. Enid had never known her husband well enough to cry before him.

Instead of her uncle's, it was the flustered voice of Cousin Eppie preceding that lady's plump, fluttering progress down the path, with a "Welcome, my dear child, welcome to your own house! To take us by surprise this way—after all these years! Will your husband be following you soon?"

Enid postponed answering that question. She looked over the familiar, half-forgotten interior, furnished in an artless period no longer valued by collectors—heavy mahogany polished to a glassy glitter; horsehair chairs and sofas; the wide-boarded, varnished floors covered by oval braided rugs—Cousin Eppie was obviously one to improve each shining hour. There should, Enid remembered, be a pair of ugly blue china dogs on the parlor mantel, and a sepulchral marble hand gracing the center table. There were.

The hand, she recalled, was a model (done by the local monument maker) of her own grandmother's, she who had preferred to marry Uncle John Ed's brother instead of himself. "*La main morte*," Enid's father had called it, declaring that it still ruled the Sayre family destinies. Nicholas Cary, on his occasional forced visits there, found a good deal to amuse him about Crossroads traditions.

Outside, things were less uncompromising: garden beds edged with box, picturesquely overgrown with cabbage roses and pinks and petunias; blue morning glories climbing over an octagon latticed summerhouse in the center, from which Enid hastily averted her gaze—she and Hugh had been married in it—with half-ruined slave cabins across the back, adjoining the summer kitchen, all now a flaunting riot of late-summer bloom.

Miss Eppie, puffing and panting in Enid's wake, explained and apologized. "I'm afraid Eph doesn't keep the place looking as it used to, what with his rheumatics and his lazy ways. All those flowering creepers ought to be pruned back. But there are the chickens to mind, and the cow to milk, and we usually keep a hog to fatten. The cooking, I do myself."

"Oh, but you needn't, Cousin Eppie! Surely you understood my husband wanted you to engage whatever service might be necessary to keep the place in running order?"

"One servant is sufficient, thank you—I am not decrepit," said Miss Eppie with dignity. "Besides, I prefer to make some pretense of earning your generous stipend, my dear. Of course, if you intend to spend some time here, you will require more servants."

"I'll be lucky to afford one. Cousin Eppie, do you think you could teach me to cook and clean?"

"Cook and clean? You? But my dear Enid, why should you? Don't tell me your husband has lost his fortune!"

"Oh, no—it's only I who have lost it, and my husband as well," replied Enid crisply. "Cousin Eppie, I might as well break the news now that I am taking up residence in Kentucky temporarily in order to get a divorce from Hugh Lossiter."

"A divorce! Oh, my poor, precious child! Why?"



The Army wives all made elaborate excuses to leave the drawing room early on the evening Wyckham Phelps came to see Enid.

Enid shrugged. "Because he prefers, apparently, to have me marry someone else."

The old lady gave little clucks of distress. "Prefers to have you—Outrageous! I never heard of such a thing! But even in case of a divorce, there are—are there not usually—well, certain financial settlements?"

Enid laughed. "You're not quite the unworldly old innocent I thought! Not for me there aren't, Cousin Eppie. Hugh seems to think I married him for his money, as no doubt I did—subconsciously. Also, I have failed to earn my way, so to speak, by providing him with the son and heir he married me for. A general misunderstanding all round, you see."

"As if," said the other with mounting indignation, "a woman could possibly be held to blame for such a cruel misfortune! Persons can't have babies just of their own accord."

Enid gave the spinster an amused glance. "Hmnn—you've got something there," she murmured. "Anyhow, Hugh's been considerate enough to suggest a satisfactory substitute for himself, an arrangement agreeable to all concerned. Meanwhile, I prefer to manage on whatever money there is on hand—thanks to Uncle Big. But it will take some doing, probably. That's why I thought I'd better learn to do the house-work."

"With me here? Surely," protested Miss Eppie, "you cannot imagine that I, who was taken under this roof as a penniless orphan, would desert my post because of threatened misfortune? As for poverty—pooh, what's that to a Southern woman? Merely a test of her resourcefulness! Besides, are you forgetting the generous annuity settled on me at the time of your uncle's death? Dear John Ed! He knew he could rely upon you to provide for me better than he could do it himself."

Enid opened her mouth to explain that it was her husband who had done the providing, without consulting her; but closed it again, remembering Sayre pride.

"It was so much more than I needed, in addition to your lavish allowance for housekeeping, that I've been able to put most of it into the bank at Millbury, and there it is now, just waiting to be used."

The other shrugged helplessly. A year of Crossroads life, plus Cousin Eppie! But Enid kissed the plump, wrinkled cheek. "Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf? Maybe we can bribe him off with one of your ten-layer jelly cakes!"

That night, lying alone in the great walnut catafalque of a bed she had shared as a young girl with her two smaller sisters, she could not sleep because of things she had long forgotten—the muted ecstasy of a mockingbird; an elusive drift of fragrance which she knew for night-blooming jasmine. Could these be a sign? she thought, and jeered at herself for the fancy. "Don't go sentimental, my girl, at this late date!" she adjured herself. Mockingbirds, if she remembered the species, were monogamous; they did not change their mates with the changing season. More fools they!

Impatiently she got out of bed and found the flask of whisky she kept in her traveling bag for emergencies. Emergencies, of late, seemed to arise frequently. Presently she dozed off, relaxed into a dream of her mother's voice singing in the parlor below, as she often sang for their uncle's pleasure, one of those saccharine ditties the two fancied, about the "sweet, warm South like a kissing mouth, luring you into Heaven."

Poor, pretty, tragic Lettice! The sweet warm South had done them both in, thought Lettice's daughter drolly. Where else but in this stage setting of moonlight, mockingbirds and magnolias would any woman commit the folly of marrying such an agreeable, plausible rotter as Nicholas Cary? Or for that matter, such an unknown quantity as Hugh Lossiter?

Enid always remembered her mother with a fierce, impatient protectiveness—a trustful, helplessly romantic creature, quite unable to cope with the bitter facts of life, so that Enid had been obliged to cope with them far too young. It was she who had given her smaller sisters such mothering as they had known, during the increasingly frequent periods when Lettice spent most of her time lying down, unable to be disturbed. It was she, too, who engineered more and more frequent returns to the Crossroads house, where they were sure of a roof over their heads and a warm welcome from Uncle Big. Where they were safe, too, from the rudeness of insistent landlords and bill collectors and from anxiety over the prolonged absences of their amiable father, who was very popular with his little girls and whom they all missed during their Crossroads visits.

That matter, also, Enid had presently taken in hand—she could see herself now, a long-legged, serious, awkward young colt of a creature, with a mane of straight red hair and dark eyes too large for her thin child's face, demanding of her father on one of his infrequent visits why he did not come more often, and when were they all going to settle in a permanent home of their own, and whether he could not please send their mother a check more often, so that they need not always have to ask Uncle Big for money. The Sayre pride had developed in her early.

She remembered his answer, given with more amusement than chagrin: "Can't squeeze blood out of a turnip, my pet! As a matter of fact, you ought to be grateful we've provided you with an Uncle Big who can be relied upon—pretty foresighted of your parents, if you ask me. As to why I don't come round more often," he added, shrugging, "listen, young Enid. You're old enough. It's up to every woman to keep her own man if she really wants him, and nobody on God's earth can tell her how. Only—being a nervous wreck won't help. Remember that, when your time comes!"

For once the girl was aware of a brief sympathy with her father. Some overmaturity quality of cool appraisal made her regard her mother's plaintive invalidism with distaste rather than compassion. That instinct told her, was no way to face disaster. Always afterwards she was inclined to look upon ill health, whether in herself or others, as a weakness, to be ashamed of and concealed.

"However," Mr. Cary had added at the time, eying his first-born more attentively, "I don't imagine you'll ever need such a reminder, my dear. You'll not be the kind of woman to stick to a man's fingers like half-cooked taffy. You'll know when he's had enough. I think you're going to be worth looking at too, when you pad out those scrawny bones a little."

"Oh, no, Papa! Gwinny and Ellie are the pretty ones."

"I'm not talking about prettiness," he said thoughtfully. "Let's see, how old are you now?"

"Fifteen last week, Papa. And you forgot my birthday!"

"Sorry, sweetheart. I won't again. And it's high time too," he remarked cryptically. "Later, you might harden up. Yes, yes, Papa must see what he can do for his promising little daughter now, eh?"

Oddly enough, it was this unreliable, agreeable, none-too-scrupulous parent of hers who in the end provided Enid with the opportunity she needed. When she was barely seventeen, her long-legged coltishness grown into a tall, naïve grace, still too mature for her age because her mother had died the year before and she felt the full burden of maternal responsibility, Nicholas Cary had arrived for the spring races in Louisville. He was with a crowd of rich people down from New York in private cars—Mr. Cary's friends were usually rich people—and he had appeared at the Crossroads house with an unexpected



"I done laid you out a clean shirt, Mr. Hugh," said Ephraim. "That's what I call service," laughed Hugh.

WORKING HARDER?... HERE'S YOUR DISH

**It's chicken noodle soup . . .
made with plenty of chicken**

WITH SO MUCH for everyone to do these days, it's good, hungry-family nourishment that's needed . . . meals that build our energy.

Many such meals in many a home are being planned with the help of Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. This hearty soup is rich with the taste of fine, plump chickens. In the golden, slowly simmered broth are tempting, tender pieces of chicken, along with plenty of good egg noodles for every bowl.

Why not have Campbell's hearty Chicken Noodle Soup at your table? Enjoy its nourishing richness and its delicious taste. Here is a soup to build a meal around. Ask your grocer for several cans today.



Busy folks
Need hearty food,
So our meals
Good soup include.

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus • Bean with bacon • Beef • Bouillon • Chicken • Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Clam Chowder • Consommé • Green Pea • Mock Turtle • Cream of Mushroom • Ox Tail • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetarian Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef.

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



CARRYING HOME THE THINGS YOU BUY?



PINCH-HITTING FOR YOUR HUSBAND?



KEEPING UP THE VICTORY GARDEN?



PUTTING UP FRUITS AND VEGETABLES?



HELPING IN THE WAR EFFORT?



"Not if you were Beethoven, personally!"

CONDUCTOR: Camel, let us understand each other. I would not let you appear with my orchestra if you were Ludwig van Beethoven himself, personally!

CAMEL: No, Maestro?

CONDUCTOR: No, Camel. No. No. NO!

CAMEL: Not even if I told you that I was the Paul Jones Camel? The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones Whiskey?

CONDUCTOR: Not even if you told me you were the—Hey! Did you say a *dry* whiskey? Like a dry Champagne?

CAMEL: But assuredly, Effendi. Do you not know that this jewel among whiskies, this superlative Paul Jones, possesses the quality of *dryness*? Sahib, it is this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, which brings out all that rich, peerless flavor which has made Paul Jones so justly famous.

CONDUCTOR: And this, Camel, was what you wished to say here tonight?

CAMEL: But what else, Effendi? For am I not the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in the wondrous and modestly priced Paul Jones?

CONDUCTOR: My friend, you will not only speak here tonight . . . but I, Myself, personally will set your speech to music!



**Paul
Jones**

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore

invitation for his eldest daughter and an even more unexpected contribution of suitable clothing.

They were garments far more sophisticated in their smart simplicity than anything she and the local seamstress had ever been able to contrive between them, though Enid had an instinct for dress, and the girl's first reaction was a fear that they might not have been paid for. The habit of anxiety was deep-rooted in her.

Nicholas Cary had explained that these were the gift of a generous friend of his, one Mrs. Ramsey, a childless widow who had expressed a desire to make friends with his young daughter—"Object matrimony, I'm afraid!" Mr. Cary admitted with his usual candor—and Enid was invited to spend a week as Mrs. Ramsey's guest, in a suite at the smart new Brown Hotel.

There followed a time of pure, unalloyed glamour for the girl. Enid, with her mother's soft-mannered Southern way of speech and her father's undeserved air of distinction, had great success with people from a more jaded world; especially with Hugh Lossiter, laconic, much-sought-after amateur sportsman, one of that depleted postwar generation who, having won recognition in France as an aviator just before the armistice, had found life ever since something of an anti-climax. But his first glimpse of young Enid Cary—the provocative, shy modesty of her; the grave, observant, intelligent gaze, so wise-looking for all her inexperience—roused his dormant enthusiasm for life again.

It was a glamorous background for courtship—the races themselves, high holiday for crowds of gay, pleasure-seeking people; early morning visits to the stables to see Hugh's entries, clean-limbed, sensitive thoroughbreds; tête-à-tête breakfasts afterward at the Jockey Club; lively suppers, Enid's first experience of champagne, on one or another of the private cars or in Mrs. Ramsey's apartment, always with her father discreetly on guard—it was all to Enid like a Cinderella dream from which she dreaded to awake.

When the time came for the others to return to New York, and for Enid to go back to her rustic retirement, Hugh Lossiter announced his intention of following her there.

"But where could you stay?" she asked, startled. "Sayre's Landing is just a country village, with no hotel nearer than Millbury; not even a nice boardinghouse."

"What about Crossroads?" suggested her father. "I dare say it won't be the first time your uncle has taken in summer boarders!"

"Oh, Papa! Please," Enid protested, flushing.

"And why not? Paying guests are part of the Southern tradition, you know. I don't know how we in Virginia would ever have kept going without them." Mr. Cary liked to refer to aristocratic Virginia connections, who never appeared except in conversation. "Anyhow, Lossiter is no snob, my dear; he'll think none the less of the fine old chap for being a country storekeeper."

"My own immigrant grandfather," Hugh remarked, "laid the foundation of the family fortunes by peddling his wares around in a pushcart."

"Who hasn't?" said Mr. Cary, smiling. "The pushcart and the immigrant grandfather are Hugh's favorite way of swanking, Enid." Later, he gave his child the benefit of some sound gambler's advice: "It's always well, my dear girl, to lay your cards on the table openly, especially when your hand is about to be called anyhow."

But Enid had no snobbish underthought. What had embarrassed her was the idea of herself and this fairy-tale Prince Charming living under the same roof.

The fairy tale held, however. Uncle Big, with some naïve idea of observing the proprieties, turned over his special sanctum, the Office, to Enid's visitor as a *garçonnière*—a small detached building usually connected with old plantation houses by a covered passageway; Hugh Lossiter sent for his car, a long-bodied English model, and the two spent most of their time driving about the lovely Kentucky countryside, white with May and musical with bird song.

It was not only Enid to whom her lover was tactful enough to pay his court. With her frequent orchids—the first and possibly the last to be seen at Sayre's Landing—appeared imposing boxes of sweets for the little sisters, and choice cigars for Uncle Big, and parcels of the newest novels for Miss Eppie. Hugh even went fishing with his host, in a flat-bottomed row boat, with Ephraim as their oarsman; and he appeared to get as much sporting pleasure out of a modest catch of new-lights or small river jack salmon as he had ever known out of deep-sea fishing off the Florida Keys or whipping a trout stream in the Canadian Rockies. He often dropped in at the store, too, to swap yarns and talk politics with the habitués, who used it as a sort of village club.

Enid was surprised and touched by his unfailing interest in the simplicities of Crossroads life; Miss Eppie frequently con-

sulted him about intimate household affairs, while Elaine and Guinevere regarded the lovers as their special property and were with difficulty restrained from accompanying them everywhere.

"You spoil them," Lossiter commented once to Enid. "You let them absorb too much of your time and energy, beautiful!" She was retrimming a hat of hers, coveted by Gwinnie.

"I know," she apologized, "But children so need spoiling, Hugh, and there's never been anybody to do it for Ellie and Gwinnie except me. They can't understand that they may not be welcome. I'm afraid all this domesticity must bore you dreadfully."

"Bore me? I've never been less bored in my life!" he said, lifting her hand to kiss the needle-pricked finger tips. "I've wanted ever since I can remember to belong to a real family. My mother died when I was a small boy, and two lone men don't make much of a domestic circle. Of course the little sisters are welcome, always. It will be fun to help Ellie and Gwinnie grow up. And good practice for us, eh?"

The look in his eyes made her blush helplessly. So men, she thought, dreamed of that sort of thing too . . .

At the end of the third glamorous week they were married; quite suddenly, because Hugh declared himself unable to wait any longer. Only her uncle demurred at the haste. "Looks like we ought to know folks better before we take 'em into our family, honey bunch," he said uneasily. "Sayre women don't seem to have any too much gumption that way."

"Why, but we do know Hugh!" the girl protested. "I thought you liked him, Uncle Big."

The old man sighed. "I do, child; I do. But it won't be me that's married to him, little girl! He's a lot older than you are; not just in years, either. I wish we knew more about the fellow."

"Papa knows all about him—don't you, Father?" Enid appealed to Mr. Cary, who had been lingering on in Louisville. "Hugh's a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Which I ain't holdin' against him, exactly," commented Mr. Sayre, eying his nephew-in-law with frank distaste, "but I must say it don't help much!"

Nicholas Cary laughed. One of his most charming and useful characteristics was an imperturbable good humor. "Your uncle's always worth listening to, my dear; though a bit inclined to provincial prejudices, perhaps . . . I don't venture to offer myself as a satisfactory reference, sir, but you may find this copy of *Dun and Bradstreet* more convincing."

Mr. Sayre ignored the proffered volume, frowning. "That don't tell nothin', Cary! Folks can inherit a lot of things besides money."

"They can indeed!" sighed the other. "For instance, an insatiable taste for it—as witness myself and my three offspring, all of whom, if I know the breed, will take to luxury like ducks to water. It ought to be some relief to you, sir, to realize that their future will be taken off your hands."

"Sayres," said the old man, "can look after their own."

"Can and do, sir," said the other, with appreciation. "Only it might be some comfort not always to have to, perhaps?"

Uncle Big addressed the girl. "I ain't sayin' that rich people can't be as decent and well-behaved as other folks, honey bunch—only mostly they ain't, somehow. The chief thing is, are you sure you like this stranger you're in love with well enough to want to spend the rest of your life with him?"

"Not necessarily," murmured Mr. Cary, smiling. "This is the twentieth century, after all! Why be so drastic about it?"

Color came and went in the oval pallor of the girl's face. "I'm not sure of anything, Uncle Big," she said at last, ignoring her father's cynicism. "It's a little—frightening. Only I can't seem to plan or dream about anybody else!"

The old man sighed. "I know. Poor Lettice was like that. Her mother before her, too; breaking her heart over a do-less waster not worth the powder to blow him up, if he was my own brother. You one-man women ought to be extra careful about the husbands you pick. All right, honey bunch! Go ahead if you must, and take a chance on it. There'll always be Uncle Big to come home to, if worst comes to worst."

Unfortunately, there was not. Enid sometimes wondered whether worst would have come to worst if the kindly, shrewd, simple-hearted old philosopher had been able to remain there in his outsize rocker, watching the world go by the Crossroads gate, ready with a helping hand for all who stumbled.

Just when the glamour began to fade into sobering reality, she was not sure. Certainly it lasted throughout the impromptu bridal ceremony, held in a garden arbor blue with morning glories, a wedding breakfast for the entire community, all the neighbors contributing some delicacy in the way of fried chicken, cake, homemade preserves; champagne sent out from town by Nicholas Cary, who felt the occasion justified something more impressive than fruit punch—Mr. Sayre being a firm teetotaler. Elaine and Guinevere were rapturous bridesmaids in their first long dresses, which Enid found time to make with the aid of Miss Lou Prather, the local seamstress,

although she had made no attempt to provide herself with any Rousseau, greatly to the dismay of Miss Lou.

"Who ever heard of a bride without six of everything?" she demanded. "Them Northern folks will be thinking you're po'-white trash, going to your husband without a hope chest!"

"Time enough for all that afterwards," Hugh had urged impatiently; eager to help select the fragile gowns and negligees that would best suit his bride's delicate, burnished loveliness.

Perhaps it was on their fabulous honeymoon shopping expeditions that the glamour first began to wear a little thin—it was a long time before Enid learned really to enjoy extravagance. Or perhaps it was her husband's long-restrained, too-eager possessiveness, for which Cousin Apple was quite unfitted to prepare her; Hugh's courtship had been a careful one. Or perhaps it was at first sight of the intimidating facade of the Lossiter house in New York's East Sixties, with its attendant staff of impassive white servants, led by an elderly housekeeper in severe black silk. Enid looked about her at the oppressive elegance of its Mauve Decade period—too many deep-piled rugs; heavy Spanish carvings; cabinets full of *objets d'art*; dark, ugly paintings, which even her inexperience recognized as probable masterpieces.

"All pretty posh, isn't it?" Hugh had said, grinning at her dismayed expression. "The pater fancied himself as a connoisseur, you know. Most of this stuff belongs in a museum—or in a junk shop! But never mind; we won't have to live here much, you know. I've bachelor diggings in Jersey that you'll like better, where I keep my hunters and polo ponies and dogs and such, and Mrs. Gibbs has been getting it into nuptial array for us—haven't you, Gibby?"

"Miss Violet has been attending to that, Mr. Hugh," said the prim housekeeper. "She sent word the decorators ought to be out in a week. I must say you didn't give us much time, sir."

"Do you blame me, Gibby?" he laughed, drawing his bride close. "You know I was never a patient waiter! And when you get bored with Fair Hills, darling," he went on to Enid, "we'll run up to the Adirondacks camp to cool off. Or perhaps we'll take a cruise to the fiords or somewhere, in a boat I keep up at Greenwich harbor."

"A boat—do you mean a yacht? Why, Hugh," Enid said slowly, as he led her up the stairs, "you must be a very rich man, then—I mean, really rich!"

He looked at her curiously. "Why, yes, I'm supposed to be—didn't you know? Your father did. Trust old Nick!" He laughed again. "Is that anything against me, beautiful?"

"Oh, no. No, of course not. Only—" She did not finish her thought aloud. Only, Prince Charming had turned suddenly into King Cophetua; and some odd hauteur in this daughter of plain Kentucky countryfolk objected to the rôle of beggar maid.

This mortification was soon overlaid by more important con-

siderations, but it never disappeared, and it may have been responsible for Enid's subsequent social career; her determination to live up to all that could be expected of the Lossiter fortune, thus giving full return for value received.

It was a career made easy from the first. She found herself without effort the center of an admiring group of Hugh's friends and followers. The men vied for her favor, piqued by her cool, sweet-mannered indifference—the genuine indifference of a young wife absorbedly in love with her own husband; while the women liked and trusted her, instinctively aware that they had no need for jealousy. Hospitality was in the blood, so that pictures of the latest Kentucky beauty soon began to appear in fashion magazines and rotogravure pages as one of the leading hostesses of the day; also as among the five or six best-dressed women of the country—to the gratification of Miss Lou Prather, the Crossroads seamstress. "That child always did have a kind of style to her, even if she didn't pretty much," pronounced Miss Lou. According to Crossroads standards, the honey-blond, dimpled, younger Cary girls had more claim to beauty than their tall, pale, high-headed sister.

Once the first shock of it was over, Enid took to luxury, as her father had predicted. All household affairs remained in the hands of Mrs. Gibbs, while financial details were turned over to Hugh's office secretary. The relief of merely glancing over bills and initialing them, if correct, with no anxiety as to how they would be paid, still seemed a miracle to Enid; but it was a miracle that soon dulled with repetition.

Things might not have gone so smoothly for her had it not been for the invaluable assistance of Hugh's cousin, Violet Fleming; an amusing, smart bachelor woman a good deal older than herself, who had from the first taken her cousin's young wife under a knowledgeable wing. It was she who introduced Enid to the proper clubs, found for her the best private chef in New York, so that invitations to dinners at the Lossiter houses were in demand. "Every newcomer ought to have a specialty, darling. Yours had better be domesticity. Very chic, but Southern, of course. Never forget to drop your g's."

It was Miss Fleming too who gave the younger woman what she called the low-down on her new list of acquaintances; seeing to it that all the right people were invited together, and all the wrong ones firmly eliminated. "Such as the Ramsey relict. Oh, yes, I know you cherish grateful sentiments toward her for having brought you and Hugh together; but believe me, it was your father who did that, my sweet!"

"Oh, but we're both under obligations to Mrs. Ramsey, Violet. She was extremely kind."

"Forget it! All obligations paid in advance, if I know my Ramsey," said the other, with her satirical grin. "A man-eating widow, balked of its prey . . . Besides, you were a promising steppingstone. Better send her your opera box for a first night, or take her to lunch at the Colony Club, and call things square. You don't like the woman, do you?"

COMING SOON

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So, thought the tall, lanky soldier from Texas—THIS IS ATLANTIC CITY—famed for beauty contests, roller chairs and salt-water taffy! Yes, here was white sand whipped by the blue Atlantic, but here, too, a tawdriness and tinsel that made it a promoter's paradise and refuge for petty politicians. Behind it all was a mystery that challenged this young man from the wide open spaces. Who would provide the key?

GILLIAN—sweet, young and very much like the girl he left behind?

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A BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

Sauce

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Some people just drift into dramatic situations. For instance, the brilliant lawyer GILBERT TRASK who worked hard and succeeded beyond his own expectations so that he might enjoy the best years of his life with his wife and family. But one day rich, beautiful, widowed LAURA SPICER BAYARD walked into his office for advice and all that was changed.

★ A sophisticated marriage story of the struggle between two attractive women fighting for a man too confused to make his own choice.

"Why, no," Enid had to admit. "She seems a little fulsome and—well, impudent, sometimes."

Violet nodded. "Treacly, with subacid reactions. You must learn to snub that sort early. If you don't know how, ask Papa—the cagey old bird!"

It was true that Mr. Cary's financial and social status appeared to have improved beyond the need of marrying wealthy widows. He had set up a modest bachelor establishment just around the corner from the Lossiter town house, where he proved a useful adjunct to his daughter's social requirements; always presentable and well-dressed, amiably ready to fill in a gap at dinner or the bridge table. Enid sometimes wondered as to her father's new prosperity, but asked no questions, grateful that he seemed to have awakened to a belated sense of parental responsibility. He even offered himself as a chaperon for the two younger girls, who were beginning their subdebutante careers; pretty, fluffy young things who served as a complement to their sister's more distinguished type of beauty.

Enid kept them with her whenever possible; and their portrait, painted together after the fashion of Sargent's "Three Graces," made the fortune of a White Russian refugee who had asked permission to try it.

Ladislas Vronsky was another discovery of Violet Fleming's, and she was amused by Enid's indignantly confiding to her that the Russian often tried to make love to her. "Why not? He knows what's expected of him. After all, princes must live!"

"Princes? Is he really a prince?" asked Enid, impressed.

Violet shrugged. "Probably not. They can't all be! But he has the sense not to use his title for professional purposes—merely lets it slip out among a few discreet friends, like me, who can be trusted to broadcast things in the proper quarter."

It was the cynical Violet who once repeated for Enid's edification the dictum of a certain arbiter of fashion that the secret of a successful house party lay in knowing which couples to place in adjoining rooms. To which Enid was naive enough to reply, "But surely most married people would prefer to share the same room, don't you think?"—a remark which Violet repeated zestfully whenever occasion offered.

FOR THE two Lossiters, despite an increasing pressure of outside interruption, continued for quite a while to share the private quarters of their honeymoon; Hugh lingering over the morning paper, while Enid gave her burnished hair the hundred daily strokes of the brush her mother had long ago enjoined upon her—Lettice's sole bequest of value to her daughters—or sending away her maid in order that he might himself perform little services for her, with hands surprisingly deft at the task—tying ribbons, fastening the zipper of a dress, pulling up her gossamer stockings, turned carefully inside out. He never tired of superintending the intimate process of his wife's toilette, with rapt attention that sometimes embarrassed her innate modesty, seeming to take the same sort of proprietary delight in it as a child might take in dressing and undressing some precious doll. Enid humored him rather shyly, loving to have him near; though it was difficult for her to seem quite as helpless as he obviously wanted her to be, and it still startled her to be kissed in so many unusual places—the back of her neck, the inside of an elbow, a certain spot below one shoulder blade where he insisted that there was a lonesome dimple. She herself had never learned to be very demonstrative, though this exigent lover-husband was rarely out of her thoughts, day or night.

Hugh had followed his wife's meteoric social career with amused indulgence, though he sometimes complained that it left them too little time alone together. "Only every night, and as late in the morning as I'll let you stay, you poor neglected husband!" she mocked him, laughing. "After all, with so many house guests milling about wherever we are, we can't very well retire into our lair and be hermits, can we? And now with Gwinnie and Ellie getting so grown-up, and the men beginning to swarm around like midges, they need a lot of looking after. And it seems that no sooner do we get settled down in one place than the season is over, and we have to go somewhere else. And oh, Hugh dearest, I do so want to do you credit with everybody!"

"Don't worry, you do, damn their eyes! Too much credit. A man might prefer to keep his own wife to himself sometimes. Never mind! Go to it, beautiful, and get all this rushing about out of your system. Then, when you've got the girls paired off with some of their attendant midges, perhaps you'll be ready for us to settle down in the country and take our ease."

"Take our ease in the country?" she laughed. "Shows how much you know about it! Oh, I don't mean your imitation Fat Hills sort of thing, hunting and polo and all that, but the kind of real country I know, where you raise necessary things, like pigs and cows and chickens—"

"And perhaps even such necessary things as families!"

She looked up at him, flushing. "I know, darling! You've been very patient. It's natural enough, as Violet says, for a man like you to expect an heir promptly, but—"

"Vi be damned! What does she know about it?" he cried. "What I expect of my wife is nobody's business but our own."

She put the palm of her hand against his lips in one of her rare caresses. Talk of physical matters was difficult for her; she shied away with odd distaste from any suggestion of ill health. One of her husband's strong attractions for her was his vigorous vitality. But she said haltingly, "The doctor thinks I may need another few months to recuperate. But we could take a chance—"

Instantly he was all contrition. "Not on your life! We're not going to run any more risks like that. Gosh, how you frightened me, darling, passing out cold. Why didn't you warn me, Enid? As if I'd have let you ride a hard-mouthed brute if I'd guessed—or hunt at all, for that matter. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I wasn't sure. And because I wanted to hunt and jump as well as anyone. Anyhow, the horse didn't throw me, Hugh! And childbearing isn't an illness, you know; it's an ordinary process of nature. I've never been ill a day in my life, and it never occurred to me that any child of yours and mine wouldn't be healthy enough to stand a little jostling."

"Healthy enough!" He gave her an odd startled glance; then laughed. "I don't suppose even the most sporting of unborn infants are expected to go in for fox-hunting. Never mind. We'll know better next time, beautiful! And there's no hurry, remember. I only thought that perhaps if you didn't spend so much of your energies on inessential things—"

"Inessential! Do you realize, man, that there are twenty people staying in the house this minute, expecting to be fed and amused, and that Gwinnie and Ellie are preparing to make their debuts at the fall cotillions, and that you've already invited a dozen people to go down to Key West on the yacht for Christmas? It doesn't seem quite the season for me to retire into active maternity; now, does it?"

He admitted it did not. "Only I can't help wondering whether it ever will seem quite the season."

She kissed him suddenly. "Oh, Hugh, I want children as much as you do! Let's not wait, whatever the doctors say!"

He gathered her into his arms. "None of that! I suppose I'd be jealous of 'em, anyhow—just as I'm jealous of everything you touch or smile at or even notice."

Somewhat later the same night Enid asked her husband a question about Violet Fleming. "She's so clever and good-looking and so attractive to men that I can't imagine why somebody hasn't gobbled her up long ago—you, for instance. You seem so congenial, always riding or sailing or fishing together; I'm almost jealous of her sometimes!"

"Jealous of good old Vi? Nonsense! We've been pals all our lives," he said. "A good many people had the same idea as yours, I dare say, but—" He shrugged.

"Had Violet?" Enid asked.

"Dunno. As a matter of fact, neither of us approves of near cousins marrying. Besides, Vi's not really a marrying woman; likes her freedom too well. She used to live with us before my father died, you know, and has been in and out of the house ever since, keeping a managerial eye on my affairs. She's certainly earned the little income I settled on her after Father's death."

"Oh! Then Mrs. Ramsey was right when she said you were practically supporting Violet—paying for her apartment and all?"

"Why, yes, Vi's branch of the family wasn't as prosperous as ours, so Father always did what he could about it; and I've kept up the custom, of course."

"Then it isn't true that she—that you—that the two of you ever had any serious love affair?"

Enid felt Hugh stiffen, but he did not deny it. "More of Caroline Ramsey's nosiness, I suppose? Look out for that woman, darling! In a way, I suppose we did. We were inseparable as children; had sort of formed the habit of each other—luckily for me. You see, after I came into the property, I felt my oats a little—the war did something to our generation. I got into pretty bad company over there afterwards, with too much money to spend and the wrong people to help me spend it. Violet saw me through it all like a Trojan; took me in hand when I cracked up, and made me go up to our Adirondack camp and stayed there to keep me company, like the good sport she is, for over a year."

"Just you two alone?"

"Oh, no, plenty of chaperons around—our super-respectable Mrs. Gibbs, who kept house for Father before me, and a she-dragon of a nurse I had, and Wyck Phelps always in and out." Wyck Phelps had been Hugh's most intimate friend since college days. "But I suppose there must have been talk enough. I was pretty dependent on Vi by that time, and she's a damned attractive woman, as you say, and—well, you know what propinquity does to a man, especially when his nerves are a bit shaken up. But Violet understood; she never minds gossip. The war taught us to scrap a good many worn-out conventions."

"I see," said Enid. "Would you like me to scrap them too?"

THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

He raised up on one elbow to see her better; then caught her close, laughing. "You couldn't, darling! What I adore about you—what we all adore—is that quaint, old-fashioned quality you've got called maidenliness; the kind Mother used to make. I suppose it's the Kentucky background, though how your father's daughter—But don't get Violet wrong, angel face! On the whole, free lance or not, she's been pretty decent about all this. She might have been—well, tiresome, as women often are when a thing's over; instead of having done all she could to be pally and helpful to you—or has she?"

"Yes, oh, yes, indeed!" said Enid quickly, ashamed of her own suspicion, inspired by Mrs. Ramsey, whose amiability was showing more and more of the subacid reaction. Enid had gone out of her way to be cordial to her former benefactress on the rare occasions when they met, and the elder woman had once commented, with covert malice, on Enid's broadmindedness in continuing to give her husband's relative free run of the house. "You are so wise, dear child, to ignore vicious gossip! Things couldn't have been as peculiar as they looked—his own cousin! Anyhow, it is always the wife who wins out in the end, they say; especially a wife so much younger and fresher. Poor Vi is beginning to show her age."

Enid, less naïve than she used to be, had realized that she was being made to pay for certain sins of omission on her own and her father's part. Yet the insinuation rankled. Certainly Violet was on terms of the closest familiarity with all Hugh's affairs, past and present; far more so than was Hugh's wife, who sometimes felt, when with the two, like an indulged, petted, carefully protected outsider.

The other constant habitué of the Lossiter ménage, wherever it happened to be, Wyckham Phelps, was a quiet, reserved New Englander who appeared to have little in common with his livelier companion, yet had attached himself to Hugh since their Harvard days. He had accepted Enid into their intimacy as a matter of course, setting himself to supply any deficiencies that might occur in Hugh's rather careless husbandly attentions: seeing to it that she was supplied with books, reviews, tickets for the new plays, musical opportunities; serving her in other unobtrusive ways for which she often had occasion to be grateful. Not all her husband's intimates continued to be as cordial to his wife as appeared on the surface. Sometimes she was aware of a probing curiosity that was slightly inimical.

Once, in Phelps' hearing, a woman said to her, "If you're really from Kentucky, darling, how does it happen that you're not more keen about horses?"

Enid, whose equine acquaintance had been limited, had taken up riding to please her husband, with more success than enthusiasm. "Oh, they do very well to get around on, but they don't seem to make very interesting conversation, do you think?" she commented now, with the naïve candor which sometimes made people look at her dubiously. "Besides, I'm afraid of horses—especially the jumping kind. They feel so insecure under you, and they've got such brittle legs."

"Really? But surely people hunt in the Bluegrass?"

Here Phelps made the casual comment: "Kentucky isn't all Bluegrass, you know; any more than New York is all Park Avenue."

"And my part of it," Enid finished, "goes in for raising hogs and chickens, rather than horses. In fact, the only horse I've ever had much to do with was a spavined gray mare named Lulu, which my uncle used to let us children have to go buggy riding when he was not using her in his delivery cart."

"His what?"

"Enid," put in Violet, "has just inherited the quaintest old family homestead, plantation store and all, down in the river country below Louisville—isn't it, darling?"

"Oh, Louisville!" said the other woman, brightening. "Then naturally you'd be more interested in racing than hunting. You know the Smith-Joneses, of course, and the River Valley Club and the Pendas? What luck! You must open your house for the races next spring, and we'll all spend Derby Week with you."

Enid, whose experience of Louisville had been limited to her one glamorous visit under Mrs. Ramsey's chaperonage, murmured that she must indeed; wondering what these restless, professional idlers, who made such a business of their pleasure, would think of the naïve amenities of Sayre's Landing—Miss Eppie's euchre club; the Ladies' Aid meetings; Uncle John Ed's poker sessions, held at the back of the Crossroads store after business hours on Saturday nights. Then, with a pang, she remembered the poker sessions were over now . . .

It was perhaps fortunate that the Cary family, following their will-o'-the-wisp pursuit of elusive fortune, had never remained long enough in any one place to accumulate friends who might make inconvenient claims on them. Cousin Eppie was far too bashful to accept Enid's invitations, while Mr. Sayre had vetoed the suggestion of New York visits firmly.

"No, honey bunch, not me!" he had written. "Never was much for gallivanting. Whenever you want your Uncle Big, you'll find him right here in the same old place. Only don't put it off too long, pretty! Time won't wait."

Enid had put it off too long. Each spring they had planned

to go down for Derby Week, only to put it off for one reason or another. It was a number of years after their marriage that a telegram had come from Sayre's Landing one day, saying that the old gentleman, taking the air as usual on his gallery, had suddenly slumped in his chair . . .

He had left the Crossroads property to Enid—house, store and some acres of good farming land—for reasons carefully set forth in a holograph will.

"In every family there's got to be one person who'll take on responsibility for the others, providing a roof over their heads, paying them out of debt, keeping them all out of trouble. My grandniece Enid is the only one of us who's enough of a Sayre to take over, so it's only fair she should have some property of her own to do it with."

Enid, moved and a little embarrassed by this trust, accepted it without question. But it was Hugh, not she, who went to Kentucky for the funeral and made the necessary arrangements for Uncle Big's assistant of many years, Sam Ellis, to keep on with the store, and for a tenant farmer to take over the crops on shares, and for Miss Eppie to continue to keep the Crossroads house ready for occupancy. For Enid was laid up with another premature childbirth; while young Guinevere, running true to type, had decided, after a few months of society, to elope with the romantic but quite ineligible portrait painter, Ladislas Vronsky. It was certainly no time to indulge in an orgy of unavailing regrets; and Enid put her very real grief for her old uncle back into the bottom of her subconscious mind, for future reference.

A good many distracting changes were occurring in Enid's life just then, and in Enid herself, who had inherited much of her father's facile adaptability. She was undergoing the process of hardening up a bit, which he had prophesied for her. It was at this period that the Lossiters gave up the custom of sharing their living quarters, though they still had morning coffee together in Enid's dressing room. Her slim beauty had been growing lately rather fine-drawn, and Hugh, who valued it almost excessively, agreed with the doctor's suggestion that it might be wiser for him to resume a bachelor existence for a while.

TRAVEL was another of the doctor's suggestions: so Enid had her first experiences of Europe—running over for the late winter season at Biarritz or Cannes, with a little shopping in Paris afterwards, and on the way home a glimpse of the London plays. She took young Elaine with her, and often her father as well.

Hugh, who had seen too much of Europe in his earlier career, rarely did more than take them across or meet them in England for the return voyage. But it was all a repetition of their usual life at home, even as to companionship; for the Lossiter crowd liked to move about in group formation. Violet Fleming was frequently one of the party, despite her habitual protestations of poverty—like Mr. Cary, she seemed always able to manage what she regarded as necessary extravagances; also Wyckham Phelps who, in Hugh's absence, had constituted himself Enid's special henchman, without exciting undue comment. There was a certain unconscious dignity about Hugh Lossiter's young wife that kept her oddly immune from gossip, even in a society where occasional extramarital relationships were accepted quite as a matter of course.

It was during a return crossing on the Normandie that Elaine succumbed to the whirlwind courtship of a young newspaperman from the Middle West—not at all the sort of marriage that had been planned for her, but a successful one, in that a baby appeared in record time, with another soon following.

"So here I am, not yet thirty and practically a grandmother, without ever having undergone any of the pangs and penalties of motherhood!" Enid commented once to Phelps, with the flippant freedom of speech usual in their circle.

He did not smile. "It's a damn shame—two such wonderful people as you and Loss!" he muttered. "I'd like to see you with at least one a year."

"Come, come, have a heart!" laughed Enid. "Maternity has its moments, no doubt, but what it does to the female form! Hugh would hate to have a fat wife, and it's in the family, too. Ellie already looks like an overstuffed little quail on toast, bless her, whereas I—"

"Whereas you," Wyck finished, "still resemble one of those long-legged barefoot dancers in Botticelli's 'Spring'—tunic by Mainbocher, headdress by Lilly Daché. Only a bit on the lean side, my dear. The plump ones age better, on the whole."

"I'll remember that warning when I approach your years of discretion," she replied serenely, aware of a look in his eyes that belied the criticism. Wyck's devotion was a thing she took for granted. Indeed, she cherished a plan of making a match between him and Violet Fleming. She even suggested this idea once to Violet, when the latter was bemoaning some losses at bridge she could ill afford. "Why not take on Wyckham Phelps, Vi? He could afford to support you in the style to which you are accustomed, couldn't he?"



WAR WORKER—Muriel Lunger and her mother have both taken war jobs at Bendix. Muriel tests altimeters.

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ENGAGED, HAPPY—"Hold that engaged look," orders their Navy friend, as pretty Muriel and her fiancé smile up at his camera. A snapshot taken on last summer's vacation.



MURIEL LUNGER'S BEAUTY is serene and poised. Her eyes are a dreamy grey-blue, her soft-smooth Pond's complexion fine-grained as a rose petal.

HER RING—the diamond is set in platinum with a small diamond either side. The slender band is gold.

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THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"Afford to?" Violet laughed shortly. "I'll say he could! It's one of those solid old Salem shipping fortunes, invested in nothing less substantial than Plymouth Rock. No panic is going to panic any Phelp!" The stock-market anxieties of the early 'thirties were beginning to flare up again. "But take on Wyck? Me? Why, half the women I know, attached and unattached, have tried putting salt on that bird's tail, and nothing doing. Of course I might be able to catch him on the rebound; but I'm not sap enough to try to make any man who's got his whole heart directed elsewhere."

"Wyck has? Where?" demanded Enid innocently.

The other gave her a curious look. "Here, wake up! You mean the man's never made passes at you! Good night! He's more of a Puritan father than I thought!"

Color flooded Enid's expressive face. "Violet! You forget he's Hugh's best friend."

The other grinned. "Oh, no, I don't. And Hugh expects plenty from his 'best friends,' as I ought to know. But not miracles! He'll count on Wyck to pull his chestnuts out of the fire once too often if he doesn't take care."

Enid eyed her in puzzled silence. Then she said, "If you are trying to break up our friendship with Wyckham Phelps, you won't succeed, Violet. Wyck may care for me, as you say; but he cares for Hugh a lot more. And both of us love and trust him utterly—just as we love and trust you, dear Vi."

It was the other's turn to flush, a manifestation rare with her. "Sorry," she muttered. "Fools rush in, you know. Never mind anything I said. Forget it, darling!"

"I will," Enid promised.

Nevertheless, she caught herself wondering afterwards what Violet had meant about Hugh's expecting his friend to pull his chestnuts out of the fire.

She was seeing oddly little of her husband in those days. He had begun to take less interest in sports and more in financial affairs, spending a good deal of time in town at the estate offices. Enid realized that even fortunes as substantial as her husband's must be feeling the effects of the prolonged financial strain. So she was not surprised one morning when he asked abruptly, over their breakfast coffee, if she would mind very much not putting the yacht into commission that season.

"Of course I won't. Why not sell the thing outright, Hugh? It's getting to be rather a burden, planning yachting parties, and thinking up new places to take them. To tell the truth, a nice, big, substantial ocean liner makes more appeal to a born landlubber like me."

But later, when he mentioned that he was thinking of putting the Palm Beach place on the market, and even selling the town house, she took alarm. "Not that it isn't a lot easier to rent hotel rooms or a cottage wherever we want to be—but Hugh dear, does that mean we're not rich any more?"

He smiled reassuringly. "Well, it's all comparative, beautiful. But we're not so rich as we used to be. I'm doing my belated best; but financial wizardry doesn't run in the Lossiter family, it seems—not since pushcart days. On the contrary!"

Something strained and apologetic in his voice made her put a quick hand on his. "Nobody could expect you to win at a sport you've never been trained for, Hugh. You mean that you've lost money—on the stock market, perhaps?"

"Who hasn't?" he admitted ruefully. "Thought myself smarter than I am. Why, beautiful"—he leaned to kiss away the sudden anxiety in her eyes—"it's nothing fatal! We'll weather through, even if there isn't much left of us in the end."

"Not much left of us? Oh, Hugh! Do you mean that we are going to be really poor?"

He drew back to look at her. "Would that matter so terribly, Enid? You're as pale as if you had seen a ghost!"

"I have." She shivered. "The ghost of poverty!"

"Why, darling, was it as bad as all that? Things always seemed to me pretty comfortable at Crossroads."

"Because of Uncle Big's generosity to us; his—charity. You've never known what it is to scrimp and stand off creditors and have to say thank you for everything. Or what it means to have you appear with the magic wand, at last, and make everything all right."

He frowned, half smiling at her. "Are you trying to break it to me gently that you married me for my money, woman?"

"Not altogether," she said, with her usual honesty. "You were the first lover I had ever had, and you would have carried any girl off her feet. But Hugh, I don't believe I could bear it to be really poor again!"

He said, after a long moment, "I see. I hadn't realized—Don't worry, beautiful! You won't ever be poor. I can promise you that, at least."

It was at his insistence that she made a North Cape cruise that summer. "Of course we can afford it. What are a few thousand dollars more or less? Take whomever you like—I'd suggest Gwinnie, who's getting fed up with romance à la russe by this time." It was often a surprise to Enid to find Hugh more in her sister's confidence than she was herself. "No doubt Vi would be glad to go along; and old Wyck, as usual—he likes travel, God knows why, and hasn't much of anything

else to do, being canny enough to have left his money in the hands of people who know something about investments. Probably I'll be able to join you somewhere for the return voyage."

But he did not join them, and wrote that he had decided to open the Adirondacks camp instead, where he could keep in touch by telephone with the stock market. Violet, too, failed her, declaring at the last moment that she could not afford a cruise that summer, and declining rather surprisingly to accept it as a gift from Enid.

Rumors began to reach Enid that explained why. On her return from the cruise, she learned from Violet herself that she had joined Hugh in the Adirondacks: "Entirely a stag affair. Just a few other seasoned bachelors like myself—quite like old times, before Hugh went domestic on us!"

"It must have been," said Enid; recalling with a shock the half-forgotten warning of Mrs. Ramsey.

Violet glanced at her thoughtfully. "You know, darling, at a time like this it isn't wise to leave a man too much on his own. Nothing like the feminine touch on the fevered brow of care, what? You wives sometimes take a chance, not sticking on the job."

"So I see," said Enid tonelessly.

In her acute dismay, she consulted her father. He heard her through without comment. "Well, my dear, Violet's right," he said then. "Women like her have a definite use; they serve to let off steam. You can't afford to ride herd on Hugh too closely just now—he certainly gives you plenty of rope! Wise wives ought to adopt the motto, 'What you don't know won't hurt you.' Anyway, that little domestic scandal is old enough to have become almost respectable."

"Father! Then you do believe Hugh and Violet—? Why, but they're cousins!"

"Kissing-cousins, yes, as we say in the South. Not too near and not too far—a mighty convenient relationship! Why, my dear, where are your eyes? Haven't you ever noticed how Violet manages always to be part of any group that includes Hugh; how much time they both spend in town nowadays? And now that I hear you've banished him to bachelor quarters—" He shrugged. "Better drop in at Violet's apartment someday and take a look around. You'll be surprised at how many things you recognize: Hugh's favorite brand of pipe tobacco; an old house coat of his hanging cozily in her closet. Before he married you, bets used to be taken as to whether Vi would toll him along as far as the altar or not. However, she didn't, and you did. Don't forget that, my girl!"

ENID SAID, "If I believed what you are trying to tell me, Papa, I'd divorce Hugh tomorrow."

"Divorce him! Good Lord, why?" he asked in alarm. "Just because he can't give up the habit of a woman who's never looked at anyone else? Violet's always been mad for him and makes no bones about it. That's flattering to a fellow's vanity, you know! Why, the thing's been going on for years. Oh, I grant you it seems to have flared up again lately. Yet for a long time after his marriage he had eyes for nobody but you. Don't be hysterical about it, I dare say all you need do is to quirk your finger to get him back, even now. Perhaps you haven't done enough quirking lately?" His shrewd glance took in her painful flush.

"I've been waiting," she said haltingly, "for Hugh to make the first move."

"Hmmm! Well, the Violets don't wait, my dear. But it isn't too late yet; not with your looks. And a wife always has the inside track, anyhow. As for divorcing, I should think you'd be guided by considerations other than purely selfish ones," he added testily. "There are your sisters to think of: Elaine with a baby a year on the income of a struggling newspaperman! And Guinevere about to come back on your hands at any moment; or rather, on Hugh's hands. He has certainly proven a most generous brother-in-law. Even as a matter of filial consideration—"

"You mean, I suppose," she interrupted, "that Hugh has been supporting you too, Papa?" She had never quite dared to inquire as to her father's means of livelihood, although her uncle had once referred to him as a "promoter."

Mr. Cary winced. "Sometimes, my dear, your candor seems a little crude. Although my affairs have prospered lately, I should find it difficult without your husband's—er—backing, to afford such suitable bachelor quarters as these or to entertain our friends at the informal card suppers they seem to enjoy. Also, we must consider appearances, my dear. For you to desert Lossiter openly at a time like this, when he is known to have taken heavy losses, in order to make a more profitable connection elsewhere—"

"I don't know what you mean, Papa."

"Come, come, surely it isn't necessary to be so naive with your own father? While many New York fortunes have been unable to withstand such a series of disasters, those sound old New England holdings seem practically unimpaired; and everyone knows Wyckham Phelps has been after you for years."



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THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"That isn't true!"

"No?" Mr. Cary lifted an inquiring eyebrow. "Perhaps I am a little premature. But in any case, a divorce at this time wouldn't look well, daughter. I hope I can persuade you to reconsider it; at least temporarily."

"You've made it practically impossible," she said in a stifled voice.

Nevertheless, somewhat less than a year later—a queer, hectic, unreal year, during which she had kept going full speed ahead, with the aid of constant entertaining and too many cocktails and a house always full of company—Hugh formally requested an interview one day and asked her bluntly to give him his legal freedom. He took her by surprise, although she realized that he had been avoiding her company as sedulously as she avoided his.

"You mean, I suppose," she asked with stiff lips, "in order that you may marry someone else?"

"Not necessarily—though I may. What I mean is that I want you to marry someone else—Wyckham Phelps. He's been in love with you long enough, without telling you about it. So now I'm telling you. He's the best ever, Enid. What's more, he'll always be able to give his wife everything she wants."

She made no audible protest. The wall of reserve between them had grown too high for that. A cold apathy held her.

"You remember," he went on, since she said nothing, "that I promised you the magic wand would not fail? And it won't, my dear. Only I shan't be waving it, this time. Sorry! Not that there won't be plenty of money left for alimony," he hastened to reassure her, "and for my own modest requirements too. I'll be able to keep the Adirondacks camp—"

"For the sake of its associations, no doubt?" Enid heard herself interrupting coolly. Throughout the queer interview, her voice seemed to speak of its own volition.

He looked at her "Why, no; for the sake of the winter sports. And I can still afford the hunting stable at Far Hills."

"And Violet Fleming's apartment, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes," he replied simply. "That sort of thing is taken care of automatically by the estate, you know; like Ellie's and Gwin's allowances."

"Then you're not as poor as you feared, after all. I'm glad—not that being poor matters much if you're used to it."

He gave her a quizzical smile. "It matters a lot, to me! Wives like you are an expensive luxury, beautiful, and we like 'em that way. But only if we can afford them; not enough to keep our noses on the grindstone indefinitely. So I've decided to turn you over to a better and sounder man."

She heard herself saying, "Suppose the better and sounder man doesn't happen to want me?"

"Wyck? Oh, he wants you; always has! Only loyalty to me has kept him from carrying you off to his lair by force long since."

Both of them smiled involuntarily at the thought of staid, correct Wyckham Phelps in the rôle of primeval caveman.

She made a final effort. "Hugh, if all this is just a matter of your having less money, you've no right to suppose—"

"It isn't just a matter of money," he interrupted brusquely.

"I'm fed up, Enid. Through. Our marriage was a mistake from the first; we just didn't understand each other. You wanted one thing; I something else. And now—well, I've other plans in view, to be frank."

A voice came out of her childhood—her father's voice, saying: "You won't be the sort of woman to cling to a man's fingers like half-cooked taffy. You'll know when he's had enough." Her mother, poor, simple Lettice, had not known. Enid's head went up.

"The sensible thing, I suppose," Hugh was saying, "is for you to go to Reno, I'll leave first, so you can sue for abandonment. You might take Gwinnie along for company and let her get a divorce from that rotter Vronsky at the same time. I'll foot all bills; at least till the matter of alimony's settled. Or perhaps you'd prefer to take up residence in Florida? The Palm Beach house isn't sold yet."

Then she found voice and pride to say quietly, "Thank you, no. I prefer to go back to my own house, in Kentucky. And I shall not accept any money from you, either now or ever again, Hugh. You've done enough for us Carys as it is."

He frowned with surprise. "Let's be practical, Enid," he said. "Haughty gestures are all very well, but what do you expect to live on, meanwhile? Your uncle's property barely carries itself, I think. The income from it wouldn't keep you in silk stockings."

"Then I'll have to do without silk stockings; at least until I am free to marry your substitute."

He gave a wry grin. "That's right! Glad you reminded me of good old Wyck. But things move slowly down there. A year at least; perhaps more—I'm afraid he'll be getting impatient. However, I dare say you'll manage something. You might put him up, as you did me, in that little office of your uncle's, so that you won't be under the same roof." He smiled reminiscently. "Even Cousin Eppie might not be enough to appease the village proprieties this time. You'll have to be careful, remem-

ber! Nosy fellows, divorce judges."

But Enid had left the room. The callous reference to their fairy-tale courtship was too much. Nor did she see her husband again before she left for Kentucky. In fact, she saw nobody except her New York lawyers and Wyckham Phelps, whom she sent for presently to come to her at a small downtown hotel where she was not known.

"Good God, I've been hunting all over for you, Enid! Is it true what Hugh tells me—that you two are separating for good?" he demanded, torn between distress and eagerness.

She looked him over carefully, as if seeing for the first time the steadfastness of his gaze, the finely molded chin and lips, the slight stoop of the shoulders beneath the English tweeds—he was no athlete like Hugh Lossiter, though he gave an impression of strength and stability which she sorely needed just then. "Is it true, Wyck?" she demanded abruptly, "that you are in love with me? Really in love, man-fashion? Not just like an affectionate friend?" The urgency of her voice broke his long self-control.

"Friend be damned! I've wanted you," he said, forgetting to be a Puritan father, "since the first moment I laid eyes on you, and you know it, girl!"

Enid, the undemonstrative, held out her arms to him. "Then why haven't you ever said so? Couldn't you see how ready I was?"

He took her then; but still under strong restraint, his lips lingering on her hair, her closed eyelids, and finally almost fearfully on the proffered mouth. She caught his face in both hands and drew it down to hers. "I don't want to be taken care of any more," she said, against his lips, "and petted and exhibited and put away in cotton wool. I want to be a man's mate!"

AFTER THAT, they were together almost constantly until he left.

Now, lying alone in the broad old bed she had shared with her little sisters, Enid forced herself to compare dispassionately the two very different men who had shaped her life—the one to whom she had given all a girl's innocent, eager, defenseless ardor; the other to whom she could offer a more mature, richer tenderness, free of illusion but with a vein of understanding compassion. It was Hugh of whom she dreamed whenever sleep came fitfully—Hugh with his princely generosity, his arrogant virility, his tenderness, his highhanded way of taking whatever he wanted as by right and dropping it when he lost interest. Hugh was still able to arouse in her many conflicting, irreconcilable emotions; but never that of protectiveness. It was the other man to whom her waking thoughts returned again and again, stirred by his long, silent faithfulness and by the vein of unsuspected passion she had uncovered beneath his reserved exterior.

"Oh, my very dear," she said to him in her heart, "come and claim me soon! I won't fail you, Wyck; I'll never let you be hurt as I've been hurt. But don't wait, lover; don't let me think too much! Take me while I have something left to give."

"Hop light, ladies,
Yo' cake's all dough,
Never min' de weather
So de win' don' blow."

"Fust upon de heel tap,
Den upon de toe,
Evy' time I turns aroun'
I jump Jim Crow."

This lively ditty came up to Enid in a shrill treble from the garden below, where Ephraim was weeding a rose bed in a belated effort to impress the new arrival, aided by a bandy-legged small duplicate of himself, who paused, at stated intervals, to hop sidewise, solemnly jumping Jim Crow. Enid watched the pair, wondering what the efficient staff of gardeners at the several Lossiter places would think of this leisurely progress.

"Where's breakfast?" she inquired presently from the gallery, smart in green linen slacks and jacket.

"My!" commented Ephraim, who was accustomed to speak his mind. "I bin hearin' all de ladies wearin' de pants nowadays. Won't be no holdin' Tersie, once she lays eyes on dem stylish close!"

Enid gathered that modern sportswear had not yet penetrated to Sayre's Landing. "Who is Tersie—your wife, perhaps?" she asked.

"Why, no'm. I's a bachelor man, same as me and Mr. John Ed always was. But I been keepin' comp'ny wid Tersie a right smart while, ever sence she useter be cook here for Miss Letitia. Dishyere's our grandson, Eff Dee, named after me and de President. He 'lows he's gon' ter be yo' new handy man. Make yo' manners to yo' young mistsis, son."

Thus prompted, Eff Dee made his manners, ducking his head, while scraping a foot backward in a species of curtsy.

"But what about my coffee?" said Enid. "I've been jerking my bell-pull at intervals for the last half-hour."

"You ain't et you no breakfus yet?" exclaimed Ephraim

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solicitously. "Well, I do declare! You, Eff Dee! How come you ain't tol' me comp'ny's bell was ringin'? Fine kind of house boy you makes! Deef an' dumb, too."

"Naw, I ain't, grampaw," piped the new handy man. "You known you been fixin' to mend dat busted bell-pull dis las' pas' year. Miss Eppie done lef' comp'ny's breakfus keepin' hot on de dinin'-room table, over dem li'l fancy cookstoves."

"He means de silver shavin' dishes—Eff Dee's a very ignorant chile," apologized Ephraim, urbanely leading the way through the pantry, where he slipped into a white butler's coat. "Miss Eppie must of went across to de sto' to do her mawnin's marketin'. Is you sleep' good, Miss Enid?"

"Why, no, as a matter of fact I hardly slept at all. It was too quiet, I kept listening for something to happen."

The old man nodded in sympathy. "Des like yo' maw! Miss Lettice was always kinder skeert of de dark too. 'Efum,' she'd say to me, 'I ain't close my eyes de endurin' night, listenin'; you jus' gotta fin' me some mo' stuff so's I kin res' my brain. Please, Unc' Efum!' she'd say, wheedlin' so purty."

"Stuff? What sort of stuff?" Enid demanded, startled.

"You know, honey—same like you got in dat little silver flash in yo' grip." Obviously their man of all work had taken full note of the contents of her traveling bags when he carried them upstairs. "Miss Lettice wa'n't so pertickler what kin' it were—gin or corn or mule—jus' so she could sleep good. But Mr. John Ed bein' a teetotaler, Miss Eppie wouldn't never let a dram of licker come in de house. So I had to hide it fo' Miss Lettice under a bench in de summerhouse yonder. An' I might could hide some fo' you in de same place—if you don't let on to Miss Eppie."

Enid was staring at him unseeingly. In that moment the nature of her mother's mysterious invalidism was made clear to her. She understood, too, her own instinctive distrust of anything suggesting ill health. And for the first time she was aware of a pitying respect for her father. Despite his cynical candor, Nicholas Cary had never betrayed his wife to her children.

Enid was unable to eat much of the formidable repast Miss Eppie had left simmering over chafing dishes, in the English fashion, or keeping warm under large Sheffield domes, which Ephraim lifted temptingly to disclose such items as country sausage with fried apples, home-cured ham richly browned in cream, a pile of paper-thin battercakes with brown lace edges.

The old servant's revelation had taken away her appetite, and she was waiting in the parlor when her cousin returned from marketing, standing before the mantel which held the ornament dubbed by Nicholas Cary the *main morte*. One glance at the younger woman's pale intentness told Miss Eppie that it was no use to parry questions.

"Why, dear," she answered the first one, "did you never suspect what was the matter with your sweet, pretty mother? I thought everybody knew about poor Lettice's failing!"

"Did Hugh Lossiter?"

"Oh, I think so, surely. John Ed was far too scrupulous a man to have let a stranger marry unbeknownst the daughter of a—a—"

"Dipsomaniac," finished Enid briefly.

"No, no! Of a pitiful, sad, neglected woman who yielded sometimes to a weakness that, I am afraid, was already in her blood. Lettice wasn't the first of us to go that way, my dear. There was her father, who married his brother's sweetheart and came to know that she was ashamed of him—not an easy thing to bear, Enid. And there was my own father, their cousin, who—who made a mistake once in his accounts at the bank, I'm afraid, and was never quite sober afterwards. And there were others of us, men and women too—Sayres can never bear an injury to their pride, it seems; and trouble so often brings out a family failing. Not that it needs to, of course!" she added quickly, struck by the other's pallor. "Dear John Ed signed the temperance pledge as soon as he was old enough to understand; and I've had my own share of trouble without having been at all tempted to indulge—except for a wee drop of cherry bounce now and then, or perhaps a dash of rum in my Tipsy Parson sauce for a Sunday pudding."

Enid said, "Thank you, Cousin Eppie. I'm glad I understand now, myself." And she went to her room and emptied what remained of the contents of her flask. "So that's that!" she said aloud.

Enid's acute concern just then was with the matter of ways and means. After her bills had all been settled, there remained in her bank account only a thousand dollars or so. There was also a good deal of jewelry—Hugh had been fond of surprising her with rare gems set in special designs. This, in her angry pride, she had left with her New York lawyers, to be turned over to Hugh. Now she regretted so quixotic an impulse. However, Violet Fleming would probably appreciate the jewelry more than she did, having no doubt chosen the greater part of it anyway. She was surprised at how little resentment she felt toward Violet; merely a lingering regret that they could no longer remain friends.

For herself alone, Enid felt slight anxiety. After all, anybody who had a roof over her head, and food in her garden and

chickenyard, could manage for a year or so. But there were also her sisters.

Their reaction to the news of her divorce was characteristic and revealing. Guinevere, visiting friends on Cape Cod, telephoned long-distance, collect, to say good-by; her attitude was one of indignant reproach rather than sympathy. "Oh, but sister, I can't imagine what you are thinking about, to leave a wonderful husband like Hugh Lossiter just because he has affairs with other people! Who doesn't? My dear, if you knew men as I do! Why, Ladislas openly takes his models for mistresses."

Enid winced: young Guinevere had indeed learned a good deal about men since marrying her pseudo-prince. "If that is true," she said gravely, "I think you'd better be getting a divorce yourself. Why not come to Kentucky with me for a year, and we'll go through with the thing together?"

"Stay away from New York a whole year?" The voice over the telephone sharpened. "Don't be silly, Enid! I'd be bored to tears. And don't you know that if you drop out of line for even a few months, everybody is going to forget you? No, thanks! I'd rather put up with Ladislas. But Reno does it in only forty-two days, and a lot of awfully nice people are going out there all the time; it's really quite smart. Oh, dear, and Hugh was ready to pay for the whole business—suggested it himself, bless him! But now I suppose you'd say it wouldn't be proper to let him. Oh, darling, I do think you might consider other people sometimes and not always just yourself!"

Enid had never before realized how much this spoiled pretty creature, who looked so like their mother, was in reality Nicholas Cary's daughter. She said quietly, "Certainly it would not be proper for you to accept anything from Hugh hereafter. I forbid it, Ginnie! But don't worry; go out to Reno, and we'll manage the expenses somehow. Meanwhile, I'll send you a little check."

"Oh, darling, can you?" came a mollified voice. "I get your point, of course; I'd forgotten about Mr. Phelps. Perhaps you're wise. Anything if it makes my precious sister happier! And poor Hugh too, perhaps. Well, by-by, angel!"

Elaine's reaction was quite different: an air-mail letter full of a happy wife's commiseration, begging Enid to come to them at once and stay as long as she cared to.

You won't mind sharing a room with our two older babies. I know what a comfort my little darlings will be. Oh, dearest Enid, I can't help thinking this need never have happened if you and Hugh had only given up so much social life and settled down to a houseful of babies of your own!

Enid, who would have minded very much sharing a room with two small children, was nevertheless touched by this sisterly solicitude to the extent of enclosing in her refusal a check for the same amount as Guinevere's. She wondered as she did so how this overcrowded connubial bliss was going to manage hereafter without the help of unquestioning Hugh's generosity.

But after all, it was for only a year; and no doubt Wyck would prove as generous to her sisters as Hugh, though he seemed less fond of them. Perhaps she could put a mortgage on the Crossroads property, since that was really why Uncle Big had left it to her—so that she might take care of the family whenever need arose, even as he had done. With the thought, however, came a memory of her uncle's distrust of property mortgages. "It's like building a house on one of our quicksand beaches," he used to declare. "Even shantyboat squatters know better than to risk that!"

Later that same morning she went across to the store to renew acquaintance with her uncle's faithful henchman and successor, always referred to by him as "young Sam Ellis." Young Sam, now become a baldheaded older Sam, looked up from a large ledger in which he was making entries, then rose in haste, reaching for his seersucker coat.

"I wa'n't expecting you so soon, Miss—Mrs. Lossiter—or my books would 'a' been in better shape," he apologized.

She gave him her wide, lovely smile. "Never mind books or manners either, Mr. Sam dear—it's just Enid back again, come to see what you've got I could make a pretty dress of."

His smile showed relief. "Certainly does sound like old times! But I'm afraid there ain't anything pretty enough on the shelves to please you, Miss Enid."

"Then," she said blandly, "I'll take a nickel's worth of hoarhound drops, instead—or maybe cinnamon balls. Do they still sell ten for a penny?"

His grin widened. "They sure do! But not to you."

Never since childhood had Enid known quite the same proud sense of capitalistic power she used to feel whenever she entered her uncle's store, knowing its shelves and counters and boxes were filled with interesting possibilities among which she was free to choose at will, with no price to pay. She looked about her now with an unexpected return of the same pride of possession. It was her own, now—this big, dim, shabby place, redolent of long-forgotten fragrances: a combined aroma of



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HISTORICAL NOTE—Back in 1923, having perfected "safety" film-making classroom projection practical—Kodak made available 16-mm. movie cameras and projectors... and shortly afterwards pioneered a program of teaching films for schools.

PUT yourself in the boots of one of these young men. You've been accepted for the Army or Navy. What do you know about this war of 2,000-horsepower aircraft motors... Bazookas... submarine detectors?

Our Army and Navy Commands realize this lack of experience. They know that you may go up against battle-wise troops or ship crews or flyers.

They have done the worrying for you. They will turn you out a better man—

more competent in the use of your weapons, abler to take care of yourself — than any "trainee" who ever went before you.

TRAINING FILMS are a great and growing part of their system. The Army and Navy have made thousands.

Don't get the idea that you're just "going to the movies," though. These movies are different. Each teaches you to do a part of your job in the Service—*do it exactly right*.

Maybe it's how to dig a foxhole. Or inflate a rubber life raft. Or take down and reassemble a 50-calibre machine gun. Or—bake a batch of bread...

In an Army and Navy made up largely

of "specialists," thousands of films are not too many. (Kodak is a major supplier of film for these pictures—one big reason civilians are not getting all the film they want.)

You'll see battle, in these training movies. You'll hear it—to make your new life and work "second nature" under all conditions. You'll be hardened... ready to "dish it out and take it"... up to 40% sooner because of Training Films.

* * *

After this war is won, you—and millions like you who have learned so much, so easily, through training films—will want your children to learn the Arts of Peace this way.

Teaching through motion pictures and slide film—steadily growing in importance during the twenty years since Kodak made its first teaching films available—will really come into its own... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Serving human progress through Photography



NEW Pictures

YOU'LL WANT TO SEE

Cosmopolitan lists a few of the many fine pictures now in production in Hollywood. Release dates are approximate, but they will probably be shown at your neighborhood movie during the next few weeks. Titles are subject to last-minute change.

COL.—COLUMBIA

WB—WARNER BROS.
UNIV.—UNIVERSAL

RKO—RKO RADIOPICTURES INC.
20TH—20TH CENTURY-FOX

PAR.—PARAMOUNT
M-G-M—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

TITLE AND COMPANY		TYPE	STARS	WHAT IT'S ABOUT
So Proudly We Hail	Par.	Drama	<i>Claudette Colbert Paulette Goddard Veronica Lake Sonny Tufts</i>	There were gallant women on Bataan too, the Army nurses, and this is their heroic and human story.
The Sky's the Limit	RKO	Comedy with Music	<i>Fred Astaire Joan Leslie Robert Benchley</i>	Fred's incomparable footwork with his new dancing partner fits smoothly into a timely tale of a flier on furlough.
Sahara	Col.	Drama	<i>Humphrey Bogart Bruce Bennett J. Carroll Naish</i>	In charge of an American tank unit cut off when the British retreat from Tobruk, Bogart fights Nazis and desert.
Thank Your Lucky Stars	WB	Musical Comedy	<i>Eddie Cantor Joan Leslie Dennis Morgan</i>	Accenting entertainment, this grand-scale musical uses all the talent on the studio roster, with Cantor as the pivot.
The Phantom of the Opera	Univ.	Drama	<i>Nelson Eddy Susanna Foster Claude Rains</i>	Completely revamped for today's audience, the film combines a sound theme with delightful operatic excerpts.
Thousands Cheer	M-G-M	Comedy Drama	<i>Kathryn Grayson Gene Kelly John Boles</i>	Against Army camp background and a rousing USO show finale, the Colonel's daughter and a private find romance.
The Fallen Sparrow	RKO	Drama	<i>John Garfield Maureen O'Hara Walter Slezak</i>	Seeking vengeance for a friend's death at Nazi hands, Garfield stalks the culprits among "refugees" in America.
The Gang's All Here	20th	Musical Comedy	<i>Alice Faye James Ellison Carmen Miranda</i>	A light-hearted comedy lavishly sprinkled with song and dance. Add The DeMarcos, Phil Baker and Benny Goodman.
Fired Wife	Univ.	Drama	<i>Louise Allbritton Robert Paige Diana Barrymore</i>	In a story of cross-purposes, a stage director who marries in secret almost loses her husband to the other woman.

★ ★ ★ Three Good Bets ★ ★ ★



CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) Claudia (Dorothy McGuire), scatterbrained young wife, feeling that her husband (Robert Young) and mother (Ina Claire) have excluded her from an important secret, plays woman of the world with an attractive stranger (Reginald Gardiner). Not one but two secrets emerge in a whirlwind finish.

A tender tale of modern marriage in which gaiety, drama and pathos are nicely blended, set against the charming background of a Connecticut country home.

BEST FOOT FORWARD (M-G-M). Hewing to the story line of the stage hit, even to the importation of its young Broadway players, the studio added Technicolor, several stars and Harry James' band for a bang-up musical treat.

Lucille Ball is invited by Winsocci student Tommy Dix to be Prom Queen at Commencement. Not dreaming she will accept, he also invites Virginia Weidler, his "heart throb." It's hilarious entertainment, with Lucille leading the kids out of the mix-up.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). A superior film has been fashioned from Ernest Hemingway's novel of the Spanish war. The moving love story of Maria (Ingrid Bergman), a refugee, and Robert Jordan (Gary Cooper), American engineer, develops as the guerrillas who shelter them in the mountains help Jordan in his rôle of saboteur. The climax is gripping. Every part is well cast but the performance of Katina Paxinou as Pilar is a triumph. Special praise too for unusual Technicolor photography.

*A girl's best bet for landing beaux
Is lovely hair that shines and glows!*

No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!



Smart for a Wartime Winter! Colorful, printed wool, cut on slim, simple lines—to save precious material without making you look plain and drab. And this simple but interesting hair-do— to save precious time and show off the shining splendor of your locks, after a shampoo with Special Drene!

**Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap,
yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!**

There's shining magic for a man in the wonder of a woman's lovely hair . . . aglow with enchanting highlights!

So never, never break that spell with hair that's dull and dingy looking from soap or soap shampoos!

INSTEAD, USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing!

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neat-

ness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed! And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!



*Soap film
dulls lustre—robs
hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap!
Switch to Special Drene. It
never leaves any dulling film, as
all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene
reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

molasses, spices, cheese, dill pickles, apples, tobacco, pepper-minced, printed calico, cheap straw hats.

The deep front porch still sheltered apparently the same red-painted farm implements—plowshares, spades, wheelbarrows. Barrels of staple groceries stood open everywhere, the shelves displaying a motley collection of crockery, glassware, canned food, notions, bolts of gingham. Upon a glass-covered counter stood a row of open-faced cartons containing favored edibles of her youth—cracknels, pink marshmallow cookies. Amid this heterogeneous merchandise of a country store, she noted a rack of uninviting women's garments made of imitation silk, elaborately trimmed with cheap cotton lace.

"Who in the world selects this sort of thing?" she asked.

"Well, I do, Miss Enid," admitted Sam Ellis deprecatingly. "Not that an old hayseed like me knows much about ladies' styles, but we had to put in a new line of some sort, to attract trade. I just pick 'em out of a mail-order catalogue."

"They look it," she smiled. "Does anyone ever buy the stuff?"

"We-ell, not so often. Custom's falling off, Miss Enid. Too much competition. Of course most of our people do some trading here still—you know how Crossroads folks always stand by each other. But it's mighty easy to run over to Millbury, where they've got two five-and-tens now and a department store."

"Yet this looks like a good location. There seems to be plenty of passing traffic," commented Enid, who had noticed several cars go by, also an Army truck full of soldiers.

He sighed. "More all the time! No privacy any more. Fort Knox is beginning to spread all over the country too, like one of them giant octopuses. But mighty few automobiles ever stop here—why should they?"

"Why indeed?" she repeated thoughtfully.

"I've been thinking lately," he hesitated, "it might be a good thing to get a license to sell packaged liquor—that'd make 'em stop, all right! But Mr. John Ed wouldn't ever have stood for such a thing, being temperance himself."

"Any more than I would," said Enid decisively. "No, no, Mr. Sam, we'll have to think up a better drawing card than that!" It was the first stirring in her of a shopkeeping instinct as latent in most women as every little girl's impulse to play house and mother dolls.

As she came out into the sunny road, she noticed a touring car with an Eastern license cruising slowly past, all its young women occupants turning to look back wistfully at the Crossroads house. "No use; not a sign or anything! I wouldn't have the nerve to ask," said the girl who was driving. Then she saw Enid. "There's someone who might tell us," she murmured. "You ask her, Mildred!"

A crisp voice addressed Enid, in a clipped Eastern accent. "I beg your pardon, but do you know of any place in this neighborhood where we could get a bit of lunch?"

"Not nearer than Millbury, I'm afraid," answered Enid. "This isn't a tearoom type of neighborhood."

"I'll say it isn't!" spoke another voice, in the heartier accents of Chicago. "We've tried Millbury, and it's pretty bad—drug-store sandwiches, a juke-box joint and a hotel where you have to eat a huge midday meal. Talk about your Kentucky hospitality! Here we've been searching this neighborhood for the past week, hoping to find some nice farmhouse with tourists accommodated. Surely there must be something of the sort around?"

"I'm afraid not yet," said Enid again. "But," she added, the idea germinating as she spoke, "if you care to come back this way in a week or so, I think you might have better luck."

"Where?" they demanded in unison.

"I'm not quite sure," said Enid slowly, "whether it will be here at the store or over yonder"—she nodded toward the house opposite, somnolent and cool-looking.

"Not that marvelous antebellum homestead! We've been simply dying to get a peep inside! Do start your tearoom there! Everybody from Fort Knox will patronize it."

Another voice drawled plaintively, "I don't suppose you'd know, would you, of any house where they'd be patriotic enough to rent out a few rooms for paying guests or light housekeeping? You see, there isn't enough provision at camp for us junior officers' wives. Louisville's so far off and so expensive, and you only get to see your husband every week or so, which is pretty hard on newlyweds, with a war likely to happen at any moment!"

"It must be," said Enid. "I'll think it over"—her idea was expanding by leaps and bounds—"and when you come again, perhaps I'll have something to suggest."

As they drove away, snatches of comment floated back to her: "Well, of all the crust, Sally Loomis! Practically inviting yourself to board with a woman who looks like that!" And the other's answer: "I'd invite myself to board with the Duchess of Windsor, if it meant staying near my Jimmie. What's more, I bet Wally Windsor would be sport enough to let me!"

So there came into being the germ of an enterprise which was to make a great change in Enid's life—a change even greater than her metamorphosis from a Kentucky-village Cinderella into the fashionable Mrs. Hugh Lossiter, of New York.

She could hardly wait to discuss it with Miss Eppie, leaving that lady breathless but acquiescent. "I don't see why we shouldn't try it, dear—after all, it couldn't be much more trouble than our church socials, with the Ladies' Aid supplying cake and fried chicken and all. Only, they'd have to do it every day!"

"Let's hope so," said Enid devoutly. "But remember, they'd be sharing the gate receipts too. And no doubt the store could act as outlet for whatever might be left over from the tearoom in the way of cake and preserves and so on. Only who's to wait on our customers?"

"Why, we ourselves," said Miss Eppie. "Just as we do at the church socials, with some of the Negroes over from Chicken Bristle to wash dishes and clean up. Where could we set the tables, dear? In the dining room?"

"Not in the house at all," Enid shook her head. "I've other plans for that. My idea is to use the old slave quarters, served from the summer kitchen, each with its open fireplace, and in warm weather, tables on the brick walk under the wistaria trellis."

"Those ramshackle cabins where we keep tools and store potatoes? Why, child, they probably smell like cellars, or worse!"

"They won't when we get through with them. Plenty of sun and air and whitewash and fresh calico curtains and table covers to match—there's a pretty blue-sprigged yellow material at the store. You'll be surprised at how much Ephraim and I can accomplish in a week—so will he!" Enid smiled; then paused, sobering. "But I'm afraid all this will call for quite an initial expenditure of cash, which I don't know where to get."

"Why, dear, have you forgotten my savings account?"

Enid kissed the plump old cheek. "But suppose the idea doesn't work out well? Are you sure you are willing to risk your money in such a hazardous enterprise? It really is going to be quite a gamble, Cousin Eppie dear!"

"Pooh, you'll make it work! Sayres do," she said. "As for gambling—all Kentucky people like to gamble now and then, my dear."

"Surely not the Ladies' Aid?"

Why, yes—I wouldn't like to have it generally known, but we frequently liven up our meetings with a few rounds of Bingo, and our Friday Euchre Club always plays for money, nowadays—a twentieth of a cent a point! It makes a game seem more exciting than some prize nobody really wants, such as a cut-glass fernery, or another set of guest towels."

"I should think it might," Enid murmured.

Nevertheless, Enid was unwilling to risk her relative's life savings without some certainty that her scheme was at least potentially practicable. Her mind turned to her uncle's friend, Judge Elisha Tandy, whom he had made executor of his will.

She set off down a wide, sycamore-shaded street, past houses she recalled by name, though she had not thought of them in years—pleasant, unpretentious country dwellings, all with large gardens at the back.

Judge Tandy lived in one of the older brick dwellings, set close to the street, with its usual small semidetached annex at one side, which he used as a law office. Enid, remembering his habits of old, presented herself there, instead of at the front door. Entering unannounced, she found the old gentleman taking his postprandial nap, seated bolt upright in a leather arm chair, a handkerchief spread over his face. An old beagle hound lying across his feet greeted the newcomer with a tattoo of the tail so cordial as to wake its master.

The judge greeted Enid pleasantly, but with a perfunctory courtesy which told her that he knew the reason for her return. Divorce was looked upon askance in that vicinity. As she took him further into her confidence, however, his manner underwent a change. "Surely, my dear young lady," he interrupted once, "a man of Mr. Lossiter's financial standing must be in a position to offer his wife settlements which would make it unnecessary for her to earn her living commercially?"

She explained why she did not care to accept such settlements. "I do not think that, under the circumstances, Uncle Big would wish me to," she finished; and went on with the scheme she had in mind.

The judge allowed her to continue to the end. Then, clearing his throat, he made her a little speech. "Your uncle, my dear Miss Enid, was a shrewd and able merchant, descended from several generations of shrewd and able merchants who served our country as true forerunners of civilization—for trade, next to religion, is the most important, perhaps, of all civilizing influences. There have been Sayres trading here at the Crossroads ever since the first of them was scalped by Indians at his cabin door. And they prospered, as they deserved to prosper. John Ed, my friend, had he chosen a city for his field of operations, might have died a wealthy man. Even here, had it not been for various quixotic burdens he chose to take upon himself—the debts of a worthless brother; the disgrace of an irresponsible, drunken cousin——"



When someone you love goes to war—

It isn't easy, saying good-by to a soldier.

It isn't easy, thinking of the dangers and hardships that may lie ahead for him.

But he has a *job* to do. A grim, unpleasant job at best—but he's *doing it*. Doing it for his country, and the things he believes in. Doing it for *you*. And you wouldn't have it any other way.

You have a job to do for him.

For in *this War*, women who want their men home again *won't* just sit and wait! They'll step right into the shoes of the men who have gone—fill the jobs those men have left behind!

They've *got to!*

For if we are going to keep our war production and necessary civilian activities up to their present "Victory level"—if we're going to keep on turning out enough weapons for our fighting men to win and win *fast*—here's what must happen:

Before this year ends, 2,000,000 more American women must be in war jobs. Not just in war plants alone, for our restaurants, hospitals, stores, and schools—our transportation services—our farms,

are as vital as the factories that make our guns.

And it's up to America's women—to *you*—to see that all these things keep going. With 10,000,000 men fighting, who's *going to do it if you don't?*

If you've had some training—secretarial, nursing, teaching, clerical, etc.—there's a job waiting for you with open arms. A job your country wants you to take—and a job that will pay you well.

If you've never done anything but housework—if you've never worked at all—don't let that worry you. You'll be given thorough training at no expense to you for any one of a hundred jobs that you select. Jobs in which you can serve your

country—at good pay.

If you are free to accept a job and there is a need for workers in your locality, Uncle Sam asks you to take a job now. To work for America, for the men who have gone, for your family and yourself—till this War is won.

Don't turn him down!

HOW TO GO ABOUT GETTING YOUR RIGHT, WAR JOB

Look in the Classified Advertising Section of your newspaper to see the kind of jobs open in your locality. Then go to your local United States Employment Service for advice. The U. S. E. S. is in the phone book. This is your government's own employment agency. No fees—no favorites.



Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES... OFFICES EVERYWHERE

This space is contributed to the Government's Womanpower Drive by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse has a special interest in women, for in the homes of America they use more than 30 million Westinghouse appliances. And now in wartime, almost one third of the 103,000 Westinghouse employees are women.

The best bargain in history—War Bonds

THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"To say nothing of the care of three children whose parents were unable to provide for them!" Enid interrupted.

Judge Tandy smiled at her reassuringly. "The love of those little girls and the respect of an entire community were sufficient return for his investment. My friend died a contented man. Nor had he entirely missed happiness. Perhaps you know something of your uncle's romance?"

"Only that he was supposed to have been in love with my grandmother Letitia, wasn't he?"

"Always. As were most of us." The judge's smile was reminiscent. "Half the young men within driving distance courted Letitia that summer she came out from the city to stay with my mother after her parents' death left her unprovided for. But she chose John Ed from the lot. I think she would surely have married him too, had it not been for the return of his elder brother. Henry Sayre, who had some trifling job at the time on one of the river steamboats, was our idea of a man of the world, traveled, dashing, debonair—"Handsome Harry," everyone called him; while John Ed was the plodding stay-at-home who kept things going, so helplessly in love with Letitia as to be almost tongue-tied in her presence. It took very little of Harry's brand of wooing to carry the innocent girl off her feet; two weeks later, the two eloped on the New Orleans packet. Less than a year afterwards, she was back with her baby, for John Ed to take care of."

"That," said Enid drily, "seems to have been a family habit!"

"Letitia," the judge explained, "believed quite naturally that half the Sayre property belonged to her husband, so that she had a right to live here, having no other home; and John Ed never told her that he had bought out Henry's interest long since. So she took over the housekeeping cares and made a home for them all, with Henry coming and going as he chose; and John Ed guarded her and her child as tenderly as if they were his own. I think those two had a good deal of quiet happiness together, despite the tragedy in the background. For Handsome Harry had become a chronic drunkard; though he died creditably in the end—drowned while trying to rescue a Negro child from the spring freshet. After that, we all hoped Letitia and John Ed would at last marry. But people can die of broken pride, you know; and Letitia had always less strength than spirit. She outlived her husband less than a year, leaving John Ed by will the only thing of value she had to give him—her adored daughter Lettice, who should have been his daughter."

"And who in turn made the same sort of marriage. How ruthless heredity is!" said Enid thoughtfully. "But in all that time they had together, was there never any hint of scandal?"

"Scandal? About John Ed Sayre?" Judge Tandy stiffened, as the train conductor had done. "Hardly! Your uncle was the most deeply respected person in this entire community; as was his father and his grandfather before that. And I see no reason," he went on in a lighter tone, "why you should not become their worthy successor at the Crossroads. As a matter of fact, this idea of yours sounds to me not only like a sound paying proposition, but a providential civic enterprise. Our ladies no longer have enough work to occupy their time, now that the young people have grown up and scattered. There is a tendency toward undue competition in unimportant trivia such as cooking, fine stitchery, gardening and the like."

"But those," protested Enid, "aren't unimportant at all! Wait till you see what a demand there's going to be for such trivia as home-cured hams and quilted coverlets and water-melon pickle—does Mrs. Tandy still make her wonderful peach chutney?—all the local products these Northerners don't know anything about, poor things!"

The judge was chuckling. "At least your sojourn in the North has given you some of the energy we need here, where too much sun or something seems to get into our lazy bones."

"On the contrary, I believe our sun has an energizing effect—certainly I've done more plotting and planning in this one day than I've done in the past ten years!"

He patted her hand. "Well, Miss Enid, you've certainly sold me on your crossroads co-operative! So much so that I'd like to have a financial stake in the venture myself."

She beamed at him, shaking her head. "No, thank you, judge! I knew you'd want to help. But this is going to be strictly a women's enterprise; I only wanted to talk things over with you first, as I would have talked them over with Uncle Big."

"Which is exactly what my dear old friend hoped you might do if need arose," he said; and at the gentleness of his voice, Enid suddenly found herself in his arms, weeping away against a black broadcloth shoulder the frozen core of shamed bitterness which had lain in her heart ever since she first realized that she had somehow lost her dignity of wifehood.

"There! I feel better," she said at last. "Thank you for believing in Uncle Big's niece, sir; and for giving me the very name I needed—Crossroads Co-operative. I'm going to start work on the project tomorrow—no, tonight!"

When, a week or so later, the carful of Army wives re-ap-

peared, followed by a second automobile load of hopeful customers, they were gratified to find the promised teashop in operation, albeit sketchily. It had been the most active week in Enid's life, and certainly in the lives of Ephraim and Miss Eppie. The Ladies' Aid Society had lived up to its name. So had Ephraim's Chicken Bristle connections, several ages and sizes of them; including Eff Dee, in a small white butler's coat the duplicate of Ephraim's own.

The guests exclaimed with pleasure over the freshly whitewashed cabins, ruffles of blue-sprigged yellow calico curtaining the windows and edging every mantelshelf. On each hearth crackled a fragrant applewood fire, and small tables were set with crude blue earthenware dishes Enid had discovered at a native pottery near by. And when Miss Eppie's specialties began to appear, under the Sheffield domes, brought from the summer kitchen by Eff Dee and a few nimble contemporaries, the company lapsed into rapt silence and simply ate.

By the time Enid appeared—she had been too busy overseeing things to welcome her customers—some older women in the party had grown quite lyrical with appreciation.

"You know, Miss Sayre," exclaimed one of them, speaking with the easy authority of a colonel's lady, "you're performing a real act of patriotism here!"

Enid thanked her, but did not correct the name.

"Those clothes of yours—surely you can't get slacks tailored like that hereabouts!" said one of the others, with a frank admiration which robbed the comment of impertinence.

"No, not hereabouts. But," said Enid slowly, impelled by one of her brain flashes, "I think perhaps we may soon have something of the sort to offer you at our general store across the road, where we are thinking of putting in a new department for women's country wear." The thought had come even as she spoke: her former friend and accomplice, Miss Lou Prather, given proper models to copy, would try her hand at anything. Enid's own wardrobe should afford examples. "I hope you will patronize it," she added diffidently.

"Don't worry, we'll be back!" promised the colonel's lady. "Fort Knox will besiege your doors from now on, like a swarm of locusts. But," she went on more seriously, "why not do an even more public-spirited act by helping us find some place in your neighborhood more homelike than tents and trailer camps for this steadily increasing influx of Army brides?"

Enid, having already consulted Miss Eppie in the matter, said, "As soon as I can get several extra baths put in, my own house will be ready for occupancy in small apartments of one or two rooms with kitchen privileges."

A spontaneous cheer arose. "At second lieutenant's prices?" demanded one anxious voice.

Enid nodded. "Only lieutenants or officer candidates need apply."

"Young families barred, I suppose?" asked another wistfully.

"On the contrary, young families encouraged. Present or future."

The colonel's lady rose and kissed her. "Miss Sayre, you deserve a medal for conspicuous gallantry on the home front!"

BEFORE winter set in Crossroads Co-operative was a going concern, involving practically every family in the village. Even Chicken Bristle rose to the occasion with surprising unanimity, from fat Tersie to Enid's infant handy man. Eff Dee had become a conspicuous part of Crossroads activities, making himself very busy with a child's-size carpet sweeper, or trotting importantly to and fro with a toy express wagon provided for delivery purposes. The neighborhood, and indeed the entire countryside, took a growing interest in their new community social center, so that on Sundays and holidays especially the teashop was filled to capacity.

Sam Ellis, bewildered by the increase of trade at the store, was glad of the aid of several of the Army wives, who were thus enabled to reduce living expenses; while Miss Lou Prather had her hands full refitting sportswear. For Enid, after the first rush of orders, had been obliged to make a connection with several smart wholesale houses.

The Ladies' Aid Society and the Friday Euchre Club took turns as volunteer hostesses in the teashop, while Miss Eppie's sphere was the house. She was in a constant state of swivet, what with every spare room occupied, hungry young men to be catered for; a baby carriage already in evidence, with more expected; and her services in almost hourly demand as instructor in the community kitchen.

For the tenants had evolved among themselves a scheme for pooling their efforts in a sort of domestic Officers' Mess, each bride on duty for a week at a time, all sharing the morning and evening meals together as one large family. In this way, every inexperienced wife had the opportunity to profit by Miss Eppie's instruction in the fine arts of housewifery—baking, preserving, marketing.

The good lady expanded under her new importance. "My, my, how dear John Ed would have enjoyed having a fine family like this around!" she said once to Enid, sighing.



Yesterday's dream of air-conditioning is today's reality and a post-war promise of still better things to come.

How American it is... to want something better!

MAYBE we haven't found out how to air-condition the *nation* and it may be "after the war" before more of our homes and offices and the other places we gather are as cool and comfortable as an air-conditioned train. But we can be sure that because it's *something better* America will go on reaching for more and more air-conditioning. That this land will never give up the search for things, large or small, which make life better.

* * *

Among the better things which many Americans have discovered is a moderate beverage—an ale. Its famous 3-Ring trade mark—pledging "Purity," "Body," "Flavor"—has become the symbol for *something better* in ale to so many people that Ballantine has become...



America's largest selling Ale

1840—Peter Ballantine found his trade mark in three dewy rings left by his glass as he tested three qualities—Purity, Body, Flavor.

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.





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More and more Flying Fortresses are powered by Studebaker-built Cyclone engines

Clear-eyed, clean-hearted young Americans are up there in those Flying Fortresses—writing new chapters of a free world's destiny. Many of them were carefree school boys only yesterday. Today, they're pouring cringing fear into the souls of once boastful "supermen." To these gallant youngsters—and to their expert crews below that keep them flying—we of Studebaker pledge ourselves to go on producing more and still more of the mighty Wright Cy-

clone engines for these devastating Boeing bombers. We recognize and respect the responsibility for maintaining quality that the Army-Navy "E" Award has placed upon the Studebaker Aviation Division plants. We'll "give more than we promise" in the best Studebaker tradition. Meanwhile, civilian needs must and will wait... until Studebaker completes this wartime assignment... until the finer Studebaker cars and trucks of a brighter day can be built.

Awarded to Aviation Division

of The Studebaker Corporation



Big Studebaker military trucks stand out in all the major war zones — Besides producing many Flying Fortress engines, Studebaker is also one of the largest builders of multiple-drive military trucks. We're proud of our assignments in arming our Nation and its Allies.

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"With you for their mother. I sometimes wonder how Uncle Big could have been blind so long!"

"Well, you see, dear," explained the other, "I never did attract much notice, especially by comparison with anyone as fascinating as Cousin Letitia. You know how the gentlemen are!"

"What about Captain Joe?" Enid suggested. "Or did you scorn the attentions of a mere train conductor?"

Miss Eppie bridled. "That silly old thing? But he wasn't born a train conductor, my dear—people who have met with reverses are sometimes obliged to accept whatever decent means of livelihood offers. Besides, being a train conductor is a position of real trust and responsibility."

"To say nothing of the polish acquired by so much travel," murmured Enid in apology. It appeared that Captain Joe was the sole male support of the three Misses Echols, whose family fortunes had not survived the constant inroads of the river, so he had hardly counted as an eligible party.

Enid was in even more frequent demand than Miss Eppie. The young Army brides, intrigued by the rumor of some unhappy mystery in her life, made a special cult of their lovely hostess. But she had little time for the pleasures they were always urging on her—benefit dances at the post Officers' Club; all-day shopping excursions into Louisville, with lunch at the fashionable Brown Hotel; Sunday steak-fries in the woods; fishing excursions along the river.

As a matter of fact, she fell into bed each night so healthily tired that she found no difficulty in sleeping. She no longer hung, as at first, upon the postman's arrival, hoping for mail that rarely came—Guinevere had been right apparently in saying that, once she stepped out of line, everybody would forget her existence.

EXCEPT Wyckham Phelps, of course. Faithfully, several times a week appeared a square envelope from the Union League or the Racquet Club, addressed in his stiff New England hand, and full of a possessive eagerness which even New England caution could not suppress. He kept her supplied with constant reminders in the way of books, magazines, new records—attentions so different from Hugh's extravagances of courtship as to make her smile. He frequently called her on the telephone for discreet conversations. But any news he gave her was concerned more with the larger interests of the approaching war, than with the world she had left.

Hugh and Violet, she supposed, were together now openly; which was probably the reason nobody mentioned them to her, even her father in his occasional noncommittal letters. Guinevere, who might have told her more, was already in Reno, waiting for her divorce. Among all the circle of pseudo-intimates who had surrounded the Lossiter coming and goings, Enid began to realize that she had not made one genuine friend.

Except again Wyckham Phelps. Dear, faithful fellow! Soon, she thought, flushing, they too would be together.

Meanwhile, one of her first improvements at the Crossroads was to add a bathroom to her uncle's semidetached office, to make of it more suitable guest quarters than it had been during Hugh Lossiter's occupancy. She herself had taken over the master bedroom on the ground floor, connected with her uncle's former sanctum by a trellised arbor supporting a great scuppernong vine; which insured for herself and any guest she might choose to entertain there a certain amount of privacy.

The upper floor of the house and wing was almost entirely taken over by what the Army brides themselves had named her "School for Wives." All the rooms opened upon a shuttered ell-shaped porch which seemed to be their chosen gathering place in any weather, especially when the young husbands were in residence; with Ephraim and his grandson kept busy fetching up cracked ice and bottles of club soda.

Enid, appreciating this tactful fashion of respecting the Crossroads rule against serving liquor in the house, was careful never to intrude upon the privacy of the upstairs gallery. But there was an atmosphere of vigorous young masculinity about the place which she thought Wyckham Phelps would appreciate. And certainly there was no dearth of chaperonage. She decided to ask him to spend Thanksgiving with her.

On the day she mailed her letter, however, she was surprised, on her way from the post office, to see a familiar long blue roadster drawn up at the Crossroads gate, a Daimler that Hugh had ordered for her in England. She paused, with the odd tingling in her wrists and finger tips which usually indicated her husband's presence. Then she recognized Wyck's quizzical grin.

"Why, Wyck darling!" she cried, running to throw herself into his arms. "This is a Thanksgiving surprise indeed! But why that car?"

"Loss asked me to run it down for you when I came," he explained. "Said it wouldn't bring much secondhand, and anyhow, since you seem to be running a shop, he thought you might find it convenient for delivery purposes—to take the place of the mare named Lulu."

"That's very kind of Hugh," she said stiffly, "but I don't care to accept it."

"Bosh, girl! You don't mind wearing clothes he gave you. Do let's be civilized about all this! What difference can it make among the three of us who pays for what? For that matter, if you'd rather, I'll send Loss a check for the Daimler and give it to you myself."

"I'd much rather!" she said. "It will be a relief to drive a decent car again after our ancient relic. Oh, but Wyck, how clairvoyant of you to appear just at the right moment! I've been longing for you of late, quite unbearably."

"Where can we go to celebrate this platonic reunion, without an eye trained on us from every loophole?" He indicated a certain agitation among several of the upper window curtains.

Enid burst out laughing. "That is my School for Wives—don't mind, they'll be so gratified! I thought," she said demurely, "that you wanted us to be 'civilized,' darling?"

"Not too damn civilized. God, Enid, I haven't seen you for three months!" he muttered, closing the parlor door behind them and catching her in his arms. "You are different," he kept saying; "virginally slim as ever, and younger-looking by years, yet somehow more fully in bloom."

"That's 'the sweet warm South, like a kissing mouth,'" she smiled, quoting her mother's little song.

"I'm not sure," he frowned, "but that I'm just a little bit jealous of your 'sweet warm South'!"

"At least it's your only rival. Oh, Wyck," she sighed, "how wonderful it is to be held in a man's arms again!"

"Any man's arms?" he demanded.

"I haven't had much experience. But yours seem remarkably satisfactory."

He finally put her from him and determinedly turned his attention elsewhere. "I'd know this room for yours if I discovered it on a desert island," he said. "It is always so with any place you touch. Even your quarters on the yacht had an unmistakable Enid look."

"Nice to have somebody notice such things," she sighed.

She had turned the double parlors into one long living room, removing the folding doors between, so that there was a fireplace at each end. Walls and woodwork had been tinted a pale chartreuse, with floors painted a deeper green, and hangings of mellow Fortuny print in orange and dull silver. Plain linen in the same tones made slip covers for the horse-hair furniture. Miss Eppie's oval braided mats had been replaced by thick white sheep's-wool rugs brought from Spain. Yellow primroses bloomed in the deep window sills; a large copper bowl filled with crimson apples gave back the flickering fire and the slanting rays of late winter sun in gleams of flashing color. All that remained of the prim country parlor was the wooden portrait over one mantel of a lady holding a child in pantalettes, and beneath this a pair of blue Staffordshire dogs flanking a marble hand.

"As I live, the *main morte!*" grinned Wyckham Phelps, pausing before it. "Lossiter spoke of it once; said it would explain a good deal that I might not understand about you."

"Hugh? Why, I never knew he was aware of anything of the sort!"

"He's always very much aware of anything about you, Enid. But why the hideous blue china dogs?"

"They were Uncle Big's idea of the ultimate in artistic decor—after all, this is still his house, you know."

"And the grave-eyed beauty in stiff crinoline and curls is still the presiding genius of it, I think. She has a brooding, legendary look, like some Celtic princess—Dark Deirdre, perhaps, or Yseult of the Fair Girdle."

"She was my proud and highly virtuous grandmother, Letitia—rather legendary in her way, at that, as the neglected wife of one Sayre and the lifelong true-love of his brother. And no lifted eyebrows over it, either! Domestic scandals just didn't happen in those days. People simply grinned and bore things. Or got over them."

"She doesn't look as if she had got over anything, poor lady!" commented Phelps. "There's a tragic shadow in that calm smile of hers—like yours, at times."

"I know. Grandmother Letitia was a woman who didn't take life or love too easily. We Sayres aren't ever very fortunate in our choice of husbands, apparently! But a *main morte* isn't such a bad reminder to have in a family, nor yet Uncle Big's blue watchdogs. Those two stoic Victorian innocents take a good deal of living up to. But that's enough of post-mortems," she broke off. "Come and see what Cousin Eppie and I have been doing here. You'll be surprised!"

He was more than surprised, he was impressed; investigating everything with an experienced thoroughness which encouraged Sam Ellis, recognizing a fellow financier, to produce for inspection the books he kept on Crossroads debits and credits.

"Why, a few more weeks like this, and you'll be out of the red!" Phelps congratulated them. "Who'd have thought there'd be so much profits in ordinary food and wearing apparel?"

THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"Ah, but you see ours aren't ordinary," Enid boasted. "That makes the difference."

She led him across to the cabin tearooms, where gracious Mrs. Tandy was acting that day as hostess, assisted by Ephraim and Eff Dee, who was obliging the company at the moment with song and dance. He was in such demand as an entertainer that his pockets jingled whenever he jumped Jim Crow. Observing a new audience, he progressed from "Hop Light, Ladies" to a favored new number called "Don't You Weep, Don't You Mourn"—only, as several front teeth were missing the words came out with an effect peculiar to himself:

"Oh, lady, doncha wee', doncha mo',
Oh, lady, doncha wee', doncha mo'
Gabel's trumpet done sounded,
Oh, lady, doncha mo'."

"That," remarked Enid to her companion, "is a ballad I have adopted as my theme song. I do not intend to do any more weeping and mo'ning for the rest of my life, God willing. And let me introduce you to Ephraim's—shall we say, life companion?"—indicating a monumental blue gingham figure in kerchief and turban, waddling in with a fresh relay of Sally Lunn. "Tersie is supposed to confine her activities to the kitchen, but can never resist popping out to inspect any promising newcomer."

Tersie was by no means the only investigator who appeared to pass judgment on him—Judge Tandy, who frequently dropped in to encourage the infant industry; Captain Joe's relatives, the three Misses Echols, who anonymously supplied much of the delicate handwork sold at the Crossroads store; genial Dr. Tom Tolliver, who liked ladies' society; Miss Eppie's pastor, the Reverend Archer—nearly everyone, in fact, who could be said to constitute local Society.

"It's like something out of an English novel, names and all!" grinned Wyckham Phelps. "And what an interest they all seem to take in you, Enid."

"Mmnn, yes, almost too much so! A proprietary interest; left over from pioneer days, I suppose, when close neighbors were pretty important to each other, hereabouts."

"Have you ever considered," he said, "who's to run this neighborhood enterprise of yours after you have left?"

She looked at him in some dismay. "Why, no, Wyck, I haven't. You wouldn't—I don't suppose you'd be willing, would you, to live here yourself?"

"Here, at Sayre's Landing? I'm afraid I'm too urban-minded. I'd miss a good many acquired habits—my clubs, first nights at the theater, symphony evenings. So would you, my dear, once the novelty wears off. But we can commute to and fro as much as you like."

"Leaving Cousin Eppie and Sam Ellis in charge?" she said dubiously. "Oh, well, let's not cross that bridge till we come to it. You've still got to run the gamut of our 'School for Wives'—quite an ordeal, I warn you."

He met them all at dinner later, together with several of the young Army husbands. It happened to be Sally Loomis' week as officer of the mess. "I always think," she murmured to Enid, "that so much depends on what you give a man to eat the first time! Oh, darling, we all knew there'd be a man in your life soon, if there wasn't already. A woman who looks like you! There just could not be!"

"I'm afraid you're being premature," smiled Enid. "I'm not Miss Sayre, you know; I won't get my divorce until August."

"We know all about everything!" declared the girl. "And we think it serves that brute of a husband right, always managing to be somewhere else, yachting or polo—playing or hunting. Just to see this one look at you explains all! A cross between Ronald Colman and Walter Pidgeon, with just a dash of Herbert Marshall. One of those detached, polite, intellectual men who never say very much, but when it comes to action—oh, boy! Really, darling, I don't see how you can resist him."

"What makes you think I'll try?" said Enid, blushing despite her laughter.

Afterwards, although it was the custom of the house to gather in the drawing room for coffee and cigarettes, they all made elaborate excuses to disappear early—all except Miss Eppie, who firmly sat her ground until Enid took matters in hand.

"It's all right, Cousin Eppie—dear. It's quite safe to leave me with Mr. Phelps. We're going to be married as soon as possible. He's the real reason I am getting a divorce."

Wyckham Phelps agreed, with his grave sincerity. "I have been in love with Enid for a long time, you see, and I promise to take good care of her. I should very much value your approval of me, Miss Sayre."

The old lady rose, trembling with dignity. "I am not accustomed to the ways of your Northern world, Mr. Phelps, and I am quite aware that my approval counts for little with you or with anybody. But I was brought up to believe that personal happiness is an immaterial thing compared with ease of conscience. That is a matter every person must decide for himself. I bid you good evening, sir."

He opened the door for her with marked respect and did not smile as he closed it after her.

The two talked of impersonal things that seemed as remote to Enid just then as life on another planet—mutual acquaintances, what they were doing; New York's increasing jitters with regard to the war situation. Phelps spoke of her father, whom he met about town occasionally. "Though not often—people in that crowd play a stiffer game than I care for, especially at Cary's new rooms. You know he's given up his flat and rented a house off Park Avenue?"

"A house? What in the world does Papa want with a whole house? A man living all alone?"

"Perhaps," suggested Wyckham, "he doesn't intend to live there alone. I mean, he may expect your sister Guinevere to join him after she gets her divorce. Meanwhile, it seems to be a sort of private club, very exclusive, where you can always count on a good game of bridge or backgammon."

So the mystery of her father's livelihood was at last brought into the open. At least it was better than sponging on Hugh Lossiter. "Oh, well," Enid sighed, "what does it matter whether people gamble at the card table or on the stock exchange? Only one thing is certain: Gwinne must not be allowed to return to any such dubious environment!"

"I dare say your sister will always, in her sweetly docile way, manage to do whatever she wishes to," commented Wyckham; and deliberately changed the subject.

Violet Fleming, he told her, with the usual crowd, had gone out for winter sports at Sun Valley; and Hugh Lossiter, having sold his hunters and polo ponies, was returning to his former interest in aviation, having bought a plane and entered a private training school for pilots.

"Also at Sun Valley, I suppose?" said Enid drily.

"Why, no, it's near Reno, I believe," Wyckham said. "He thinks he may be needed overseas and is getting in trim for it."

This time it was Enid who changed the subject. "If you don't mind, let's drop the subject of Hugh Lossiter permanently. I'd like to forget I ever knew him, Wyck!"

"**T**HAT," he said soberly, "will take some doing, my dear. We've been pals for years, and you can't cut your best friend out of your conversation entirely. I'll try—but why should it hurt you to talk about Hugh?"

"It doesn't hurt me, Wyck; it simply bores me. Sorry, darling!" She kissed him penitently. "But I want to think only of happy things tonight. Of you and me. Just us. Please, please make love to me now! I do so need it."

Conversation languished after that. The chair which they occupied was one of the extra-wide ones built to accommodate Mr. Sayre. Presently Enid said, "I think Uncle Big would like to see us together here. I do wish he might have known you, Wyck! He would have approved of you."

"Didn't he approve of Lossiter?"

"We-ell, he liked him, of course—nobody could help liking Hugh. Only he always felt uncertain about him. He didn't feel he was quite safe for me, perhaps, in the way you are safe. But here we are, on the forbidden subject again!"

Wyck got to his feet abruptly, spilling her off his knees. "As a matter of fact, I don't feel particularly safe for you just now, Enid. It's late; I'd better be going on."

"Going on! Where?" she asked blankly. "Surely you expect to stay here tonight? Why, your little bachelor house is all ready for you, darling. And I had Ephraim bring in your bags and unpack them long ago."

He smiled at her. "And I took the liberty of telling Ephraim to take the bags out to the car again, having wired from Louisville for a room in the Millbury Hotel."

"But that's preposterous! The Millbury Hotel's impossible. Even Cousin Eppie wouldn't expect you to carry conventions to that extreme. What do we care for conventions, anyhow? If you're thinking of Hugh, you needn't. Do you suppose any indiscretion of mine would keep him from going on with the divorce? On the contrary! He wants it too much."

"I'm not thinking of Hugh, damn it; I'm thinking of you! I'm not going to let you jeopardize the position you've made for yourself in this community—not before all those worshipful but extremely observant young eyes."

"Don't think they haven't observed already just how things are with us!"

"Well, they needn't jump to wrong conclusions. Enid, don't smile like that! What do you think I'm made of—ice? I'm an ordinary, flesh-and-blood human who wants his mate."

"Oh, darling, so am I! So do I," she said incoherently, pressing closer. "I've needed you so. All those girls so happy with their husbands, and I alone here, always alone."

"Hush, sweet, you don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, don't I! Wyck, darling, listen. You want me, and I'm ready to give myself to you once and for all, so that we'll be sure of each other. I have never really given myself to anybody. Hugh only took me—for as long as he wanted me; then cast me aside when he was through. That's no marriage,



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THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

Wyck! Not for a warmhearted, inexpressive, naturally shy woman, who needs to be taught how to be a proper wife. You'll know how to teach me, darling."

His mouth found hers with a little groan.

Much later she whispered, "Now go to your room for a while—it's just opposite mine, at the far end of the grape trellis."

He put her from him and strode to the door instead. "Good night," he said unsteadily. "I'm borrowing the Daimler to drive to Millbury. How early are you up in the morning?"

She said, dazed, "Breakfast is served at eight. But I'll be awake all night, waiting. Oh, Wyck, won't you *please* not be this way?"

He smiled at her, not trusting himself to speak. She heard the door close. Suddenly it seemed to her of paramount importance that he should not leave. She ran after him—too late. The car was already moving.

"Never mind! When he returns tomorrow . . . When he returns . . ." she consoled herself at intervals through a sleepless night. She was at the window soon after dawn, watching.

When the telephone rang, she heard his voice at the other end. "Enid, my dearest, I'm sending the car back by a garage-man. It seems there's a local to Louisville in a few minutes that will connect me with a plane for New York."

"Wyck! You're not coming back here? Why? Why?"

"You know why. I don't dare. I can't let you rush your fences, Enid. I must not!"

"Oh, but darling, if I want my fences rushed! Can't you realize—?"

"Of course. Only too well! Later, perhaps, when we are both steadier. Think it over and send for me if you are really ready for me. You know how I shall want to come! But now I've got to run for that train. Take care of yourself."

She stood with the receiver in her hand, uncomprehending, dazed, wondering what she had done to put him off. Could her lack of restraint have shocked him? But Wyckham Phelps was no prig. It was, she decided at last, sheer chivalry; some high-minded, outdated notion of protecting the woman he loved even from himself.

Fortunately, the School for Wives formed its own sympathetic conclusions as to the reason for her visitor's sudden departure, so that no questions were asked, even by Miss Eppie. Enid saw that she had become more of a heroine of romance than ever.

Only Ephraim exercised his usual privilege of candidly speaking his mind. "Dat were a right nice No'thern gen'lman what come co'tin' you, Miss Enid—a real polite-actin', stiddy gen'lman. But you wouldn't of bettered yo'self none by takin' up wid him, Miss Enid, honey."

"You think not, Ephraim? Why?" she asked.

"Well'm, it's disaway. He done gimme a two-bit piece fo' totin' dem two big satchels into de house, an' another two-bits to fetch 'em out again, like he's payin' me off for a piece of work. But he ain't never passed de time o' day, nor axed me what's my name, nor nothin' like dat. Just made out like I wa'n't ezzackly there. Whilst dat other gen'lman you got married to, dat Mr. Hugh—why, ev'y time he seed me, he'd cuss me out for a ole black 'rangoutang or some suchlike, an' ax how would I like to buy me a drink of corn-liker and thow me whatever he foun' in his ves'pocket, 'thout so much as lookin' at it. Onct it were a fi'-dollar bill! Dat's de kin' of ways quality like you wants in a husban', Miss Enid—sorter free an' easylife, not so notionate an' partickler about things."

Enid, smarting under the chagrin of her lover's repulse, rather wished Wyckham were less "notionate and partickler."

A few weeks later, the Pearl Harbor catastrophe banished more personal considerations from her mind. America's sudden entry into the war brought her face to face with wider realities. The Crossroads household, practically an annex to Fort Knox, was directly affected, its personnel changing rapidly as one and then another of the Army husbands were sent into active service. She came to realize, in that time of sudden, stoical partings, that the home she had offered them there was more than a mere comfortable roof; it had become the refuge of a brief, precarious happiness, all the more precious because so transitory. The gallantry and rather desperate gaiety of these young wives and husbands roused all the deep sympathy of Enid's nature, and she set every energy to the task of making their time together as carefree a memory as possible.

She had hoped Guinevere, once her divorce was accomplished, might be persuaded to join her at Crossroads, where she was beginning to need more assistance. But Ginnie had other fish to fry. "Really, sister, I don't see how you can expect me to leave dear Papa, now that he has a house of his own to run," she wrote. "Naturally, he needs a hostess for it."

A thriving Red Cross unit had already added itself to Crossroads activities, with frequent entertainments offered for raising funds—imported speakers and singers and other distinguished visitors invited over from Fort Knox; a fortnightly gin-rummy tournament; occasional Saturday-night barbecues,

with dancing in the hayloft of the big cattle barn at the back of the place. Enid modeled these entertainments on childhood memories of such folk festivals, with country fiddlers to supply the music, and the neighboring farm people encouraged to come and mingle with the folks from Fort Knox.

Prizes were offered for very lively competitions between local and imported talent in the way of reels and hoedowns and square dances, such as still survive in out-of-the-way Southern communities, very little changed from the Elizabethan contradancing their forebears brought over from the village greens of Surrey and Devonshire. The younger natives, shy in the presence of strangers, scorned any but the most up-to-date of jitterbugging. But there were certain groups of middle-aged couples in from the surrounding foothills, wearing their decent Sunday black of broadcloth and alpaca, whose nimble steps and smooth-gliding, vigorous grace of movement put all other competitors to shame. Even Enid's remaining house-family, who had formed an enthusiastic troupe of their own to practice country dances in the upstairs hall, had to concede the prize again and again to these native "hillbillies," with whom such folk dancing was a racial heritage.

ENID FOUND all her experience as a hostess of value on these occasions, in which she took a far more personal pride than she had ever taken in the widely publicized Los-sister entertainments; which owed much of their success after all to trained caterers and decorators. Here was a social success that could not be bought.

Often, unwillingly, the thought Wyckham Phelps had suggested recurred to her—who was going to take her place when she left? She might be able to find and train some competent manager for the business part of it; Sam Ellis was an assistant to be relied upon, as always; Miss Eppie could be trusted to keep the School for Wives comfortable and well-fed, so long as emergency housing facilities were in demand—after all, war conditions could not last forever. Gradually the Crossroads neighborhood, once the new vigor she had injected into its old veins slowed down, would lapse into its former desuetude.

Well, and why not? The house itself would be all the better for its quiet emptiness—a place of refuge to return to whenever her spirit needed rest and refreshment. She could hardly blame a man of Phelps' cultivated taste for being unwilling to settle in so simple an environment permanently, far removed from all the things which had been for so long the background of his life—of hers too, for that matter. They would gravitate naturally to New York, with perhaps a summer retreat at the seashore or in the mountains. And always Kentucky, she promised herself, for the dreamy weeks of summer's end, and for this tender, ineffable, soft burgeoning of spring. Theirs should be a good life together, contented, congenial, stimulating.

Yet she wished she could rid herself of the uneasy fancy that she was denying some unspoken claim upon her—Enid had always suffered from an inescapable sense of responsibility. She did not like the thought of playing traitor to all these eager spinsters and kind, aging mothers who were finding belated outlets for long-pent energies. They had helped her far more than she had helped them. She found the company of old people, and of old houses, oddly comforting to a hurt spirit. "Wait, my dear," they seemed to say; "everything passes, everything renews itself, everything finds its place in time. Only wait awhile."

But most of all she would miss the close sisterhood of her School for Wives, those war-shadowed courageous lives which touched hers in passing so briefly, yet with a deep, lasting intimacy. During that winter Enid had come to grips with reality as she never had before. Her house had known the compelling presence of both life and death—one baby, born too soon because of desperate anxiety; another brought to safe delivery before a doctor could be summoned, with the sole aid of Enid herself. These were experiences which left their mark, but which she would not willingly have forgone.

So, while Wyckham Phelps' letters became more and more ardent as the time of her release drew near, Enid resisted the temptation to ask him to return to her—why, she hardly knew. She missed him increasingly, more aware than ever of her own loneliness. She had long since forgiven his excess of caution; he was ready to come to her now, she knew, whenever she chose to send for him. Yet she did not send.

At last, yielding to the ever-increasing pressure upon living quarters near the mobilization camp, she consented to rent even the detached guesthouse to a newly married pair who hoped for a few weeks of happiness together before war separated them. So that's that, Enid thought, without explaining to herself what she meant.

In the early spring, however, a more insistent visitor proposed herself, telephoning from Chicago that she would like to run down to Kentucky to say hello.

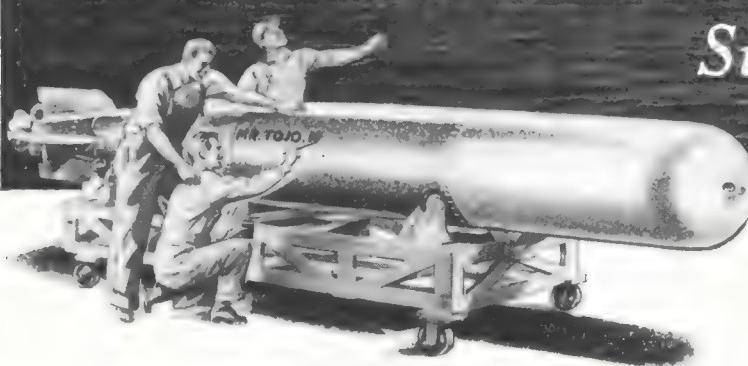
"It would be quite a run, Violet," Enid said drily. "and I have a full house just now. Sorry."

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THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

"Oh, but darling, we really must have a little chat," said Miss Fleming. "I've missed you frightfully. Surely you can squeeze me in if I make myself very small?"

Enid hesitated. It was not in the Sayre tradition to refuse hospitality. She managed it by giving up her own room and retiring to the trunk attic.

Violet arrived by a late bus on the evening of one of the Crossroads barn dances. "What goes on?" she inquired, looking around the lantern-lighted hayloft where a lively hoedown was in progress. "My word! And we'd been picturing you boring yourself to death in solitary confinement! Wyckham Phelps' better mind his eye. If one of those good-looking boys doesn't ask me to shake a foot with him soon, I'm likely to rise up and do it all on my own—like that nimble old party over there."

One of the Negro fiddlers had struck up "Skip to My Lou," patting his foot as he played with such a galvanizing effect that Judge Tandy had been moved to perform a *pas seul*. Catching Enid's eye, he called, "Come, my dear, you be my partner! Mrs. Tandy pretends she has forgotten how."

Enid demurred, smiling, but suggested Violet as a substitute. Nothing daunted, very urban-looking in her tailored tweeds and smart alligator pumps, Violet stepped out opposite the judge, imitating his every step and motion with such skilled fidelity that she was at once adopted with acclaim as a member of the Crossroads troupe.

"This is the life!" she panted, when she returned to Enid. "I begin to understand why Hugh was always so keen about the idea of going rural in Kentucky."

"Hugh was?" Enid said, in a surprised constraint.

"Yes, didn't you know? Always talking about it; tickled pink when you inherited this property. He used to say it was the only place with deep-enough roothold for him and enough clean air to breathe. You know how keen he is about having plenty of ozone around—left over, I suppose, from that time he got so badly gassed in France."

"Gassed? I never knew about that," said Enid.

"You didn't? No, I suppose not. None of the A.E.F. boys cared to talk much, afterward. There seem to be quite a lot of things you don't know about Hugh. Well, 'the time has come,' the Walrus said—'"

Enid interrupted. "Please, Violet! I'd rather not discuss my husband with anyone. Least of all, with you."

"I know. That's why I'm here. You and I are due to have quite a jam session, and no dodging. When is it to be?"

Resigning herself to the inevitable, Enid suggested that her guest might go egg hunting with her in the morning.

"Egg hunting? Surely you keep a hen yourself?"

Enid smiled. "We keep about two hundred hens, but as the demand is ahead of their supply, I am due to take a long drive about the country to see what I can pick up."

"Righto," said Violet. "The longer the better."

Yet when they started off in the cool April morning, with spears of daffodil thrusting up out of every dooryard and pointed, creamy cups of fragrance swelling into bloom on the bare magnolia branches, Violet's usual hardihood seemed subdued. By contrast with the primeval simplicity about them, her city smartness looked artificial and out of place.

"You are like this country, Enid," she said. "Deep-rooted and large and—well, basic, somehow. Trouble is becoming to you, my dear."

"But all this isn't trouble," smiled the other, choosing to misunderstand. "It's been fun. The thing just growed, like Topsy, and it keeps on growing. I suppose I have what gardeners call green fingers—commercially speaking."

"What you've got is guts, my girl. You can take it. I'm glad, anyhow, that you've kept the Daimler," Violet added irrelevantly. "I always liked this old car of yours."

"Then why didn't you keep it yourself?" Enid asked.

I WASN'T asked to, my sweet. As a matter of fact, Hugh isn't giving away anything that ever belonged to you, even the furniture you used—most of the stuff is helping to furnish your father's new establishment. What do you think of Nick's latest venture, by the way?"

"That is another thing I'd rather not discuss, please."

"Too bad! Because we're going to have quite a lot to discuss about it, and about Wyck, and about that cuddlesome charming snake in the grass, your sister."

"Gwinne?" repeated Enid, paling with anger. "Really, we shall have to leave my family out of this, Violet!"

"They won't stay out, worse luck! If Wyck hadn't the courage to warn you, I suppose I must. But first of all, let's talk about me, Enid. What would you think of me as a possible stepmother?"

Enid stared at her. "My stepmother? You can't mean—"

"That canny old Nick is willing to make a red herring of himself to draw across the trail? Fact! Sporting of him, what? He's a better father than you think, my dear. Besides, he hates to let a good thing like Hugh Lossiter get out of the family!" Violet grinned. "So he suggested we give the gossips

a run-around by teaming up. Why not? Who cares? Unless you do."

"But Hugh!" exclaimed Enid. "What about Hugh?"

"One thing at a time. Now the subject is me. How about it? Should you cut your father off with a shilling if we were to marry? Because it wouldn't be worth that to either of us."

Enid's habit of honesty made her say reluctantly, "Violet, you can't realize what you're doing! A man of Father's age—"

"Never mind the age; they're safer that way. I'm nobody's starry-eyed dream girl, myself."

"No woman could feel safe with my father."

"No woman of your mother's sort, certainly," said Violet. "She was a sentimentalist, poor dear, and they're so vulnerable. I'm different. Nick and I understand each other. Oh, I know what you're trying to warn me about—the man's an opportunist, an adventurer, a good deal of a rotter, I dare say. Well, so am I—as who knows better than you?"

"No, no!" protested Enid. "You've always done more than your share—giving me sound advice; helping in every way."

"At a price, my sweet! Do you mean to say you never suspected that I got a rake-off from every shop I introduced you to, every new milliner and dressmaker, every hotel and steamship line? Why, even the servants I found for you—"

"All perfectly satisfactory!" put in Enid, embarrassed.

"Exactly. Motto: 'We Strive to Please.' Nothing to get so fussed about. Just another line of business, like your co-operative affair here. Well, why shouldn't your father and I start a little co-operative? Pooling our assets, so to speak—his special line: the Old Virginia charm; the three beautiful daughters; my rich, gullible and ever-useful acquaintances. We're not getting any younger, you know, and loneliness has its terrors for people like us who live by their wits. Oh, I know the man is a phony; but what an agreeable phony! Always so much the gentleman."

"I'm afraid," said Enid haltingly, "he isn't even that—if you mean in the sense of being an aristocrat. I don't really know much about my father. He sometimes speaks of a family homestead that he calls Cary Hall, but it seems odd none of us children were ever taken to see his birthplace. I'm not sure Cary Hall ever existed."

"I am," grinned Violet, "having pursued certain premarital investigations of my own. The 'family homestead,' my dear, happens to be a charity foundling asylum, near Richmond. Nevertheless, Nick still seems to me enough of a gentleman to take a chance on—any parent of yours would be."

Nicholas Cary's daughter went pale. "Poor Papa! No wonder he's always had to make himself so agreeable, not belonging anywhere." Then a certain poignancy in the other's voice made Enid forget her own affairs for the moment. "Violet," she said, "that's enough bluffing, please. What's all this about? Why have you decided to make such a makeshift marriage? Is it—oh, Vi dear, is it because Hugh has failed you too, as he failed me?"

They drove for a while in silence before the answer came; and then it was not a direct answer. "I don't suppose a woman like you, Enid, straightforward and proud, could understand what it is to have striven and schemed shamelessly all your life for just one thing and then to find that you have missed the boat. I can't remember a time, even when we were children, when Hugh Lossiter has not stood for everything I wanted in life, and meant to have—pretty ambitious for a born 'poor relation,' dependent on the favor of rich connections! But Hugh was always an unsuspicious, affectionate boy, and I made him believe we were really sweethearts, so that he ought not to play with other girls—in fact, he didn't want to, because I made such a boy of myself to keep him satisfied."

"Later, when he began to outgrow me and seek other company, I made myself so useful and entertaining to his silly old dotard of a father that he kept me on salary—not an easy job, that, but anything to stay near Hugh. When his father died, and Hugh left college to volunteer with an A.E.F. flying squadron, I followed him to France; managed to wangle a canteen job behind the lines, so that I was within reach when he cracked up."

"After they let him out of hospital, I thought I'd really lost him. It was a queer, unnatural, feverish time, that postwar year in France. Women have always made a fuss over Hugh, of course, and those Paris harpies were shameless about it—an American ace, handsome and impressionable, turned loose with all that money to spend. It was like flies after honey. I stuck around, though, determined to be within reach when the reaction came, as I knew it would—Hugh was too decent not to be disillusioned by the life he was leading there. I thought he might turn to me again, for sheer relief—as he did. But not until his big collapse. Then—well, he became just my little-boy sweetheart again." Her voice broke.

"What sort of collapse? You mean because of poison gas?"

The other hesitated. "Partly. It was more a case of delayed shell shock, though, complicated by—well, by Paris. You ought to have been told, of course, as your father was. But Hugh

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THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

didn't want you to be needlessly alarmed or watchful of him, knowing your queer dread of illness. The lung condition was not so serious, but the other—”

“Do you mean that Hugh had a mental breakdown?”

“Oh, no, not mental—more nervous. He was like a patient with high fever—unable to concentrate or remember things clearly, and so painfully aware of it, poor boy! The lungs, the doctors promised, were curable, but the whole business would take patience and care and time. That was where I came in, with Wyck Phelps to help. He's a stanch friend, Enid! Between us, we got Hugh into Switzerland till the worst was over and then back to the Lossiter place in the Adirondacks, where his mother, too, had been obliged to live for her health, you know, at various times.”

“No,” said Enid in a low voice, “I didn't know.”

Violet frowned. “Afraid to tell you, I suppose—one of Hugh's nervous leftovers was a great fear of heredity. Fortunately, people can't inherit shell shock, any more than gassed lungs, as I've often reminded him. That was the best time of all. I had him to myself up there, dependent on me for everything, so pathetically grateful. More than grateful.” She paused, as if speech were difficult.

“It was then he became really your lover?” Enid prompted.

“For a while, yes. He was mad about me; wouldn't let me out of his sight; clung to me like a child—to this day he hates being alone. He kept begging me to marry him, knowing there was talk, of course. But he wasn't quite himself, and I couldn't take such an unsporting advantage of him. Afterwards, when he was all right, I kicked myself for having muffed my one big chance.”

“You mean—he got over it?”

The other nodded. “Even forgot it, apparently! That phase had passed—though I suppose I've always been closer to him than anyone else, even Wyck. Until you came.”

“Oh, Violet, I'm sorry! How terrible for you. If it hadn't been for me, he might—do you think he would have—”

“Returned to me again? Not a chance! Nothing so dead as a dead pash-interlude. There's a popular notion,” Violet went on stoically, “that the cosmic urge can't ever be cooled off into friendship. That's the bunk; you see it happening all the time in successful marriages. But the converse is true—once friendship sets, like a mold of jelly, it can never be warmed up into love again. And why try? A nice, companionable working partnership is a whole lot easier to live with. That's why I'm thinking of taking your father up on his noble offer. And I dare say”—she gave her companion an inquisitive side glance—you and Wyck ought to make a fairly good thing of it too.”

“Are you trying to warn me,” asked Enid, “that Wyckham Phelps isn't really in love with me, Violet?”

“Good Lord, no, it's the real McCoy with him, all right! Always has been. He's a one-master dog, like me; like you too, I'm afraid. Only—well, remember about your own jelly mold, my dear! Don't try warming it up—not that I didn't try that myself,” she added frankly. “You weren't offering much competition at the time, and Hugh needed help badly. Only it wasn't my sort of help any more—not even alone in the Adirondacks again. He was too used to having me around—good old sporting Vi, a cross between a nurse and a human safety valve and Old Dog Tray. Oh, no, I was not the one you needed to keep a wary eye on, Enid! You should have looked closer home.”

“I don't quite understand.”

“No? You wouldn't. What I mean, darling, is your sly puss of a Guinevere. Didn't it ever occur to you to notice what a fuss she's always made over her precious Big Brother—always petting and flattering him? Haven't you wondered why she was in such haste to get rid of Vronsky as soon as she heard of your divorce? At any rate, Hugh's been taking his pilot training within convenient reach of Reno, and they've been seen together constantly all winter. Not that it matters to you, I suppose, now that you're planning to marry again yourself. Or does it?”

“I—I don't know,” said Enid tonelessly. The shock of this revelation deprived her of all capacity for thought. Hugh and Gwinnie, her own spoiled, pretty sister! “But Violet, that's impossible!”

“Oh, no, it isn't. Propinquity makes strange bedfellows, my dear. And when a man has a lot of leftover affection on his hands, he's apt to unload onto the nearest receiving station; especially such a clinging, demonstrative young receiving station. Better think things over and be quite sure in your mind before you see Wyck again. It might make a difference.”

They drove on in silence, the impersonal calm of the countryside quieting Enid's troubled spirit. At last she said, “No, Violet. It isn't going to make any difference. Whether it happens to be you or Guinevere Hugh wants now, it certainly is not me. And as you say, there's nothing so dead as a dead love-interlude. I'm sorry I never knew about this old illness of Hugh's. I might have made a more understanding wife. Of course, with such a doubtful heritage on his part—on mine too—it may be just as well that we have no children. But

Gwinnie probably won't want children, and perhaps she'll be able to give him what he needs better than I was, if she really cares for him.”

“Drat Gwinnie! She cares for nothing but her greedy gimme-girl self. She doesn't matter. What does matter is Hugh. Surely you're not going to give him up without a struggle?”

“How can a person give up what she hasn't got?” asked Enid. “And don't forget about Wyck. I owe him something.”

“Wyck can look after himself—Hugh never could,” said Violet. “He was always a pushover for anyone who wanted anything. Don't tell me you're going to let him go, now that you understand about him, Enid!”

The reply when it came was bleak. “It was he, remember, who let me go. I am sorry about Hugh, but what you've told me makes him seem more of a stranger than ever.”

“Look here! You're not holding it against him, surely, that he fell for me during that one queer time of his, long before you even knew him—holding fast to anything that might steady him?”

“No, Violet! I'm glad he had you to hold on to. And I have no right to blame him for clutching at any reassurance within reach. If it hadn't been for Wyck's stanchness . . . That's why, if I ever take any husband again, it's going to be Wyckham Phelps.”

“If you ever take any husband again!” Violet looked at her curiously. “Hmmm! Am I to tell Wyck that when I see him, then? It was Wyck, by the way, who suggested I'd better stop here and clear things up a bit.”

“Did he? That's like his loyalty. He knew how I'd been missing you too. Thank you for coming, Vi dear. But I wish Wyck had come himself. Tell him that for me, will you? Make him understand that even if I have not sent for him it was not because I didn't need him. I do need him, terribly. Only—only women who've had an experience like mine have to be carried off their feet to be quite sure they're wanted, I suppose.”

The other suddenly kissed her cheek, a demonstration rare with her. “I see. I see quite a lot, my dear! Either you or I can qualify as the most hopeless female fool in captivity. But no man's worth being a nun about. Come on, let's go back and do a binge on that innocent brand of dynamite your Cousin Eppie offered me for a nightcap—cherry bounce, she called it. My word! The stuff has the bounce of a kangaroo—and she with scruples against spirituous liquor!”

AFTER Violet's visit Enid no longer found herself able to enter into her chosen occupations with the same single-mindedness. Something had happened to her—the spring, she supposed; she felt increasingly listless as the blossomy mating season warmed into May and June, and still her lover did not come, despite the urgency of her message to him. He wrote almost daily, however, telephoning her whenever there was any excuse.

Once he called from Washington, where he happened to be on some war business, mentioning that Hugh Lossiter was also there, pulling wires which he believed would soon get him an assignment on the fighting front. Guinevere, Phelps mentioned, was also in Washington. If he knew of Violet's possible marriage to Mr. Cary, he avoided mention of it. Apparently they were all waiting for Enid's divorce before a general reshuffling of partners—Hugh with Guinevere; her father and Violet; herself and Wyckham Phelps.

She wished it were possible to hurry matters; the delay was making her edgy. Several times she was sent for by the Louisville lawyers who had undertaken her case locally. Once they questioned her as to the identity of the gentleman who was reported to have come from New York to visit her at Thanksgiving.

“He came to see me, of course, but he did not stay in my house,” she explained, and added: “Mr. Phelps is the man I expect soon to marry, as my husband is quite aware. In fact, it was he who suggested—”

The senior lawyer put up a hand in protest. “My dear young lady! The less said of any such prearrangement, the better. The slightest hint of collusion between the contracting parties might invalidate the entire proceeding before the Court.”

“Do you mean to tell me after all this time and effort our divorce might be denied merely because we both want it?”

“Divorce, madam,” said the other sententiously, “is taken quite seriously in this state. We regard it as a regrettable step, not to be entered upon lightly or—”

“Aren't you getting it confused with the estate of matrimony?” interrupted Enid impatiently. Nevertheless, she found herself more appreciative of her lover's discretion in not running any unnecessary risks.

One hot July afternoon, however, some weeks before the date her divorce was due to become a *fait accompli*, she observed Eff Dee trotting down the road from the railway station, his express wagon filled with imposing boxes: one, long and narrow, suggested a floral offering; another, large and

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square, bore the imprint of a well-known confectioner. Eff Dee was obviously the bearer of glad tidings.

"Yoo-hoo, Miss Enid! Train comp'ny's comin'," he announced. "Gempman gimme a dollah to tote deseyere passels up to de house an' say to tell you, please, ma'am, be waitin' in de parlor, where he kin find you, tereckly."

So Wyckham's discretion had not been able to curb his impatience, she thought, with mingled pleasure and perturbation, and retired to wait for him as bidden.

But it was not Wyckham Phelps who paused at the open wicket gate to look around, slowly and carefully, as if making a mental photograph; his gaze taking in the rejuvenated general store; the wrought-iron sign: CROSSROADS CO-OPERATIVE; the reclaimed cabins behind a garden riotous now with midsummer bloom, clematis draping the octagonal latticed arbor which he remembered no doubt as blue with early June morning glories on his wedding day. He looked little older than he had looked then, superbly nonchalant, with the same air of owning the earth and rather scorning it. Yet Enid sensed some indefinable change in the man—a deliberate effort in his jauntiness, an appearance almost of bravado.

Her usual panic took her at the sound of his familiar voice at the door: "Hello, there, Eph, you old chimpanzee! Still alive and kicking, despite the rheumatiz?"

"Yessir, thank y', Mr. Hugh, I sho is!" came Ephraim's delighted cackle; then the sound of clinking coins, and the deeper voice again:

"Here, go buy yourself something worth while, like a box of cigars or a gallon of rotgut whisky, and get the hell out of here. Hand me those two boxes first, I'll find your Miss Enid for myself."

The panic gave way to amusement at the picture of him burdened with expensive peace offerings. How like Hugh Lossiter to come back to her out of their ruined marriage, bearing his childish propitiation of bonbons and hothouse roses!

"Why, Hugh, it's nice to see you again," she was able to say, with a nonchalance that equaled his. "What brings you down our way?"—which was a foolish thing to ask. She knew, of course, what had brought him; he had come to tell her good-by before going overseas. Fortunately, she thought, irrelevantly, she had learned in her own School for Wives how to face such an ordeal without flinching. Then she remembered Guinevere. No doubt Hugh intended to tell her about that, too.

But he was making a polite remark now about her co-operative venture. "Wyck tells me business is booming. Congratulations, Enid! I never suspected you had inherited your uncle's commercial talents—I'd have been wiser to consult you more about my own affairs. It's nice to see this jolly old family rooftree of yours again," he added. "Something so solid and permanent about it—like your uncle Sayre himself. I keep expecting to see the fine old boy around."

Her eyes misted. "So do I, always. But Uncle Big would find a great many changes here now, wouldn't he?"

"Changes? I hadn't noticed any," said Hugh, with his male indifference to details of background. "Except in you, Enid. Vi's right—you were always lovely, but now—why, you're the most beautiful woman I ever saw! What's happened to you?"

ICAN'T stand much of this, she thought desperately; but said aloud, "Kentucky has a becoming climate, perhaps—soothing to the nerves. People here often live to a ripe old age; usually a fat old age. I've gained several pounds myself. How soon are you leaving, Hugh?"

He laughed. "Here's your hat, what's your hurry, eh? You always were a candid creature; that's one of the things that first attracted me. You never pretend, Enid. But don't worry, I'll be going back to town by the next train or bus."

She wished she need not always blush so abjectly in his presence. "That isn't what I meant at all! What I wanted to ask was: When are you going overseas? Wyck told me you had offered your services to the armed forces—as I knew you would."

To her dismay, his flush was even more painful than hers. She had never before seen Hugh Lossiter blush. "As a matter of fact, I'm not going, Enid. They've turned me down; pronounced me physically unfit for service. Joke on me, what?"

Then she understood the queer, shrinking look in his eyes, aware of a surge of pity for him that was almost nausea. Strange to connect any thought of Hugh Lossiter with pity. "Why, but how absurd! Unfit—you? A man who's always prided himself on keeping in the very pink of condition! And with your previous war experience—why, how could a few years more or less make any possible difference?"

His tension relaxed under the shocked indignation in her voice. "It seems it's not just my age, it's—well, a matter of case history. Once a fellow cracks up the way I did, he's likely to do it again, they say, under pressure."

"You mean because of the lung inflammation? Then you aren't considered an arrested case, after all?"

He shrugged. "As to the lungs—oh, yes, they're practically

as good as new. But the other thing, which was supposed to be just an acute shock effect, seems to have developed into something more serious—hypertension, they call it; the sort of thing that gives people strokes. Ridiculous, what? Say, look here—" He broke off, frowning. "Who's told you so much about my damned health, anyhow? Not Wyck, of course! Nor your father, either—men don't blab. Then it must have been Vi. Good Lord! Women, even the straightest of them, seem to think a given word is just something to throw in the wastebasket!"

Enid said gravely, "Your wife should have been told about all this from the first, Hugh."

"I know—but in that case, she probably wouldn't ever have been my wife." He gave her a sheepish, disarming grin. "Your father agreed there was no use bothering you, since I was such a perfect specimen of health again. Perfect specimen, my foot! Fact is, I was keeping myself fit out of sheer panic, though I didn't realize it till Vi made me go up to the Adirondacks again, under doctors' orders."

Enid steadied her voice to ask, "Is that the reason you began to avoid me so deliberately?"

He nodded. "Give me credit for that much decency, at least! You're pretty hard to resist, you know, beautiful; especially for a man who's married to you. The only way I could manage it was to keep my distance. But I had no intention of saddling you with any more little feeble Lossiter lame ducks, wrecking your health in the process."

Enid said, "The loss of my babies was no fault of yours, Hugh! It happened through my own silliness—trying to ride a jumping horse when I knew better; ignoring the doctor's advice about waiting awhile to try again."

"Damn doctors, anyhow!" he muttered. "They ought to have warned me I wasn't good for anything, in the first place. And a fellow whose lungs are a patched-up job, and whose arteries are likely to give way any time he gets too excited, is not the kind of liability Uncle Sam is looking for, either. No bluffing the Army medical staff! So that's out."

His cheerful voice, combined with that look of stricken, mortified apology, gave her an almost irresistible desire to draw his head onto her breast and comfort him, as she would comfort a hurt child. She said unsteadily, "But surely, even if you're not quite up to combat flying now, they could find some use for a man of your ability and record?"

"Oh, I dare say I could wangle some sort of job in aviation—ground work, or even a flying chance in some other service—in China, perhaps. But there's no blinking the fact that I'd be more of a liability than an asset, anywhere. And I prefer to offer my services to my own country. So I got down to brass tacks with the medical board, to see where half a man like me would be of the most use. They advised against any indoor work; said I'd last longer and produce better results if I kept out in the open air as much as possible. In other words, back to the soil for little Hughie."

"Raising horses, perhaps?"

"No. Raising crops—that's what the country needs and has to have. Also poultry, dairy products, food of every sort. And I'm the fellow that's going to produce."

"Farming the Far Hills property, you mean?"

"Oh, no, not nearly enough room—besides, it's already sold. I'm going in for the thing in a big way, realizing on everything available to invest in land; rich, productive Midwest farming land, in Iowa or Ohio or somewhere else in the Corn Belt. Exciting prospect, what?"

"I think it is exciting!" she said, kindling to the idea; then, hesitantly, as a thought occurred to her: "Have you talked this over with Gwinnie, though? Somehow, I cannot see her adapting herself to life on a Midwest crop farm."

Hugh stared at her in blank surprise. "Gwinnie? What on earth—Oho! So that's what Wyck and Vi were driving at! Good Lord, what will the gossips think up next? It has been a comfort, of course, being with the child lately." He smiled apologetically. "She's like you in some ways; the same voice; the same flower-petal skin. But as for marrying the girl—why, how could I, Enid? Your sister is practically my sister! Anyhow, I'm not a marrying man and never should have been."

They were interrupted just then by a tap on the door and Ephraim's apologetic murmur: "'Scuse me, Miss Enid; 'scuse me, Mr. Hugh, sir! Miss Eppie say to tell you supper's early dis evenin', count of it being' prayer-meetin' night, and her chicken pie's just about ready to pop in de oven, and I done laid you out a clean white shirt, Mr. Hugh, on de bed in Miss Enid's room."

"A shirt? Why, I haven't even brought a handbag with me!"

"No, suh, I done borried it from one of our young house gem'pمن who's just about yo' size, and I lef' you some real hot shavin' water, the way you likes, with a squirt of Miss Enid's violet perfumery to make it smell good."

"Now, that's what I call service!" laughed Hugh.

Enid said, laughing with him, "I'm afraid we do allow the old fellow a good many liberties. But you see, there literally is no other room than mine for you to change in."

THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

He flushed. "You mean I'm expected to stay to dinner?"

"Why, of course—only it's supper, here. Visitors are always expected to stay. You must remember," she said demurely, "that Crossroads is now a place of public entertainment."

No sooner had he disappeared than Enid hurried to the telephone and called New York, rather breathlessly. She was fortunate enough to catch Wyckham Phelps almost at once.

"Wyck dear, something has happened here that I want you to know about."

"I know." Wyck's voice had a smile in it. "Hugh! Fact is, I made him happen."

"Oh, Wyck, I might have guessed! Why? Why have you sent him here?"

"Because"—the answer came very clear—"you had to be quite sure—all of us had to be quite sure, Enid—before too late. I've been suspecting for some time that you could never really belong to me while Loss needed you—as he does now."

"Oh, but I'm not sure, not at all! Anyway, it may be just pity I'm feeling. Oh, Wyck, I don't know what to do!"

"It isn't too late to find out. Take your time. I'll keep."

"Will you, Wyck?"

"As long as I can," he said steadily.

"If you were only here right now to help me decide! I'm going to miss you so terribly, my dear."

"No, you're not; you won't have a chance to," he answered. "I'll always be somewhere within reach, you know, just as I always have been. That is, when Uncle Sam gets through with me. Anyway, you've already decided, haven't you?"

She exclaimed sharply, "Uncle Sam! You mean the Army is taking you, too?"

"Yes, I was luckier than Hugh, poor devil! They've given me a commission—nothing very important, but it's active service, anyhow. Break it to him gently, will you? I'm crossing next Monday on the Clipper."

"Next Monday! Without seeing me again? Then—oh, but Wyck, you are practically saying good-by to me now!" Her voice broke.

"Not on your life. Steady, girl! I'm only saying, 'I'll be seeing you.' Always, Enid."

But deep in her heart she knew he had said his lover's good-by to her the morning he telephoned from Millbury instead of coming back. He had understood her better than she understood herself.

Once again she had to run the gamut of the School for Wives with an unexplained male visitor—fortunately, only two or three of the original number were left to make comparisons.

"Oh, on the up and up!" declared the irrepressible Sally Loomis, maneuvering herself into a seat beside Enid, where she could watch Hugh Lossiter at the other end of the table. "Whoo-ee, but you certainly know how to pick your men! The first one was sweet, but this superb lord of creation! Who is he, anyhow?"

"He's my 'brute of a husband,' dear," quoted Enid, smiling.

"Oops! Well, I'd let him drag me around by the hair whenever he felt like it if I were you," advised Mrs. Loomis. "It would be a pleasure! My Jimmie has his brutal moments too, thank goodness. All really nice husbands have."

But Hugh's lordly qualities seemed in abeyance, as they sat on the gallery drinking their after-dinner coffee after the others had gone—even Miss Epple, who allowed no duties of hospitality to interfere with her Wednesday-evening devotions. The prayer-meeting could be heard in the near distance, filling the night with alternate chant and exhortation.

"The Reverend Archer seems to be giving it to them strong this evening," Enid observed. "I hope he is not disapproving of the gin-rummy tournaments!"

For a few moments echoes of the meeting were lost in the roar of a flight of airplanes winging high overhead, in wedge formation, like a giant migration of wild geese.

"Some of the new Fortresses on their way to the Coast," Hugh muttered, intently listening.

The tone of his voice made her ask gently, "Are those the sort of planes you were training for, Hugh?"

"Those, or anything else that might need flying," he said with a shrug. "I'm using a small scouting plane myself. Left it at the airport at Louisville, not being sure whether there were any available landing facilities hereabouts."

"But Hugh, ought you to be flying, now that you know—"

"What a bad risk I am?" he finished as she paused, biting her lip. "Why not, so long as nobody else shares the risk? But I'm turning the little old bus over to the Army now. We war farmers won't have much need of air travel."

Peace returned like a benediction, after the roar of the great planes had passed. Released fragrances from the garden drifted about them; tree frogs croaked in staccato chorus; somewhere above, the latest community baby woke and wailed thinly for its mother, and was still again.

Midsummer night in bloom. "I'll always remember the old place just like this, Enid, and you as part of it," Lossiter said at last, rising. "Now I'd better be getting that bus to town."

"Louahville bus done been gone 'bout a hour ago," informed the drowsy voice of Eff Dee, hovering as usual within earshot

of comp'ny, with a view to any further largesse that might accrue in the way of fetching and carrying.

"Sorry—you ought to have warned me, Enid! But I suppose there's a late train?"

"Not unless you care to sit up for the morning local. But if you prefer, I could drive you over to Millbury Hotel."

"And come home alone through the open country at this hour?"

"We're not a very perilous open country, and it isn't a very late hour. However, I might take Eff Dee along for protection—that is, if he can keep his eyes open long enough."

"Co'se I kin, Miss Enid! Didn't I stay awake onc't tull mos' midnight, waitin' fo' dat other gempman to go home?" reminded her self-appointed bodyguard reproachfully.

"So you see, there's no real hurry. Hugh"—with a desperate effort she conquered the shyness which so often afflicted her in his presence—"have you looked at any farm property yet with a view to buying?"

"Not yet, but I've got a good land agent on the job who reports several likely possibilities."

"Have you ever thought"—she moistened her lips and began again—"have you ever considered looking for something in this neighborhood? Uncle Big used to say that some of the most desirable farmland in the world was to be found down here in the Ohio River bottoms, now that the government is giving us better flood protection."

He nodded. "Oh, yes. I've always had it in mind as a future possibility, when you and I should be ready to settle down. But not lately, of course," he added quickly. "That's out, too. I couldn't let you and Wyck be embarrassed by having your ex-husband for a neighbor."

It might be easier, she thought, if he would only look at her. But she went on steadily, "Judge Tandy was speaking the other day of some excellent property that has just come into the market adjoining our own land here—you know Uncle Big left me some farm acreage that might serve as a nucleus. And it isn't as if you really were my ex-husband—not yet."

From the background came the voice of her unseen attendant, uplifted in a manful struggle to keep awake:

"Hark fum de tomb come do'ful soun',
Jaybird jump an' jar de groun',
I onc't was los' but now I's foun',
Wash dem dishes an' set 'em all aroun'—"

Hugh said, with a catch in his breath, "Enid, I don't believe you realize what you're suggesting! A woman such as you, who should have her own fine, sturdy sons growing up."

WHY NOT? Neither of us is superannuated." The words were bolder than her voice.

He went on haltingly, as if he had not heard, "Taking on again a husband who has nothing left to offer—oh, I don't mean materially; things have turned out better that way than I thought, though I'm comparatively a poor man now, obliged to work for a living."

"Work," she said, "is the most satisfactory pleasure I've ever tried. I come of a working people, Hugh."

"Oh, I realize you'll never need anyone to take care of you—not me or Wyck or any of us! You've made good," he said, with a new humility that hurt her throat. "But it isn't just that. Wyck's a much better bet all around, believe me; sons and all. I'm afraid you still don't understand that you'd be saddling yourself with a husband who might become a burden on you—not the dying sort of invalid, but the living sort, which is far worse. You, who've always dreaded illness even more than I have!"

"I've grown up, Hugh," she said. "I've learned a good deal in my School for Wives about being a woman. Anyway, it was never illness I dreaded so much; it was weakness. And imagine you becoming any sort of invalid, ever!" she protested. "We simply won't have it, Kentucky and I! There's great vigor in this soil; it's a health-giving sun—you'll see. Anyway—Oh, dear heart, don't you understand that's what marriage means? Not just loving and wanting each other, but helping each other and working together toward the same end; two sharing a load that might be too heavy for one alone."

Once more the near-by drowsy cadence of song rose, died away, began again, like a clock that is running down:

"Oh, lady, doncha wee', doncha mo'—
Gab'e'l's trumpet—
Oh, lady—"

"Poor little sleepy monkey! I haven't the heart to wake him up to go over to Millbury with us," Enid said. "Must I, Hugh?"

He asked presently, lips at her ear, "Just why were we going over to Millbury, anyhow?"

Enid turned in his arms. "I wonder! Unless out of consideration for my lawyers' sensibilities."

"Lawyers be damned!" said Hugh Lossiter. "You come here to me."

THE END



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What's New in Aviation (Continued from page 19)

planes. There are new secret engines and nine instead of eight machine guns in the giant Halifaxes that are destroying Germany, and two 40-millimeter cannon each firing a 2½-pound shell are now mounted aboard the redoubtable Hurricane. The present Consolidated Liberator bomber has new tanks, new and improved motors and better than a 2,000-mile range. Prime Minister Winston Churchill has called it the "V. L. R." which sounds flatteringly like some accolade of British heraldry. Actually it means "Very Long Range"; the initials were conferred when a Liberator operating out of Iceland flew more than 1,100 miles from its base to sink a Nazi submarine.

Little by little we hear of the latest Boeing Flying Fortress now operating, the B-17F. But already in production is the secret B-29. The newest Liberator we know at first hand is the B-24. The

B-32 is more than well on its way. These are the super-bombers which prompted General Henry H. Arnold to say not long ago: "We have a secret weapon or two up our aerial sleeves that will deal paralyzing blows to our enemies." These types of planes and "special purpose bombs" of which not one word has yet been written for publication are responsible for what the staid and conservative Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce recently termed the "mysterious and apparent ease with which battles have been won."

Only a few of the countless thousands of revolutionary departures in flying can yet be told, for military secrecy prohibits. That thousands of metal springs are now embedded in Boeing Flying Fortress tires to prevent skidding can be mentioned; also the fact that radar and similar miraculous electronic devices are in use. We know that fifty rounds of antiaircraft fire can now down an enemy plane.

The last war took an average of 17,000. Only a few weeks ago, the United States Army disclosed mass production of an ack-ack gun effective at 60,000 feet and deadly at 40,000.

Publicity also has been given to the almost medieval suits of armor worn by American bombing crews, consisting of a manganese vest to which are attached squares of 20-gauge steel impenetrable even by cannon-shell fragments. They are being made, incidentally, by the oldest firm of armorers in England. A forefather of the present owner forged King Arthur's sword.

When Leonardo da Vinci designed the first flying machine almost 500 years ago he predicted it would bring "eternal glory to the place of its origin." It brought no such thing to his native Italy. But it has remade the art of warfare and will set the pace of peacetime living in the future.

Grandma Isn't Playing (Continued from page 23)

had seen it, for you could not count that brief moment of her landing when she had been too blinded by love, happiness, bewilderment, weariness and the effects of three weeks of seasickness in an unspeakable steerage to see or understand anything.

She had been widowed at twenty-six. Then life would have been a really grim business for anyone but a woman of Anna Krupek's iron determination. Strong, young, bred to physical labor, with centuries of toiling ancestors in her bones and blood and muscles, she had turned scrubwoman, washerwoman, cleaning woman, emergency cook for as many Bridgeport families as her day would allow. She had fed her four, she had clothed them, sent them to school; they had turned out well, not a black sheep among the lot of them. Sig, the first-born, had settled in the West and Tony had followed him and both had married. Anna never had seen their children, her grandchildren. She had thought to see them next year and next year and next, but she never had. Andy had a farm in Nebraska. None of these three of peasant farm stock had found the rocky soil of New England to their liking. Only Steve of the four had stayed in Bridgeport and had married there.

It was Mae who had stopped the scrubbing and the washing and the cooking and cleaning by the day.

"She's got to stop it I tell you, Steve Krupek! It isn't fair to the children, having a washwoman for a grandmother. When Gloria grows up and marries—"

"Oh, now, listen! She's five years old!"

"What of it! She won't stay five forever. She'll be going to school and everything and the other girls won't have anything to do with her."

"Well, if they're stinkers like that I don't care if they don't."

"You don't know what you're talking about. I know, I tell you. And I just won't have people saying that my children's grandmother is a common washwoman!"

"Just take that back, will you!"

"All right then, Washwoman. An ele-

gant washwoman."

"I can't support two households, not the way things are now."

"What about those brothers of yours?"

"They're having a tough time, crops and prices and weather and all. You only have to read the papers. Five dollars every three months for her would look big to them. Me too, for that matter."

So it was that Anna Krupek had come to live with her son Steve and her daughter-in-law Mae and her grandchildren Martin and Gloria in the neat white house with the bright blue shutters and the garage attached and the four trim tall cedars and the single red maple in the front yard. It was then situated on a new street in what had been a subdivision of the sprawling smoke-etched factory town, but the town had crept up on them. It still was a neat street of comfortable six- or seven-room houses with a garage for every house and a car for every garage. Lawn mowers whirred, radios whanged, vacuums buzzed, telephones rang, beef roast or chicken or loin of pork scented the Sunday noontime air.

Anna Krupek's group of Bridgeport households had been stricken at her abandoning them. "What'll we do without you, Anna! The washing! The cleaning! Your cakes! Who'll iron my net curtains?"

"You get somebody all right."

"Not like you, Anna."

"Maybe I come and help for fun sometime, I don't say nothing to my folks."

But she never did. Mae wouldn't have it. Besides, there was enough to keep Anna busy the whole day through in the house on Wilson Street. Hers was the little room off the kitchen in which Mae had fondly hoped to have a maid installed when Steve's income should soar to meet her ambitions. The maid never had materialized, but the room was a bright neat little box and after Anna's green thumb had worked its magic in the back yard the hollyhocks and delphinium and dahlias looked in at her window.

Anna Krupek had made this adjustment as she had all her life surmounted adverse or unfamiliar circumstance. She missed her independence but she loved the proximity of her grandchildren. When, in the beginning, it had been explained to her that a grandmother who went out to clean by the day was not considered a social asset in Mae's set she had turned bewildered eyes on her son Steve.

"All my life I work." She looked down at her gnarled brown hands, veinous, big-knuckled. She looked at them as you would look at two faithful friends who have served you a lifetime. "I worked you and the boys should have everything nice, school and nice shoes and good to eat so you grow big, like your Pa wanted."

It was not said in reproach. It was a simple statement of fact uttered in bewilderment.

"I know, Ma. I know." Steve was shamefaced. "You been swell. It's only that Mae thinks—we think you've worked hard enough all your life and now you ought to take it easy."

"I got no money to take it easy." This, too, was not said in reproach. The truth only, spoken by a realist.

Then Mae took matters in hand. The children of the people you scrub and wash for . . . same school as Gloria and Martin . . . it isn't fair to them . . . won't want to play with a washwoman's grandchildren . . .

Anna turned and looked at her son and his eyes dropped and a sick feeling gripped him at the pit of his stomach. A little silence beat in the room. Hammered. Pounded. Then Anna Krupek's hands that had been fists of defiance opened, palms up, on her knees in a gesture of acceptance.

"I don't want I should do anything would hurt Glory or Mart. I guess things is different. I been so used to work all the time but maybe I like to play like a lady now."

"Sure, Ma. Sure!" Steve, hearty and jocular so that the hurt look might vanish from her eyes.

She had five dollars each month from one of the four sons, turn and turn about, and usually ten dollars from each of them at Christmas time. Her wants were few. Her neat starched gingham dresses in the house, her black for best, a bus into Bridgeport's Main Street for a little shopping and an occasional motion picture. Ten cents for an ice-cream cone for Glory; a quarter surreptitiously slipped to Mart for one of his mechanical contraptions.

For a time, in her late forties and early fifties, she had felt very shaky and queer, there were times when she could scarcely get through a day's work. But that passed and then a new strength had seemed to flow back into her body, it was almost as if she were young again. There seemed little enough that she could do with this new energy. The housework had become routine, the rooms shone, the meals were hot and punctual, the flowers bloomed in the garden, she even planted some vegetables each year because she loved to tend them and to pluck the succulent leaves and roots and pods.



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A shining car in the garage—two, in fact, if you counted the rickety snoring vehicle that Mart had contrived out of such parts and pieces as he could collect from derelict and seemingly dead motors of ancient vintage. Overstuffed furniture in the living room. A radio that looked like a bookcase. Silk stockings so taken for granted that Gloria never had heard of anything else. Movies. They never walked. They jumped into the car to go down to the corner to get a loaf of bread, to buy a pack of cigarettes at the neighborhood drugstore.

Anna should have been content and happy, but she was uneasy. Here was more of luxury than she and her compatriots had ever dreamed of in the days of the Central European village, even when they had talked of the wonders of the golden New World. Something was missing, something was wrong. She began to be fussy, she was overneat, the two women bickered increasingly. But there was Mart and there was Gloria. Anna drank new life and new meaning in life from the wellspring of their youth and vitality.

Mart, from his fourteenth year, had lived a mysterious life of his own in a world made up of mechanical things that inhabited a corner of the cellar. He was nearly twenty now. Bolts nuts screws rods struts engines fuselages jigs tanks wings presses drills filled his life, made up his vocabulary. Food scarcely interested him except as fuel. He stoked absent-mindedly and oftenest alone and at odd hours, his face turned away from his plate as he read the latest magazine on mechanics. His boyish incisive voice would be heard from the cellar depths.

"I can't come up now. I'm busy. Put it on a plate somewhere, will you, Gram?"

"Everything gets cold."

"Now." When he emerged an hour later, grease-stained and sooty-faced, there was his food neatly covered over and somehow miraculously hot and succulent, awaiting him.

"Is good?"

"Huh? Oh. Yeah. Swell." His eyes on the book, his mouth full, his legs wound round the chair rungs. But finished he would carry his plate to the kitchen sink and scrape it neatly and even make as though to wash it.

"Go away. I do that."

"I might as well learn kitchen police right now."

Suddenly he would grab her, he would twist his lean frame into the latest jitterbug contortions, he would whirl her yelping through space. He would set her down carefully, soberly, and disappear into the cellar workshop where a single bulb lighted the metal-strewn bench.

Breathless, enchanted, she would screech down the cellar stairs. "Crazy fool! I tell your Pal!"

"Madam, close that door. Visitors not allowed in private office of aviation experts."

Gloria, going on eighteen, was a modern streamlined version of her grandmother; the firm chin, the clear-eyed look, the mouth that curled up a little at the corners. Usually her dark hair hung softly to her shoulders but sometimes, busy at some task, she slicked it away from her face and then the resemblance between the old and the young was startling. In shorts or slacks, uncorseted, bare-legged, sandaled, Gloria moved with the freedom of a winged thing.

"Skinny is all the go now," Anna Krupek would say, her fond eyes following the girl. "Your age I used to cry I was so thin, Zyg your grampaw he made fun he said I was like a chicken scrawny, it was then stylish to be fat. Now girls

got legs like boys, thinner even, and on top too."

The two were like the upper and lower halves of a wholesome bread sandwich, and between them was Mae Krupek of the middle generation, a limp lettuce leaf spiked with factory mayonnaise, serving only to bind the two together.

There were plans of great elegance for Gloria. Mae wanted her to attend a private school after she had finished at the high school. "Well, I guess I could swing it," Steve said, "if she wants it. I didn't know there was a place in Bridgeport where—"

"Not Bridgeport," Mae interrupted, and trying to make it sound casual. "There's a lovely girls' school in Boston near Harvard, that Denning girl went there, she married Christopher Houghton, Third, they live in New York."

"You're crazy," Steve said but without heat, as one would state a fact.

"I knew you'd say that. What chance has she got in a town like this! We're nobody. Away at a good school they meet other girls, and they have brothers, and Gloria meets them and she's invited to their houses, week ends and everything."

"Yeah. Only maybe it would work in reverse, see. Gloria's got a brother too, you know. And maybe one these dames would meet him, low as we are, and she might fall for him and then you'd have nothing but a daughter-in-law on your hands instead of What'shisname Third."

But as it turned out they needn't have bothered. The neat white house on Wilson Street began to shake and tremble with the roar of traffic. Trucks, cars, jeeps, buses packed with working men and—a little later—women, all headed for the airplane factory that was two miles distant. Until now it had been rather a modest plant, an experimental thing, really, reached by way of another street. Now it had doubled, trebled, quadrupled in size, its hum could be heard for miles; it was served not by hundreds but by thousands, and you could hardly tell which were men and which women, for they all wore pants and shirts and the girls had their heads bound in snoods or kerchiefs. "Like was in the old country, only not pants," Anna Krupek said interestedly. She followed the news avidly, she read of the country of her birth, of the horror that had befallen it, her kind eyes were stern. "We got to do something. Quick we got to do or is here in America like over in Old Country, people is killed, people is hungry, everything goes in pieces, houses and towns and churches and schools. We got to do quick."

Young Mart did quick. He came in at suppertime one evening with a young fellow in uniform.

"Them wings is pretty," Anna Krupek said. "You get your suit like that, Marty, and I make you embroidery wings on it the way this young man is got."

They had roared at that.

"Yup, I'm getting me a suit, Gram," Mart said. "And I hope I'll have the wings, too. Only they come already embroidered."

The young fellow with him was Lieutenant Gurk, the family gathered that he had been stationed in Texas, he was out at Mitchel Field on some special mission, he hoped to go overseas very soon. He was unloquacious, like Mart. He and Gloria seemed to know a number of people in common, which was strange.

"Gurk," said Mae, pronouncing the name with considerable distaste. "From Texas?"

"No ma'am, I'm——"

"There were some Gurks—let me see—they had a garage and filling station—remember, Steve? We pass it near the

bridge—Gurk's Garage. But of course you wouldn't be re—"

"Yes. That's me. Mike Gurk. That's my father's place."

Mae was furious. She spoke to Mart about it later, after the young man had gone. She addressed herself not only to Mart but to her husband and to Gloria and even Anna, as one who knows herself to be right and expects the support of the family against an erring member of the group.

"I'm upset enough about your being in it, and risking your life, and goodness knows that aviation's the most dangerous—but at least there are wonderful boys in it of the best families, and why you have to pick one like that to bring home, a common mechanic out of a garage in greasy overalls!"

"Hi, you're getting mixed, Mom." His tone was light, but his face was scarlet.

"You could think of your sister once in a while. There are perfectly stunning aviators. This is a wonderful chance for Gloria—and you too, for that matter—to meet the most—"

But he left the room then, to Mae's chagrined bewilderment. Gloria was about to follow him. Then she began to laugh, she laughed as you would at a vexatious but dear child. "Look, cooky, this war wasn't arranged so that I could meet dazzling members of the air force, exactly."

"But it wouldn't hurt the war if you did! And I don't need you to tell me about the war, thank you. I'm doing my share."

Mae was serving on committees, she was busy at jobs that entailed calling people on the telephone or going to their houses. She seemed particularly occupied with the war work which necessitated canvassing the houses in the more impressive residence sections—Brooklawn, the more fashionable end of old South Park Avenue, and the tree-shaded sizable houses on Tolsome Hill. She would return to her own home after one of these sorties her mood gay or sullen depending on what she had seen or heard. She would glance with new eyes at the interior of the house on Wilson Street, and even at its outside aspect.

"Well, I wouldn't have believed it. With all their money, and the place looks like a junk shop. Not even good antiques." Or, with a baleful look around the living room, "Those curtains are dated and stuffy. They don't use that heavy material any more. Chintz, or silk with net glass curtains, or that cream kind of linen stuff, or wool. That's what's smart now. Those old things are hideous!"

Steve's job with the G.E. was a war job now, automatically. He worked early, he worked late, he looked tired and older but he had the air of one who knows that his work is good and useful. Gloria said she was going to be a Wave she was going to join the Wacs, she applied for Red Cross Motor Service, she worked as Nurse's Aide, she gave her fresh young blood to the blood bank; she collected this and that, she was on committees, she grew thinner, her eyes were bigger, but there was a sort of bloom about her, too. She said, "This is no damn good, this is silly, I'm not really doing anything, I wish I could be a ferry bomber pilot, I wish I could go overseas, I wish I wish I wish."

Anna Krupeck was not one to avoid fundamental truths. "You wish, you wish—I know what you wish. You wish you got a husband and baby, that is what you wish."

A look of desperation leaped into Gloria's eyes. "They're all going away, the men. Pretty soon there won't be any to marry."

Quick Trick for Charm— this half minute with Mum!



Don't risk underarm odor! Use Mum every day. It's speedy, safe, sure!

A GIRL may have beauty and brains—she may have a sparkling personality and pretty clothes. But who will stay around to admire if underarm odor tells that she's careless about daintiness!

No one excuses this fault. Even with a daily bath you can't be *sure*—baths only remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* underarm odor it's a very wise



It's good business to be always nice to have around! So start every day right—with Mum. Mum's so quick, convenient—grand when you're in a hurry!



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Mum is so dependable! Summer or winter, Mum works! It prevents underarm odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin, or harming clothes!

Every busy day, every social evening, give half a minute to Mum. Stay appealing, dainty—a girl it's nice to date! Ask your druggist for Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins you need a safe, gentle, dependable deodorant. Use Mum!



Don't gamble with friendships—don't risk underarm odor! Mum is *sure*—without stopping perspiration it prevents odor for a whole day or evening!



Stay Popular through the evening ahead! No underarm odor worries when your charm is protected by Mum. Use Mum before dates—and happy romancing!

Anna Krupek, standing at the stove, stirring something in a pot like a benevolent witch, said comfortingly over her shoulder, "They come back. You wait."

"I don't want to wait."

"Or you go where he is. Like me. I betcha I cried like anything my folks was mad with me but I went where Zyg was across the ocean even I went."

"That was different. You were different."

"Nothing is different. On top only."

Mae confronted Gloria one day. "Who was that man in uniform I saw you with on Fairfield Avenue?"

Gloria flushed but she was unable to resist paraphrasing the classic reply. "That wasn't no man in uniform, that was my beau."

"It looked like that Gurk."

"It was Lieutenant Gurk."

"How did you happen to run into him?"

"I didn't. I telephoned him."

"I thought he was at Mitchel Field, or Texas or—didn't he say he was going overseas?"

"He's being sent to Seattle Washington, first. And then probably Alaska—the Aleutians—up where—" She turned her face away.

"Gloria, I hope to goodness you haven't been seeing that—that—I hope you haven't been seeing him, even with Mart."

Gloria's voice had an even edge like cold steel. "You couldn't call it just seeing him, exactly. I've been chasing him. I've been breaking my legs running after him."

"You must be out of your mind!"

"You never said a truer word."

Mae started to make a thing of it, a family-to-do, with tears, reproaches and name-calling, but then Lieutenant Gurk vanished not only physically but in all his manifestations so far as Mae was concerned because Mart went, too, he wasn't Mart any more he was Martin Krupek of the American Air Force. The psychopathic dreams of a mad paper hanger had reached across thousands of miles of ocean and land and had changed the carefree boy into a purposeful man.

Each member of the family took it in his or her own way. Mae moped and cried and put up photographs of him all over the house, including rather repulsive studies taken at the age of two months. Steve looked older and more careworn than ever, but there was nothing of age or care in his voice when he spoke of him. "My son Martin. He's in the air force, you know. Aviation. Don't know yet whether he's going to be a pilot or a bombardier. Yep, aviation. That's the thing. God, if I was twenty years younger! But it's kids these days. Boys."

Gloria said little. She was working hard in a confused and scattered effort. She was gone from morning until night. She spent her free time writing letters, and all her small change on air-mail stamps.

Anna Krupek went about her business. She was quieter. She was alone in the house now for the greater part of the day. Mae did practically nothing in the way of household work. "My Red Cross," she said possessively as she whisked out of the house, usually taking the car for her exclusive use. "My Bundles Committee. My Drive Committee."

Then a queer thing happened. The neighbors noticed that the house seemed closed almost daily for hours during the middle of the day. Anna Krupek would board a bus after the others had breakfasted and gone. She would return in midafternoon or even later sometimes. "Where were you, Ma? I tried to get the house on the phone and no answer."

"Maybe out in the yard or to the store."

The meals were prompt and good in spite of the rationing. When they complained about meat shortage she said, "We cook *haluski* in old country not meat all the time like here. Morning it would be dark yet, the men would get up and go to the farm, it was miles away not like here in America farmers live on the farm like Sig and Tony and Andy got it good. We would get up too, pitch black, and make the housework and cook *haluski* it was like little noodles only cut with a spoon in little pieces, not like noodles with a knife. And we would put in pot hot with hot stones and we take it out to the men, miles, and they would

sit down to a meal like this, middle of the week. Is it somebody's birthday or something I've forgotten?"

"No," said Anna Krupek, and brought in a lemon chiffon pie.

There was nothing to warn them. When Mae Krupek came home next day at five her mother-in-law was not there. Gloria had just come in, the early spring day was unseasonably hot, there was no dinner in preparation, the kitchen was silent except for the taunting whir of the refrigerator.

"Well, really!" Mae snatched off her hat, ran a hand through her hair and glared at the white enamel cabinets which gave her as good as she sent, glare for glare. "After five! Your father'll be home and no dinner. She's probably gone to a movie or something, or running around with those everlasting points. I'm dead. Simply dead."

Gloria, sprawled on the couch in the living room, jumped up and came into the kitchen. "Well, let's get things started. I hope nothing's happened to Gram."

"Never fear," Mae retorted.

"If it weren't for Gram you'd have to get dinner every day, and breakfast too, and everything."

"And how about yourself!"

"Oh, me too. Sure. I'd like to learn to cook."

"Why?" snapped Mae, whirling on her.

"Well, my goodness, why not?" Gloria said, reasonably enough. "Anyway, Gram's a kind of unpaid slavey around here."

"She gets her room and board and everything."

"So do you."

"You're crazy. I happen to be your father's wife."

"Gram's his mother."

The heat, the annoyance and the prospect of wrestling with the contents of the refrigerator caused Mae's taut nerves to snap. "Oh, shut up!" she yelled, her refinement temporarily cast off like a too-tight garment. Steve Krupek, coming in at the moment, blinked mildly.

"What's the ruckus?"

"Nothing. Dinner'll be late. Your ma isn't home."

"Okay. Too hot to eat, anyway. Wonder where Ma is."

The three stood there in the clean white kitchen with its gay painted border and its polka-dotted ruffled curtains and its geranium blooming in the window-pot. Queer not to see the neat deft figure performing expert magic with pots and pans and spoons.

Someone passed the kitchen window. Grandma Krupek always came in the back way. The kitchen door was locked. You heard her key click.

Grandma Krupek stood framed in the doorway with the new green of the backyard lawn behind her. Then she stepped into the kitchen.

They stared at her, the three of them. It is noteworthy that no one of them laughed. It was not only amazement that kept them from this; it was something in her face, a look of shyness, a look of courage, a look of resolve, a curious mixture of all three that blended to make an effect of nobility.

Then, "Well, my God!" said Mae Krupek, and dropped a pan in the sink with a clatter and spatter.

Anna Krupek was dressed in slacks and shirt, the one blue, the other gray, and her hair was bound in a colored kerchief. On her feet were neat serviceable flat-heeled shoes, in her hand was a lunch box such as workmen carry.

"Hello," said Grandma Krupek inadequately. She put down her lunch box, went to the sink and retrieved the pan and its contents.

Between them Steve and Mae said all

Family Quiz Answers

FATHER

(Questions on page 16)

1. Keystone.
2. Capt. Fred Noonan.
3. A wild hog of the East Indies.
4. New York State.
5. 4 feet 8½ inches.
6. Rutherford B. Hayes. At the counting of the electoral votes it was found that there were conflicting certificates from four different states. Congress thereupon appointed an Electoral Commission, which decided the votes in favor of Hayes.
7. Asphalt.
8. Andrew Jackson. Both his father and mother emigrated from County Antrim, Ireland.
9. Egyptians.
10. Omaha, 1935; War Admiral, 1937; Whirlaway, 1941; Count Fleet, 1943.
11. The harp.
12. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, Pa., York, Pa., Princeton, N. J., Annapolis, Md., Trenton, N. J., New York and Washington.

Questions accepted from L. M. Underwood, North Swanzey, N. H.; Beatrice Taylor, Huntington, W. Va.; Marion J. Steinborn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; James Sledge, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Josephine Maher, Bedford, Ind.; John Slattery, New York, N. Y.; Tom Sawyer, Omaha, Neb.; E. M. Marshall, Hamden, Conn.; Susan Walker, Loretto, Ky.; Anna M. Nietzsche, West Orange, N. J.; Millard S. Hutchens, Owensboro, Ky.

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eat it for their breakfast and it was good."

"Sounds awful," Mae said.

"You yell about no coffee. Maybe once a week we had coffee it was out of barley roasted in our oven, not real coffee like you got. It tasted fine I can tell you. We had only Sunday. Meat once a month, it tasted like a piece of cake, so sweet."

"Well, thank God Mart's getting meat; steaks and things."

"Plenty of food," Steve said, crossly for him. "People bellyaching. Ought to be working. Planes, that's what we need. They could use twice the help they've got. Men and women."

"You betcha!" Anna Krupek said with enormous energy. Then again in what amounted almost to a shout, "You betcha!"

She jumped up from the table and brought in the meat, she had managed to get a ham, juicy and tender, she served with it a hot sauce blended of home-made grape jelly and prepared mustard, it was smooth and piquant on the tongue. It was like a Sunday dinner, or a holiday.

"Gosh, you certainly did yourself proud, Ma," Steve said. "I'll bet there's no other country in the world where a family can



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Albert Staehle

That's why Rationing was born

Few people are crocodiles—they aren't grabbers by intent nor are they greedy by nature.

But it would be easy to slip into the category of the greedy in times like these. And that's why rationing was born—needed things being scarce must be distributed evenly in fairness to everyone.

Less vital things have not been rationed. And only your own Americanism dictates that you buy these

sparingly. Buy only what you need. Give the other fellow a chance.

In the same sense of fairness your dealer may limit you to one bottle of IMPERIAL at a time. And you can see why he might—all of us must help make the present supply of whiskey last longer, now that distillers are making war alcohol instead of whiskey.

Remember—one man's banquet may mean another's bare cupboard.

Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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the things that people say in astonishment, disapproval and minor panic. What does this mean! Have you lost your mind! You can't do a thing like this! What will people say! We'll put a stop to it. You're making a fool of yourself and all of us.

Only Gloria, between tears and laughter, kissed her grandmother and gave her a hearty smack behind and said, surveying the slim little figure in trousers and shirt, "Sexagenarian is right!"

Anna Krupek stood her ground. Quietly, stubbornly, over and over again she said, "I work in airplane factory. Is defense. Is fine. I like. I make plane for Mart. In a week only I learned, so quick."

"You can't do that kind of work. You're too old. You'll be sick."

Anna's was a limited vocabulary but she succeeded in making things reasonably plain.

"Say, in factory is a cinch. Easier as housework and cooking, you betcha." Then, fearful of having hurt them, "I cook again and make everything nice in the house after we fight the war, like always. But now I make airplane for Mart." She just glanced at Gloria. "For

Mart and other boys."

Mae drew a long breath as though she had come up after being under water. "We'll see about that, Steve, you've got to speak to them. You have her fired. I won't stand for it."

"My boss is Ben Chester. I don't get fired. Years and years I work for his ma, cleaning and washing. Ben, he is crazy for me. I don't get fired. No sir!"

Mae's lips were compressed. She was too angry for tears. "The neighbors! And everybody laughing at us! At your age!"

Grandma Krupek wagged her head. "Oh, is plenty old ladies working in airplanes?" She shot another lightning glance at Gloria. "Old ladies and kids too. Next to me is old lady she is getting new false teeth for hundred and fifty dollar! And her hair marcel each week. I save my money, maybe I travel."

"Travel!" echoed Mae, weakly.

But Gloria leaped the gap at last. "Could I get a job there, do you think? Could I do it?"

"Sure thing. Two three weeks you could travel—oh—New York or—uh—Seattle—or—" with elaborate carelessness. "And back."

Soon: An important new story by Katherine Brush

Tommy Meets a Man-hater (Continued from page 45)

Pen came out of the living room carrying two letters. "As long as you're going that way," she said, "drop these in the post office. They'll go out earlier."

"Heck, don't you think the guy has anything to do but read mail?" asked Tommy.

"Mother, isn't he old enough to stop using such terrible language?" Pen said. She added, flushing, "We're supposed to keep up the morale by writing."

"Smarter with John's morale?" Tommy asked. "He acted okay when he was here last week end."

"Don't tease your sister," admonished Alix. "Run along."

"About—face!" Tommy spun on one sneaker.

The houses on Maple Street caught the haze of sunset on wide windows. The lawns were neat and cool. The street was empty of automobiles, but there were occasional bicycles.

Tommy hurried, but on the Phillipses' porch, four houses down, he could see the figures of three girls. Ruth Ellen was there too. She was even worse than Vera; she got such giggling spells she went into a fit.

Pris had no more sense than to rush over and greet them. They called and waved and giggled. Tommy said, "Hiyah," as he loped past in a rather informal retreat.

You ran into girls everywhere you turned. A man never had a minute's peace. He sprinted into the grocery and much to his surprise found his best friend there, buying extra bread.

"Got comp'ny for dinner," said Joe. "Cousins from Cedar Rapids."

"You weren't at school today," said Tommy. "Where were you?"

"I was a sick man today."

"White or whole wheat, Joe?" asked Mr. Arthur.

"Oh, just bread."

"You were scared of Latin," said Tom.

"Naw, honest, I was a very sick man. I had imsommnia all night."

"What's imsommnia?"

"Isn't that what you got when you can't sleep?" Joe appealed to Mr. Arthur.

"Yep."

"Well, I had the worst imsommnia a

man could have . . . Say, how about going to the movies tonight if I can get off from the family?"

"Well, yeah. Okay. If I can write up what we do about peace after the war fast enough."

Joe said, taking his package. "You shoulda picked the Problem of India, like I did. It's easier. Nothing to it."

"I can't change now."

"Just put in a few paragraphs about the four freedoms," said Joe, "off that speech of Roosevelt's we read in class."

They moved down the street together, having counted off by two, right-faced and forward-marched. Now and then Joe twisted a lock of his sandy hair. "I hope I can get away from my cousin," he said, at length.

"What's an ole Sam cousin turning up now for?" asked Tommy idly.

"Her kid sister got scarlet fever and they quarantined Kathy out of the house so she had to come stay with us."

"You can put her in her place," said Tommy.

"I expect to," said Joe, "but Mother says I gotta take her to the Friday night."

"Then we can't go bowling and have some fun," Tommy broke step and said savagely, "Women always gum things up."

"I'll rush for home after a few dances and we'll rush back," said Joe. "Nobody'll want to dance with her, anyway; nobody knows her."

"Well, company dismissed," said Tommy at the corner.

He didn't want to go to the ole Sam dance anyway. It was just a personal favor to Mom. Mom made him go to dancing school and to the school dances because she said she didn't want him to be antisocial. Besides, he was class treasurer and he owed something to his position. Mom was firm on that point.

Generally at these affairs, he and Joe danced a couple of times, then munched on to the bowling alley.

"I don't see how anybody could take so long to go to the store and back," said Alix, as he came in. "Get washed now while we serve."

Tommy made a pass at his face with a damp washcloth and was back at the table. Alix served a soufflé, undeniably

Mae turned to Steve. "Well, your mother won't stay here any longer, that's one sure thing. I won't have it."

"Okay," said Anna Krupek, without rancor.

Steve spoke quietly. "You're staying here, Ma. This is your home."

Anna's face was placid but firm. "On day shift I am through I am home five o'clock. I help you, Mae. You ain't such a bad cook, you got to learn only. I was afraid in factory first, but I learn. Like when I cross the ocean alone to come to this country. I was afraid. But I learn."

She looked at her two hands as she had once before, almost as though they belonged to someone else. She looked at them and turned them as she looked, palms in and then palms out, curiously, as at some rare jewels whose every facet reflected a brilliant new light.

"What you think! I make airplane. I sit in chair, comfortable, I put a little piece in a little hole it should fit nice, and for this I am pay fifty dollar a week." She shook her head as though to rid it of a dream. "Zyg, he won't believe it."

sunken. She sat at her own place. Jim's chair was drawn up at the head of the table as it had always been. Bessie served fresh asparagus from the garden.

Bessie only came two days a week now, since her man had gone to war and left his invalid mother alone with Bessie. "And if I turn my back on that woman," said Bessie, "she has a spell right away."

Pen was in a hurry to get through and go back to the Theta house for chapter meeting. "We need money in large amounts," she told Alix. "We've written every single alum, and all we've got is sixteen dollars. They're giving it all to the war. But if we can't make the mortgage payment on the house, we'll lose it."

Alix said, "You'll have to think of some way to earn it. Too bad to lose your house. After the war, you may need it even more. A good many girls can live there on the scholarships."

After supper Tommy got a couple of apples and went reluctantly to his room to write his paper. He turned on his radio to help him concentrate and heard the war news as he sharpened his pencil. The pen was going to take more work. It didn't go together right. There was a piece left over.

There were a lot of unpronounceable names on the radio. He'd be in some of those places himself someday. He reached for his book on aeronautics, then sighed and laid it down and screwed his face up over the peace. "The first thing is to win the war," he wrote. "After we win the war we come to the question of peace."

He managed a page and a half. Heck, maybe he could think of something to add during the evening. He moved Pris from the middle of his jacket, slipped it on and went downstairs.

"Mom, I'm going over to Joe's. C'n I have next week's allowance in case we go to a show?"

"You already had it last week, dear."

"Well, could you possibly advance me just forty cents?"

Alix hesitated. Tommy's eyes were dark and eager. She opened the stamp box and took out a fifty-cent piece. "How you'll ever learn to manage money!" she sighed.

"Gosh, you ought to see me with the class funds." He pocketed the money. "I won't give out a dime even for a phone

call about the dance hall. I'm a tough baby with money."

"Be home early," warned Alix. "This is a school night." She added, "By the way, dear, as long as you're going out, will you take the knitting manual over to Mrs. Phillips?"

"Oh, Mom!" Tommy's voice was dark with anguish.

"It won't take you a minute to drop it," said Alix. "It's right on your way."

"Why do they have to live on our street?" Tommy groaned.

"Mercy, Tommy, the Phillipses are a very nice family. Even if you don't like Vera—"

"Like her?" Tommy's voice scuttled suddenly across the entire vocal range and ended in a fierce squawk. "Like her? Mom, I personally can't stand girls, and you know it."

"Well, run along. You'll get over it."

"Never," said Tommy, croaking. "Never! Girls get in my hair."

"Something certainly does," agreed Alix, "but it looks more as if birds nested in it."

Tommy grabbed the hideous pamphlet and fled. He dashed up the Phillipses' steps and rang. While he prayed for Mrs. Phillips to answer, the door was flung open and there stood Vera.

"Why, Tommy, how fantastic!" she said, beaming, "Come in."

Tommy held out the pamphlet. "For your mother," he said.

"Come in." Vera's nearsighted eyes squinted at him. She giggled. "There's nobody home but me; isn't that fantastic?"

Tommy choked. "I'm on my way," he said. "Just give this to your mother."

Vera spoke urgently. "We could do all that committed business right here. And," she added wisely, "there's a big piece of lemon-meringue pie left from supper. Isn't that fantastic?"

Tommy wavered briefly. He had fin-

ished supper an hour and a half ago and had had nothing to stay him since but apples.

Vera took his arm, but he pulled away. "Some other time. Be seeing you," he said, and bolted.

He was so relieved at escaping the feminine net once more that he ran. When he got to Joe's house, he was brought up sharply by the unwonted and fearful sight of a girl sitting on the porch steps. "Just like termites," he muttered; "get in everywhere."

He strolled nonchalantly up the steps, not seeing her until he almost fell over her. "I beg your pardon," he said then, in his ultrasophisticated tone.

She looked up. "Someday," she said coolly, "you'll really fall. Concrete meets concrete."

Tommy stared. "Is this the cousin Kathy?"

"Only my friends call me Kathy," she said. "When you call me that, smile."

Tommy's mouth opened and closed. This—this tomato was giving him the familiar razzberry.

She was small and dark and slim, and she wore a candy-red sweater and a plaid skirt and red leather moccasins. She had a red ribbon around her curls. Her eyes were blue.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked coldly. "The postman?"

Automatically Tommy answered, "He always rings twice." He pulled himself together. "I'm looking for ole Joe."

"He's not hiding under the porch," she observed.

In a daze, Tommy went in. Joe was in his room, called the dugout.

"I saw your cousin," said Tommy.

"I can't go to the show," said Joe sadly. "Mother says if I was so sick all day, I'm too sick to go out at night."

"Parents!" said Tommy.

"She says my insomnia might get worse. I gotta make up my ole Sam Latin assignment. So you'll hafta go without me. And I still gotta take Kathy to the dance."

"Okay. I'll ankle along, then. By now."

Kathy was still sitting where he had left her.

"Don't let me bother you," said Tommy with frosty politeness. He added, "What you sitting out here for?"

"I'm thinking."

Tommy stepped one step down. From where he stood he saw her long dark lashes and four gold freckles on her little nose.

"Well," he said, "anybody can think if they want to."

"Thank you," she said scornfully.

He stepped another step down. Her mouth was without rouge; it looked like a mouth, not like a five-alarm fire.

"Why don't you go on home?" she asked. She clasped her hands around her knees. Her hands were brown and firm, and holy cats, without the fingernails dipped in blood!

Tommy's next step brought him to the walk. Well, he wasn't going to be pushed around. "Do you always act so genial with men?" he asked. "Or do I just poison the air for you?"

She looked at him then with her direct dark blue eyes. "I don't even know you," she observed.

"Well, but most girls—" He stopped. Most girls chased you at first glance. He said, "You do too know me. I'm Tommy Carrington. Joe's my best friend. You have to have a written introduction to know who a guy is?"

"All right, I know you," she agreed. She gave him a cool look. "But I do not think you look like Tyrone Power," she said.

"What?"

"Joe told me you're supposed to double for him in private life."

Tommy flushed. "The lunkhead! What'd he do that for?"

"He was simply describing you."

Tommy sat down. "What else did he say?"

"Oh, he told me how you hated women. And how the girls all chase you like crazy. I certainly don't see why."

Tommy's mouth fell open. "Well, for crying out loud!" he said. "Listen, you oughtn't to get a hate on a guy because another guy shoots off his mouth about him."

"I haven't got a hate on you," she said. "I simply don't know you well enough to even have an opinion. I don't like men anyway."

The words fell distinct and separate on the still evening air. Tommy's amazement was profound. "You don't like men!" he repeated. "Why not?"

"Oh, they're always messing things up."

"Messing things up?"

"Always. They just go around being in the way. Like the swimming pool. They get the best days. And the tennis courts. We have them just twice a week. They get the rest." Kathy's voice suddenly quivered. "Is that fair, I ask you? All the days I lose practicing my swan dive and my backhand while some dope uses the pool and the court!"

"Well, that's not my fault," protested Tommy. "I never even saw your old pool and tennis courts."

"You'd take 'em if you were there," she prophesied darkly.

"Girls aren't any good at sports anyhow," he said. "Except Helen Wills and Babe Didrikson."

"I bet I could beat you without running."

"You'd have to show me. How about tomorrow morning? I'll take you on and

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teach you something about the game."

"Okay," she said without much enthusiasm.

He was halfway home before it came to him he had made a date with a girl. Well, it wasn't really a date. He was just going to show her.

Saturday morning, his mother had a few chores for him so he had to explain he was playing tennis with Joe's cousin Kathy.

His mother said, unbelieving, "You mean you're going for Joe's sake?"

"Well, not exactly. She's all alone around here."

"My goodness!" said Alix.

He and Pris went off to pick Kathy up. Otherwise, she wouldn't know where the school courts were.

Kathy was batting balls against the side of the garage. She wore white shark-skin pleated shorts and a cool green top. She had a green ribbon around her hair. She greeted him coolly, but gave Pris a warm welcome. Joe, she said, had gone to the dentist's. She threw balls for Pris, and the cocker flung herself over the ground, ears flying, tail whirring like a top.

They walked to the court in the clear golden light, Pris carrying an old ball in her mouth and trotting happily beside them. Their way led them past the Palace of Sweets.

Tommy had only had five pancakes with honey butter for breakfast, and there was an empty place in his middle. "How's for some chow?" he asked.

"I'm hungry as a panther," she said.

So they went in. They sat in one of the booths, and Pris sat on the seat beside Tommy. Ice-cream rationing was pretty hard for them. Sherbet, said Tommy, was no man's food, and Kathy said nor woman's either. Tony said ice cream was available for growing children, and he'd see.

Tommy's fifty cents, fortunately unspent at the movies, was now brought forth. They had sundaes with caramel syrup, chocolate being out.

Tommy told Kathy about his father being in the war, and she agreed that was wonderful. He told her about Pen and John. She told him about her father, who managed a plant where they made something so secret they made it in parts and put it together behind screens in a secret room.

"Boy, oh boy, that must be exciting," said Tommy.

She told him how her sister had got scarlet fever just at the wrong time, when the girls' team was coming up for the finals, in spring tennis.

"I don't suppose you dance much," said Tommy, licking his spoon.

She looked up. She was holding her dish for Pris to have a good lick. "I had to go to dancing school," she said. "Mother made me. She said I couldn't be anti-social. It bores me stiff."

Tommy dropped his spoon. "Why, that's what my mother said!"

They went out. As they came to the corner drugstore, three of Tommy's classmates emerged.

The boys stared at Tommy and at Kathy. Tommy tried to resemble the Great Stone Face, but his ears were red. "Hiyah, woman hater," said the first boy.

"Well, look who's out!" said the second, and the third, in an undertone to Tommy: "Nice hunk of meat you got there!"

Tommy wiped the perspiration from his face as they rounded the corner. He stole a look at Kathy. She hadn't heard, evidently. But the tone of approval in the voices of his friends made him look at her closely.

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Actually, when you boiled it down, she was quite a girl. Her eyes and hair and the way she smiled—and besides that, she never giggled or made those cooing noises. In the white shorts, she looked slim and cool, and she swung her racket easily and without putting on airs.

Possibly it was his confusion that gave her the first set straight. She went all out for the game; never stopped to powder her nose or fix her hair. She played tennis. And how!

Tommy pulled himself together and took the next set, but it was no walkaway.

"You play a swell game," he said, as they changed courts.

"You're hot, too," she admitted.

The third set went on a long time, Tommy finally just managing to save it. They were pretty hungry by that time, and Tommy said wistfully, "If I had any allowance, we could get hot dogs now."

Kathy took a handkerchief from her pocket and held it out. "I got thirty cents tied in the corner," she said. "Let's eat."

In the diner, they saved themselves from starvation. Pris was saved too. She had a gift bone from the boss.

In some mysterious fashion, they were at the lake in the middle of the afternoon, Tommy borrowing Pen's bike for Kathy.

The rest of the gang was there too: Vera Phillips giggling and splashing and pretending to drown, the way girls did; Margery squealing and acting like Dorothy Lamour in a sarong. Joe sat on the float. His face ached, he said; the dentist bored right into his jaw filling a cavity.

Kathy swam. Tommy followed her to the diving ladder. She looked very little standing at the top, her arms an arc over her dark curls. She went down like a shining arrow and came up far out.

"Tommy, help! I'm sinking!" screamed Vera.

Tommy swam after Kathy. Joe had to haul Vera out or let her go on and sink.

Kathy said, "You dive better than I do. Maybe you could help me improve my form. Sometimes my timing is off."

"Well, I'm no ace," said Tommy modestly.

In the late glimmering afternoon they walked home, Tommy swinging the wet suits over his thin arm. All the shadows were long and dreamy. The sun was a lake of gold over the hills.

"I was just thinking," said Tommy, "it's kind of too bad you got such a hate on men."

Kathy looked at him, his shining damp hair, brown eager eyes, quick mobile mouth. "Oh, well," she said, "maybe I don't exactly hate every man in the whole world. Some might be okay."

Tommy said, "Long as neither of us got any more hard money, let's stop at my house and get something to eat."

"Well—if your mother won't mind."

"Mother mind? Oh, Mom can take it." He ushered Kathy into the living room and went to the kitchen. Alix and Pen were both there, slicing potatoes for a casserole for the church supper.

"Anything around to eat?" asked Tommy.

"I don't have a minute," said his mother. "We're late. Pen had to help me out; the supper's at six-thirty. You might help too." She looked at him. "Where in the world have you been all day long?"

"Mom, I got a guest in the other room," he said. "I been busy with this guest all day." He opened the icebox door. "I got to feed a guest I invited, don't I?"

"Oh, dear," said Alix. "Why should you boys have to eat an hour before supper?"

"This isn't a boy," Tommy explained. "It's a girl."

"A girl!" Alix dropped the paring knife, and Pen let a potato plop into the water.

"It's Kathy, Joe's cousin."

"You can have the hot nut bread just out of the oven," said Alix, and added recklessly, "with butter."

Alix and Pen both went in to meet Kathy, who was on the floor playing with Pris. Then Alix fixed them a tray, and Pen nobly made hot cocoa. "It'll kill them," she said, "but this is the very first guy he ever let inside the house, Moth."

Tommy, coming for the tray, froze in his tracks and then spoke coldly: "I guess a person ought to be polite to a person's best friend's cousin."

"I think so too, dear," Alix agreed. "And she seems like a nice girl. Pretty and sensible."

Tommy picked up the tray. "Mom, I need a new suit for the dance. Can we afford it?"

"Isn't your old suit all right?"

"No," he said, "it was okay when I just horsed around with the guys. But I got to take Kathy this time. You see, she hates men and I got to work on her. Otherwise, she'll just be antisocial all the rest of her life."

There wasn't a sound from the kitchen as he left with the tray.

They ate out in the yard, and then Tommy remembered an errand he had to do over at Joe's, so he walked home with her. Vera Phillips and Margery Brown were on the Phillips' porch, and they called and called, and Kathy said, "What's the matter with them?"

"Aw, they're just like all—they're just the way they happen to be," said Tommy.

A demure smile hovered on Kathy's lips.

The first supper lights were being turned on, and light still came from the sky too. The lovely blue twilight flowed from the hills outside town and came over Maple Street.

Tommy said, "Why don't you get your folks to move over to this place?"

"Well, I don't hardly think they would. The house and all. I mean—why should they?"

"You could go to Riverview High, and it's the best school in the state."

"We-ell," she said doubtfully, "I don't think that they'd do it."

"But if they don't, you'll be going back after a while."

"Yes, I guess I'll have to."

"It would take me a long time to help you with your dive. Ought to work on it a lot. All summer."

"Oh, Tommy, you know I'll just have to go when they send for me. Even if I wanted—"

Tommy swallowed. "Well." He straightened his shoulders. "Of course I'll be going away too before very long. Soon as I'm through high. But it is kind of swell, like you take John, he's got Pen waiting at home for him."

"But she's his girl." Kathy's voice was very soft. "She knows he's coming back to her." She looked at Tommy under her dark lashes and said, "You really do."

"Do what?" asked Tommy.

"Do look like Tyrone Power."

Tommy drew a long deep breath. He expanded all over. "You could be waiting for me."

"Where are you going to be, Tommy, after you get through school?" she asked in that soft dreamy voice.

Tommy looked at her in surprise. "Where else would I be but with the Marines?" he said.

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"Where's Sammy?"

(Continued from page 51)



In falling, my hand hit a sharp rock. The cut began to bleed rather freely, but I was so relieved to be ashore that I ignored it. Besides, things were happening. Officers were bustling about in the half-light, rounding up their detachments. It appeared that three of our men had drowned in the landing, but before we had time to think about that Colonel Salzman's voice sounded, loud and clear.

"Dig in!"

I took off my helmet and began scooping a hole in a section of the sand that wasn't too rocky. When it was big enough to fit me, more or less, I sat in it and dewaterproofed my gas mask, which I had protected against the trip in by taping up the canister and putting chokers around the mask's hoses. Then I took the rubber sheeting off one of the Graphics and the other utensils in that package, and found that everything had remained dry as a bone. Then—

"BOOM!"

A red-hot shell arched out of Fort Blondin, half a mile south of us, and spiraled out to sea.

The French were going to fight us.

An incredible scene opened. The first shell from Blondin was still in the air, cutting an endless scar across the graying sky, when the fire was answered. Two yellowish-red salvos came in from the sea like the hot prongs of a great fork and bit into Blondin and the immediate vicinity with a roar that shook our beach. Our ships were not going to fire the first shot, but were they ready to shoot the second!

Blondin was silent for three minutes. Then it reopened fire with rather heavy guns. Our distant and invisible ships let loose with everything they had. Their broadsides formed a weird rainbow that reached from the hot orange mouths of their big guns all the way in to the beach. It was a span of about ten miles, and at our end of the rainbow, or rather, Blondin's end, there was now smoke and flames and twisted things flying through the blaze.

But Blondin kept firing. The cruisers must have thought their calculations were wrong, because they began "ranging" the beach. Our bunch just had to lie there in their beach holes, watching the cruisers lob their salvos nearer and nearer to us, searching for Blondin. It is a terrible thing to watch something like this approach you. It is so damned scientific and cold-blooded.

The fire of the cruisers advanced down the beach to within a hundred yards of where I pressed myself face down in the hole I had dug. I couldn't look at the shells coming in any more. I just lay there, sensing the next one, then hearing it coming.

But when the shells burst they weren't as bad as I expected. I looked up for the next batch. The cruisers' guns were



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sweeping back toward Blondin. And soon no more was heard from the French fort.

It was quite light when the firing stopped, and when I came up out of my hole I saw a bereted French civilian being brought down the beach under guard. Every few steps he'd yell, "Vive l' Amérique!" and wave his arms.

The battalion's translator wasn't in sight when the French civilian reached Colonel Salzman. So I substituted and put to him a lot of Colonel Salzman's questions about military works near by, especially at Blondin—which we were scheduled to attack.

While we were talking, a wounded French marine from Blondin staggered down the beach, also under guard. He was of much more help. He was followed by a few more marines, none of whom could speak English. But in a short time Colonel Salzman knew all he wanted to know about the French fort. It could be taken, he decided, without further naval support.

The French marines and the civilian were munching our chocolate and telling us something about the German Armistice Commission, whose headquarters was in the adjacent town of Fedala, when we heard and saw a plane racing at us. It was very low, maybe forty feet above the sand. It looked like one of our Army pursuit ships of about 1937 vintage.

Colonel Salzman raised his binoculars. Then he hollered, "Scatter!"

Fedala is a rocky beach, but you know how it is when you have to find something in a hurry. I made a head-first dive behind the first rock I could find. It was about the size of a damned football. The sand around us was now being thumped as if by a vicious hail.

It was a French pursuit, American built. When he was about forty yards short of us, and about twenty feet off the beach, I sat up, put my Graphic to my eye and got a shot of the bum. I'd sure like to know what ever became of that picture. I suppose it was junked later on by the censors, Faux Pas Department.

Colonel Salzman got up from behind his rock, picked about fifty of his men and started for Blondin, working away from the beach in order to attack the fort from the rear. Smitty and I followed them.

Blondin had been silent for some time, but now as we came within 200 yards of it the fort opened up against us with machine guns, and we had to hit the dirt. Our gang replied with mortars, then charged with bayonets when the fort's machine guns were silenced. There was little resistance, once our boys moved into the place.

Blondin was confusion itself. About seventy dead Frenchmen lay around the brilliantly sunny compound that Sunday morning. More Frenchmen were propped against the walls or lying in the shade, attended by quiet, shocked buddies. I roamed around making pictures of them and the tattered French guns. There was a line of prisoners to photograph, and to talk to. The enlisted men among the prisoners seemed friendly, but the officers were cold, proud and severe-looking. Many hid their faces.

A wounded enlisted man attending a badly wounded buddy heard me speaking French. He called me over and showed me a shrapnel hole in the abdomen of the man on the ground, a French sailor.

I had three shots of morphine on me, so I gave him half a shot of one of the tubes, taped the tube to him and told his friend to squeeze in the other half of the stuff if he regained consciousness.

The enlisted man bowed his head suddenly in great weariness and despair. He said, "I was wounded by the Germans

when I tried to keep this place French. Now I am wounded again, trying to keep it what it has become—German. My God, where is the sense in this!" He reached in his pocket and pulled out a metal flask of cognac.

"I am grateful for the morphine you gave to my friend," he said gently, and handed me the flask. I was grateful too.

Anfa Hill is a neighborhood of Casablanca given over to lavish and semi-lavish villas built around the modernistic Anfa Hotel. About the tenth of January a rather large camp, tented, was marked out on the flat ground beneath the hotel. Telephone wires were strung up the hill, and a considerable amount of barbed wire was trucked up that way. I thought it was to be used in connection with the camp, but then I noticed that the barbed wire was being stretched all the way around the hotel and a number of the villas, encircling a large and innocent-looking area. But the ways of the military are often strange and deluding. Besides, I was going home, and I felt so good about it that I went to the Excelsior Bar to celebrate.

Well, I was sitting in the Excelsior when in walked Mike Reilly.

That may mean nothing to you but it nearly knocked me off my chair. Mike is head of the White House Secret Service men. Two other hand-picked guardians of Franklin D. Roosevelt were with him.

"What the hell are you doing here, Mike?" I asked him.

Mike looked around the bar and said, "Come on." I followed him over to a corner.

He looked at me very severely. "Sammy," he said earnestly, "if you so much as open your mouth that you've seen us, by God, I'll have you shot. No, I'll shoot you myself."

That was his answer. For a time I was too weak to stand up. I had a tremendous story in the palm of my hand, so tremendous that if anything went wrong—and plenty could because German bombers were only a few hours away—the very course of world history could be changed.

I didn't sleep much that night. I was the only photographer in Casablanca—and here this thing was being handed to me on a silver platter.

In the morning I found that General Keyes was the man issuing passes to get up on Anfa Hill. I took a seat in his outer office. He was in conference. After half an hour General Patton came out.

"You're up early, Sammy," General Patton said, eying me sharply.

"Oh, I thought I might make some pictures up around Anfa Hill," I said.

Patton didn't bat an eye. "Well," he finally said, "the Sultan is coming down some afternoon to inspect our antiaircraft guns. That ought to make a nice picture for you." He started for the door, but stopped and turned on me with a look that pinned me against the wall. "But don't even think of taking any other of your damn pictures!" he roared.

General Keyes saw me after that. "No," he said, and I was out of his office before I was fully in. I felt pretty low. I wasn't getting to first base.

Walter Logan of the United Press must have got wind of something. He showed up in Casablanca the next day and the first thing he said when he saw me was, "Something's going on around here, Sammy, and I have a hunch that you know what it is."

I looked either dumb or frightened. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't kid me."

"I don't know anything," I said.

"Well, I will before this day is over," Logan said. And he started out for Anfa

Hill. He didn't get very far up the hill. He was stopped and a G-2 man told him, very politely, that if he were seen again in that neighborhood without permission he would be shot.

Logan and I sat around biting our nails for another day. But on the evening of that day a PRO man told us to be ready early next morning because he was going to take us on an all-day trip.

I said I was going to be sick tomorrow. He smiled with the right kind of smile and said, "I wouldn't be, if I were you. You might miss something pretty big."

So the next morning Logan and I piled into an Army truck, but I still had misgivings until I noticed that we were going up the hill. We passed through the barbed wire around the thick neck of the slope and came up on a road at the top. And there, stretching out for perhaps a quarter of a mile, was a caravan of almost every type of motor-driven vehicle, including jeeps, armored troop cars, General Clark's ancient Cadillac, many staff cars, a few tanks, half-tracks and motorcycles.

We parked there a while, all eyes. And while we waited a great cloud of American war planes of all types swept over us, turned and swept back. Whatever this was, they were part of it.

From a distance I saw Harry Hopkins, unmistakably rumpled, climb into a staff car from the side of the road. I got glimpses also of Admiral Ross McIntire, the President's physician, Captain John McCrae, the President's Naval Aide, Avrill Harriman, the Lend-Lease Administrator, and Captain George Durno, who covered the White House for years before entering the Air Corps.

The long line of cars began moving. We rolled down the hill, picked up the road that ran past Fedala, went through Rabat on the fly and came to a halt a few miles outside that city. From our truck I could see that preparations had been made for a grand review. Thousands of men and their equipment were lined up on one side of the road.

The truck I was on kept rolling after the other cars stopped, and pretty soon we were up near the head of the column.

And there he was.

He had on a gray pin-striped suit and his battered old gray fedora, pinched together at the crown, as always. The truck stopped about fifteen feet from him as he was being helped out of General Clark's old Cadillac and into a jeep. I waited until he was settled and made a couple of quick shots of him talking to the proud driver, Sergeant Oren Lass of Kansas City, and the other men around him. I worked as fast as I could, as if he were a mirage and might disappear. I had my eye against the sight when I saw he was looking up at me. A big grin spread over his face. He waved his hand at me and said, "Hi, Sammy!"

The jeep swung around our truck, got in line between a Secret Service and an armored truck and swept down the road. Our truck went after it; sometimes we got ahead of him, sometimes behind him, as he went past our boys and their lined-up fighting tools.

His review of our men and their might, so damned far from home in a land that was still full of danger, was the most thrilling thing I've ever seen. Our lined-up boys had no idea that it was he who was going to look them over. They knew that somebody important was coming by, but they thought it was just another French general or North African potentate. If I live to be a thousand years old, which I may not, I'll always remember the look on their faces when, staring straight ahead, they saw the President of the United States riding by in a jeep.

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THE GIRL: The feminine way? What feminine way? I always thought a soap that removes body odor effectively had to have that strong, "mannish" smell!

US: Not this one, darling...here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented...and daily use actually stops all body odor! Here, try it...



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THE GIRL: It's marvelous, it's true! Look at those creamy suds...and that perfume—mmm—smells like \$20-an-ounce!

US: That, you'll be happy to know, is the famous "fragrance men love"! And we repeat, not even the strongest "mannish" soap can get rid of perspiration better than complexion-gentle Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: Hope I feel as full of oomph tomorrow as I do tonight...there's a certain Someone I'm going to "accidentally" meet on the beach!

THE GIRL: My goodness gracious, I never heard so many pretty speeches! Does Cashmere Bouquet guarantee compliments like this all the time?

US: You attract the compliments, dear girl...Cashmere Bouquet just insures your perfection in the close-ups by guarding your daintiness!

THE GIRL: B-but, my feminine instinct tells me the next pretty speech I hear is going to be a proposal!

US: Well, good luck! You'll hear it if you remember the lucky secret of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!



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"Holy Pete!" a bug-eyed soldier in the rear rank whispered in an awed tone.

About noon, he was driven into a field where a mess had been set up and took his place at one of about twenty small wooden tables that had been placed in the open. Generals Clark and Patton and Harry Hopkins sat down with him on the folding tin chairs and they had lunch.

When he had finished he looked around a moment and said, "Where's Sammy?" I got up from my table not far away and when he saw me he wagged a finger at me. I went over and shook hands with him.

He was very friendly. "How are you standing up under the punishment?" he asked me. I told him okay, and then he told me that he had heard that I had been of help at Fedala on the morning of the landing. I told him that it was a pleasure, which it was.

I developed and printed my pictures the rest of that day and turned them over to the PRO about nine o'clock that night. The officer in charge looked them over more or less approvingly and said, "It might be a long time before these see the light of day, but don't worry, they'll get printed someday. And they'll be only part of the story. Show up tomorrow morning at ten o'clock at the entrance to Anfa Hill."

Promptly at ten o'clock I was passed through the barrier and sent, under guard, to Villa No. 2. My guard walked me around to the back lawn where a number of chairs had been set out and told me to wait.

And then, out of the villa and into the perfect sunshine walked a photographer's dream. First came General George C. Marshall, then Admiral Ernest J. King and General H. H. Arnold, Admiral Cooke,

Vice Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, General B. B. Somervell, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, Lieutenant General Sir Hastings Ismay, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, General Sir Alan Brooke, Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, General Sir Harold Alexander and a dozen lesser lights. There must have been a ton of gold braid glinting in the sun.

When they were all on the lawn the President came out, and behind him walked Winston Churchill, puffing a black cigar and looking very pleased about something. They took their seats.

"All right now, Sammy," the President said.

I was the only photographer there. I gave that incredible array the "Turn this way," the "Look at the harbor," the "What about a big smile?" and, of course, "Just one more."

I didn't know it at the time, but a mob of reporters and photographers were within a few yards of us while I worked. They had been flown down from Algiers for this occasion, but their guides got the signals mixed and took them to the Anfa Hill Hotel.

When I came back the boys jumped me. They had found out about the President's being there, and knowing of my little connections with him earlier, they thought I was pulling a fast one on them.

So I said, "Oh, what the hell, I'm a pool photographer. Everybody gets what I shot," and I had a sudden ache for the good old days when what you shot was your own.

The boys cooled off soon enough, and everybody was invited to visit Anfa Hill the following morning.

Four chairs sat on the green lawn behind the President's villa when we arrived and I said to myself, "Oh, oh, the

Old Man is staging something." He certainly was. He came out of the villa with Mr. Churchill, after a time, and saw to it that the Prime Minister took the end chair on the right and that he himself sat down in the chair that was second from the left. And when they were seated, out came Generals Giraud and de Gaulle. They sat in the empty chairs.

Roosevelt would have made a great picture editor.

He let us bang away at the four of them for a short time and then he whispered something into the ear of each French general. Each looked a little dubious, especially de Gaulle. Giraud got up first, and then the towering and gloomy de Gaulle stood up. The Frenchmen shook hands suddenly and sat down again.

It all happened so quickly that many of the fellows missed the shot. So I asked the President to get them up again. He laughed and explained to the Frenchmen what "Just one more" meant. They went through the ceremony again and de Gaulle even managed a smile. Then they left.

"Come a little closer and sit down on the grass," the President invited, and when the boys were all around him and Churchill he read a statement on what had been happening at the conference. Every once in a while Churchill put in a word.

When he had finished the President said, "Now, gentlemen, I'd like to meet all of you, and so would Mr. Churchill." There were about thirty of us. We formed a line and introduced ourselves to the President, who in turn introduced us to Churchill. When it came my turn the President let out a laugh, and while he was shaking hands with me he turned to Churchill and said:

"And this is Sammy."

Churchill took the cigar out of his mouth and said, "Oh?"

The President explained to him that we had been on a lot of trips together; that I had a record for missing trains, and that once he'd had to order a train stopped because he saw me running down a station platform trying to catch it.

Later that day I learned that I had a seat on a plane going to Marrakech on the first leg of the long, uncertain aerial trip back to the United States. The seat was for January twenty-sixth. Then, within an hour after learning that, I found that I didn't have a seat. The pictures, the PRO said, would be released February first and nobody would be allowed to leave Casablanca before then.

I found Colonel Elliott Roosevelt and asked him to get me a special dispensation to leave. I got the happy inspiration of the matter of captions. "I took most of the pictures, Colonel," I told him, "and if I don't get back to Washington and straighten out the 'left-to-right' on them they'll be all balled up. You don't want that to happen, do you?"

It turned out that he didn't want it to happen.

In Washington, I worked for hours with Army, Navy and OWI men. They selected twenty-six Casablanca Conference and Presidential military review pictures. I had taken twenty of them. Not only that, I had beaten the President back to Washington, and once again I had the hefty task of keeping my yap trapped.

But the lid was off in a day or two. And the pictures? Knockouts.

THE END

The foregoing excerpts are highlights from the book of the same title to be published shortly by Random House

September Still Hath Thirty Days

One foot in August,
And one in October;
Not legally tight,
But not morally sober;
Too hot for flannel,
Too chilly for linen,
A month people turn on
Their dearest of kin in;
Should your mate run amok
And your torso dismember,
It's not lack of affection,
It's merely September.

OGDEN NASH



BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

This whisky is distilled by us only; and we are responsible to its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.

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*There is nothing
better in the
market*

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

PRESENTING

The Beautiful Duckling
... TOAST OF THE TABLE



She always was one of the most popular of the smart Long Island set, but, since point rationing began, people everywhere are taking her up enthusiastically. Of course, she is a bit plump—but the Inner Man likes her that way. With a corsage of parsley on her oven-tanned bosom, she makes a pretty sight on the table. It is my privilege to introduce her, because, if I do say so myself, I enjoy the companionship and society of all fine dishes.

I, Budweiser, usher in the appetizers. My flavor brings out their flavors. I present the fish course to our host and see that the vegetables get a warm welcome along with the entree.

I can be at your service, too, at mealtimes. Just call for me. Even with a few simple sandwiches, I am always ready to demonstrate how I can make all foods taste better.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Food's Favorite Companion



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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

stayed with her all the way down Fifth Avenue in the cab. And then it went away.

It wasn't Pete's fault that he'd picked the little French restaurant where she'd suffered through all those strained, miserable luncheons with her father, nor that the smiling waiter recognized her and led them to the table Rick had always reserved. But the familiar menu, the same mottled shade on the squat lamp brought it all back—the stiffness in her body, the clumsy efforts to keep the conversation from falling into one of those dead pockets. Even Pete's face changed. The gaiety went out of it and he looked anxious and bewildered.

She tried to reach out to him, but the table was a great white gulf between them. She thought everything was ended. When this was over he'd go away and she'd never see him again. She'd never have a chance to tell him that she'd loved him so much her heart had tried to hide behind every shadowy ghost from the past.

And then they were out in the street. At the corner the wind toppled her back against his shoulder so he had to put his arm around her to keep her from falling.

Linda laughed breathlessly. "I almost broke your arm, and we haven't come to splints yet in my Red Cross course."

The look he gave her was puzzled. "It was worth a broken arm if you've forgotten why you were hating me back there."

"I wasn't," she cried. "I—I—" She groped helplessly for an explanation. "It was just that I'd been there before with someone when I was unhappy and I kept remembering."

"I see. And I thought you were too young to have a past." She wasn't sure what he meant because his voice was too serious to be teasing.

"Would you come for tea?" she asked quickly. "At Cam's—because the twins are having a birthday."

He snatched her out of the path of a speeding cab and said, "You go too fast in all directions. Who's Cam? And who and what are the twins that they have tea for their birthday?"

"They don't really. They have hot chocolate. We get the tea. And they're my brother and sister, Dickie and Carol. They're ten. Cam is my—my stepmother, so they're only half brother and sister, but they're wonderful."

"They would be," he agreed. "What are we waiting for? I love birthdays."

On the way up town she told him about Cam and about the good times they'd had when the twins were little and they were all together. But she didn't tell him about that other time, just before the divorce, when Dickie had been so sick and she'd waited all night with Cam outside the closed door while the doctor and nurse worked over him. Sometimes she waked in the night remembering Cam's face, bleak with suffering, her eyes dark with the pain that had never completely gone away. That was the night Rick hadn't come home until dawn because he'd been with Dee Laurie.

"My own mother died when I was four," Linda explained. "So Cam was someone special." So special that she'd cried for weeks after the divorce because it didn't seem fair that the twins should go with Cam and she should have to stay.

The twins welcomed them boisterously. Over their red heads Linda met Cam's eyes and knew she had understood. "This is Channing Prescott," she said. "Only people call him Pete."

Dickie considered him seriously. "That's good," he said, "because Channing isn't much of a name."

"Dickie!" Cam protested.

"But it isn't!" Carol flew to her twin's defense.

Solemnly Pete shook hands with each of them. "You're quite right," he agreed. "That's why I named my own son Bill."

Linda's hand froze to the cigarette box she had started to open and she sat down too quickly because suddenly she didn't seem to have any bones to hold her body up.

Dickie took over the duties of host. "Perhaps you'd like to see the hangar I'm building for my airplanes," he suggested, and Pete disappeared in the direction of the playroom with a twin clinging to either hand.

Cam rang for tea and said, "I like him,

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Family Quiz Answers

MOTHER

(Questions on page 16)

1. Because it is free of adultery.
2. Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross, was a passenger in the submarine invented by John P. Holland in June, 1899.
3. A parasite.
4. Surgeon.
5. Dr. Katharine Blodgett.
6. The opposite way from the sun.
7. Cats, wolves, cows.
8. A mock serenade of discordant noises.
9. Painting, sculpture, architecture and music.
10. Opera.
11. Andrew Carnegie.
12. The foxglove.

Questions accepted from E. M. Marshall, Hamden, Conn.; Mrs. David B. Sommer, Montgomery, Minn.; Mrs. Aretta Luckles, Dearborn, Mich.; Charles G. Smith, Pensacola, Fla.; Ray Gentler, Southbridge, Mass.; H. R. Manning, New York City; Mrs. Otto A. Lee, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Mrs. Ora Kehn, Arvada, Colo.; Pfc. Robert L. Hedlund, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Gertrude Peterson, Stevens Point, Wis.; Mrs. W. H. Denst, Denver, Colo.; Nell Rowe, Parkersburg, W. Va.

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darling. It sounds a silly thing to say, but he has charm."

The word went through Linda's heart like a knife. Rick had charm, she thought. Remember?

"Linda dear, what's wrong?" Cam cried. "You look so white."

Linda managed a shaky laugh. "I felt dizzy for a minute. I think maybe I'm coming down with a cold."

She heard their voices coming back along the corridor. "Mummy, he makes airplanes," the twins announced rapturously and in unison. Pete gave Linda a pleased but sheepish grin, and his attention was immediately reabsorbed by the twins, whose interest in anything that flew was insatiable.

Somehow she managed a smile. She didn't have to talk. Cam always let the twins run their own parties, and they ran this one through the entire field of aviation from the Wright brothers to the R.A.F.

Linda watched their eager faces and wondered why it all seemed so familiar, even while she held herself outside the charmed circle. And then Pete said, "They're staging some test flights next week. I might be able to get a pass and take you over." Her hands clenched, and she closed her eyes against the look of ecstasy with which the twins regarded

him. She remembered it all now—her tiptoe excitement over Rick's casually promised treats, and then the slow ebb of hope while she waited, day after day, for him to remember.

"He has charm," Cam had said. And Gran had told her, "It takes more than charm to make a success of marriage." As though she didn't know.

When they were out on the street again he said, "What happens that I'm always losing you? You go so far away I'm never sure you'll come back."

"Do you really have a son named Bill?"

He nodded. "I thought you knew; I thought everyone did. He's only seventeen months old, but he's a comer. That's why I got such a kick out of those two. I'm always wondering if he'll be as much fun when the newness wears off."

"I didn't know. I didn't even know you were married."

He glanced at her sharply. "I'm sorry. I just took it for granted. My wife died a few months ago." And then, because he had said that so casually, "We were divorced three months after the baby was born."

"I see," Linda said.

He couldn't know how much she saw. All the little things that had made her know in that first moment that she loved him—the warmth, the gaiety, the ease with which he seemed to draw you close without giving you anything solid to cling to. She should have remembered. Rick had never tried to make anyone love him. It had just happened because he was Rick and drew everything to himself.

Pete was still puzzled and a little angry when he left her at Gran's door. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said stiffly, and walked down the steps without looking back. She wanted to call to him. Nothing mattered if she could just go on feeling warm and alive the way she'd felt this morning. But she turned and went in because her voice was caught on the lump in her throat and she couldn't make him hear.

She saw Gran watching her through dinner and talked nervously as though words would make a screen between her and Gran's shrewd old eyes. Afterward she went ice skating and came home knowing that all the ice in the world had settled into her body and she'd never be warm again. She lay taut and sleepless in the dark, her mind at war with her bruised and obstinate heart. If she saw him again, if he kissed her, it wouldn't be so hard to let him go. Even if she married him and it just lasted a little while, she'd have something to remember. But when she reached that point she always thought of Cam and the way she'd been during those last months with Rick—the slow crumbling of her pride, the fear and uncertainty that had left her beaten and ashamed, without weapons to fight for her love.

"I can't see it happen again," she cried. "Not to me." If only she hadn't learned that hearts never break with clean, sharp edges that mend without leaving gaping wounds.

She went out early in the morning because she couldn't trust herself to be there when Pete called. She rolled bandages at the Colony Club and afterward she went to headquarters and typed endless notices for air-raid wardens. She told herself that if she thought about all the misery in the world her own would seem unimportant. But it didn't.

For days she drove herself in a round of activity so she wouldn't be there when he called. And then, when he stopped calling, she drove herself harder because



"Don't you know the calendar's bluffing?"

SMILE, young lady...for crying won't help when menstrual pain comes just in time to upset plans or interfere with pleasure.

Yes, smile and take heart. Most of the time, the calendar is *bluffing*. Much of your pain may be needless. The headache and blues unnecessary. *How unnecessary*, you can prove by trying Midol!

Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special care, Midol should give you quick, effective relief, for it acts in three ways to save you functional pain and discomfort. An *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases the typical spasmodic pain. Another ingredient soothes menstrual headache. And a third lifts your blues—gives faster, more thorough comfort.

There are no opiates in Midol, so try it confidently. Ask for it at any drugstore; or mail the coupon below for free trial package.



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DEPRESSION
TYPICAL SPASMODIC PAIN

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each minute that she was free she had to fight the impulse to rush to a telephone and call him.

She accepted an invitation for dinner and the opera with Rick. It was "Tristan," Rick's favorite. She wanted to laugh because somehow it was funny that Rick should be moved by hapless lovers. If she cried for them Rick would never know that she was crying for herself too.

Rick came early and she wasn't ready. Would he notice that her face was too thin and white under the rouge? She pulled her coat close around her, trying to find warmth for her chilled body in the soft fur. From the top of the stairs she saw Rick come out of the library, his face dark with annoyance. He spoke angrily to Charles, standing impassive beside the door. "The call was for my mother. It was scarcely necessary to mention that I was here."

"But Mrs. Oliphant seemed—" Charles began apologetically.

Linda skidded down the last three steps. "Rick, has anything—"

"Much ado about nothing," Rick said curtly. "Charles knows where to reach your grandmother if there is anything important enough to bring her home."

Rick drank two cocktails before dinner and his anger evaporated. Nothing ever annoyed him long enough to spoil the things he really wanted to enjoy.

"Ran into that long, loose-jointed grandson of Amy Prescott's yesterday," he told Linda while they were waiting for their soup. "He had the twins in tow." Linda's heart stopped for a second. "You saw him? Where?"

Rick shrugged. "They were lunching at Longchamps. Been out to some field to see airplanes go up."

"Then he did remember. I was afraid—"

"They're a hard-shelled pair, those twins," Rick said. "You'd have thought I was someone they'd met at a dentist's for all the pleasure they took in seeing me."

They're lucky if they've grown hard shells, Linda thought, but she didn't say it because she wanted Rick to go on talking. She didn't mean to let the question slip out, but it did. "How did he look? Pete, I mean?"

Rick's glance brushed across her face, amused and a little impatient. "Don't tell me you're going to make a liar out of me, Linda. Your grandmother had a notion you liked him, but I told her you had better taste."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that he's a dull young man. Good Lord, at twenty-five he's as settled as his own grandfather. There'd be no fun for you there, Linda, take my word for it."

"I—I thought he was like you," Linda told him through set lips.

Rick looked startled, and then he laughed. "Linda, my unsuspecting babe-in-the-woods! So you still like me enough to be looking for someone who measures up." He looked pleased, and she saw him glance quickly at his reflection in the mirrored wall.

He hasn't changed, Linda thought. Hell always think women exist only to flatter his vanity.

"I remember the girl young Prescott married," Rick was saying. "She was a cute little piece with plenty of fire. She wasn't cut out for quiet family life, though heaven only knows why she thought clearing out with a prize fighter would be an improvement."

"Don't," Linda choked. "I'd rather not talk about him."

"I'm not surprised," Rick said. "There's enough of me in you, Linda, to keep you from ever being bored. We Oliphants make mistakes, but we don't hoard them."

No, Linda thought bitterly. We don't hoard anything but ourselves.

Rick lost himself in the music, but it brought Linda no release from the sick confusion of her thoughts. At the intermission she followed Rick blindly to the bar. He brought her a lemonade. "Don't look up," he warned. "There's Helen Renwick and there are two empty places in her box. She won't rest until she's filled them."

Mrs. Renwick pounced on him from the rear, bristling with sequins and indignation. "Rick Oliphant—if I'd only known you were on the loose—and Linda."

Linda watched Rick recover and marveled at the warmth he managed to give his welcome. "Hello, Helen. I see you're still giving the biggest and best parties in town."

"And small thanks for it," Helen snorted. "There's not a man left you can depend on. Cal's home nursing a cold. And that young Prescott idiot washed out on me because his child got lost or ran away. The last I heard he was making the rounds of the airports."

Linda started. "It couldn't be Pete's child," she said. "He's only a baby."

"Then it's someone else's brat," Helen shrugged. "Seems he's nuts about seeing planes take off, and Pete feels responsible because he makes them, or some fool notion like that."

Rick's face was dark with annoyance. Suddenly Linda knew. "Rick," she cried, "it's Dickie."

He tried to look unconcerned. "They've surely found him by now. It's been four or five hours."

"You knew, then?" She stared at him incredulously. "That was the call you took for Gran. Rick, how could you?"

Rick looked to Mrs. Renwick for support. "Don't make a scene, Linda," he ordered. "If it will make you feel any better I'll call to make sure."

"You needn't bother. I'm going to find out for myself." She whirled away through the crowded lobby to the door.

Cam was sitting beside the telephone, her knitting in her hands. The rhythmic click of the needles was broken for an instant while she made sure that Linda was alone, and then it went on, faster than before.

"If I put it down," she confessed, "I'll start taking the furniture apart."

Linda glanced into the empty living room. She wanted to ask about Pete, but she said, "Where's Carol?"

Cam managed a wry smile. "I spanked her and put her to bed. I could have put up with her tears if she'd been agonizing over Dickie, but she was just enraged because he'd gone without her."

"Then she knew—"

Cam nodded. "She didn't admit anything until dinnertime—after I'd given the police a dozen wild leads. Then it came out. They'd planned to go back to the field Pete took them to yesterday, but Dickie didn't wait for school to be over. He cleared out during recess. I telephoned Pete and he hopped out there. Now he's scouring all the subway platforms between here and Flushing."

"He'll find Dickie," Linda said confidently.

"I know," Cam agreed. "You can depend on Pete. He won't come back until he does."

The telephone rang, and Cam's knuckles gleamed white against the dark wool before she reached to answer. Linda saw the stiffness go out of her face, and then she laughed. "Bring him home, Pete," she said. "And if you want to pin his ears back on the way, don't restrain yourself."

Cam stood up, white as death—and

shaking. "You never let yourself think what might have happened until it's over," she apologized.

Linda settled her on the sofa and poured a glass of brandy. "Cam," she said, "Rick didn't tell me."

"Darling, do you still expect Rick to react like a normal human being?" she asked. "He isn't one, you know. He never has been."

"But Pete came. He had other plans too. That's how I knew."

Cam's eyes were shrewd and pitying. "So that's what happened. I thought you'd grown up enough to fall in love, Linda. But you haven't. You've never even seen Pete if you thought for a minute that he and Rick bat in the same league."

"I didn't. I don't. Oh, Cam, I love him so much I can't bear it."

"You'd better tell him, then," she grinned, "because he looks as though he could use a little concentrated attention."

Linda sprang to her feet. Pete swayed weakly in the doorway. Dickie's limp body draped across his chest. His eyes met Cam's over the tousled red head and suddenly they were laughing together.

"You'll have to save your recriminations until morning," he told her. "He went to sleep in the cab and I didn't have the heart to wake him." He rolled Dickie onto the sofa.

Cam bent and dropped a kiss on his flushed cheek. "I'll take him apart, limb by limb, tomorrow," she promised, "but right now I'll get him some hot milk and a sandwich. He's probably starving."

Pete grinned understandingly. "Make it two sandwiches," he suggested. "I'm starving too."

Linda knew a moment of panic. "I'll get the sandwiches," she offered.

Cam shook her head and fixed Linda with a baleful eye. "If you don't recognize tact when you meet it, I'll bring out the labels," she offered. She went out and closed the door, just a shade too ostentatiously.

Pete fumbled through his pockets for a cigarette. Linda found a box on the table and offered it to him wordlessly. "We could talk about the weather," he suggested, "but it hasn't changed much since the last time I saw you."

She looked at him and laughed shakily. "But it has," she contradicted. "The sun's come out and it's a lot warmer."

He took a step toward her. "Linda, I've never known what happened. I'd just found the courage to tell you I loved you when you retired to your ivory tower."

"I was afraid," she said, "but I'm not any more, Pete. I wanted the kind that lasts forever, and it all happened so quickly I couldn't be sure."

He caught her shoulders and drew her close. "Are you sure now, Linda? Because I want it too—the kind that lasts forever."

"So sure," she whispered, "that I can't remember anything that's ever happened in my life before. It's just starting now."

He kissed her and she felt as though the sea had opened and closed a long way over her head.

"The plane's going up," Dickie announced sleepily from the sofa.

Linda felt Pete's laughter against her mouth. "Dickie has a filer's keenness of perception," he said. "The plane's up, and it's too late to bail out, Linda, so hang on tight."

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That's why we make Fels-Naptha Soap!

These husbands! Very handy to have around the house . . . but completely irresponsible. Easy victims for the wiles of some designing female (see illustration). And right in front of the 'little woman,' too!

It's lucky for these two miscreants, this is a Fels-Naptha home. They know the tell-tale evidence will be gone tomorrow . . . so easily they probably won't even get a scolding.

Yes, that's why we make good Fels-Naptha

Soap . . . for homes where there are hard-working husbands, happy, heedless children and busy women.

That's why we're doing all we can to keep your grocer supplied with Fels-Naptha Soap.



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Pack Up Your Troubles (Continued from page 35)

I give you a dollar and fifteen cents? For a lousy hospital! (*He slams the receiver up.*) That's American women for you—making for charity on the telephone—and drunk. She must think I'm a fool. Five o'clock in the morning they give you charity quotas, and she calls it for a lousy hospital!

Corporal Morelski (*sits down at desk, stretches out his feet, forcing Benson to move out the front*): Yah! Yah! Democracy—a fool's paradise! They're like a bunch of trapped rats crawling around on their hands and knees and looking for an escape! (*Which is practically a description of Benson.*)

Corporal Jones (*forcefully*): But there is no escape!

(*Benson looks wildly about.*)

Corporal Morelski (*rises; takes Jones about shoulders. They walk left, upstage. Benson crawls Right*): We will be in command here some day, and the first thing we will do is raise the Swastika on the flagpole.

Corporal Jones: And the second thing is court-martial every one of these damn rookies who get in our way! A taste of Nazi discipline!

Corporal Morelski (*starts walking across Right, still upstage, putting the desk between him and Jones, while Benson crawls back into hole of desk*): That's just what I had in mind! I can't stand those damn sniveling little rookies! (*He comes downstage to R. of desk. Jones walking parallel left of desk. Benson crawling through towards upstage.*)

Corporal Jones: Yah! Yah!

Corporal Morelski: Yah! Yah!

Corporal Jones: We'll give them a Nazi education!

Corporal Morelski: Yah! Yah!

(*Benson peeps over top of desk, but ducks as they suddenly turn upstage. Benson crawls out to downstage side, but they turn back to below desk.*)

Corporal Morelski: And so, all the Fifth Columns in America will rise up!

Corporal Jones: Yah, Yah! We have them everywhere in the highest circles!

Corporal Morelski: ACH, DER TAG! (*They see Benson. Benson smiles weakly, and starts to crawl back inside. Morelski grabs him.*) What is this? KOHLKOFF!



Corporal Jones (*also grabs Benson*): SCHWEINEHUND!

Corporal Morelski: What are you doing there?

Corporal Jones: Answer, dog!

Benson: Policing the floor.

Corporal Morelski: Aha! In your underwear, eh? And when did you start this little detail?

Benson: Uh—ah—I don't r-remember.

Corporal Jones (*shakes him violently*): You'll remember?

Benson (*as he is being shaken*): J-just—before you came in.

Corporal Morelski: So you overheard the jokes we were making, eh?

Benson (*trying to put it over*): Heh! Heh! Yeah! Pretty funny!

Corporal Jones: You don't believe we were joking, eh?

Benson (*laughing with great effort*): Ha ha! Sure I do. Ha ha!

Corporal Morelski: Silence! Ordinarily you would be court-martialed for this!

Corporal Jones: But we'll see to it that you're not court-martialed!

Benson: Gee—th-thanks!

Morelski: No. We're going to kill you first!

Benson: ME?

Corporal Jones: Yes, you!

Benson: But I got a right to be court-martialed first. It says so in the Articles of War!

Corporal Morelski: Shut up. (*To Jones.*) We've got to do something with him. We can't keep him here.

Benson: I can wait outside.

Corporal Jones: Shut up!

Benson: I better warn you—I'm going crazy! I've got too many troubles!

Corporal Jones: Well, we are going to pack up your troubles for you! You're through with troubles!

Benson: Yes, sir!

Corporal Jones: And don't say SIR to me! Don't show me any more respect than you're supposed to. I don't want anyone to suspect anything! Understand!

Benson: Yes, sir!

Corporal Jones: I said no more SIR!

Benson: Yes, ma'am. I mean—I mean—

Corporal Jones: I mean quiet! (*Passes gun to Morelski.*) Here's the gun! Keep him here until we can get rid of him! One false move and you shoot!

I WANT TO CALL MY DADDY...

Well, now, wait a minute, Junior. Those wires to Washington and to places where they make guns and tanks and planes are crowded with war calls.

OH—I'M SORRY! I FORGOT.

A really necessary call, like to Grandma or Granddad when they are sick, of course, is okay . . . but you wouldn't want to hold up a Long Distance call that might be ordering things for a ship or submarine or fighter plane, now would you?

GEE, NO—I'LL WAIT TILL DADDY GETS HOME TO TELL HIM MY BIG SISTER'S GOT A FELLA.

Junior, you're a real team-mate. You think like most Americans. They are glad to help by not making Long Distance calls unless they must. And that does the heart good.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Lend \$3, get \$4—Buy more War Bonds

(There are several raps off left. Clark still signaling.)

Corporal Jones: Who was that?

Sergeant Kelly (enters): That's a bugler for ya! T'ree minutes off schedule! You call dis a camp? It's a ladies' beauty parlor! Who's charge of quarters here anyway? (He angrily throws fatigues hat from chair to floor.) Is it you, Morelski?

Corporal Morelski: Yes, Sergeant Kelly.

Sergeant Kelly: What the hell kind of CQ are you, anyway? Why doncha see the schedule is runnin' right? Why the hell doncha see the men are out for chow on time? Doncha know we got troop trains movin' out? (Morelski opens his mouth to answer.) SHUT UP! What the hell are you doin' here, Benson? What the hell kind of uniform you got on, you crazy bastard?

Benson: Who, me?

Sergeant Kelly: YAAAAAAAAS, YOU!

Corporal Jones (quickly): I detailed him here to assist the Charge of Quarters this morning. I told him he could take a nap in his underwear!

Sergeant Kelly: All right! All right! Go ahead, Benson! Assist him! Move your tail! Call the men out over the radio hookup!

Benson: Yes, Sergeant! (He starts to walk out cagily. Kelly pulls him back.)

Sergeant Kelly: HAAAAAAAALT! (Benson stands frozen with one foot forward.) Call the men out over the radio hookup! What the hell do you think I spent twenty days stringin' wires over the roofs for—to catch boids?

Benson: No, Sergeant. Not to catch birds, Sergeant!

Sergeant Kelly: Well, get your rear end over to that speaker and start talkin'!

Benson (sits in front of speaker and talks in flat tones): Hello. Hello, everybody. Come to chow. Hello. Testing one-two—

Sergeant Kelly: How the hell ya expect 'em to hear ya? Pull the switch down, joik!

Benson (pulls down switch): Yes, jerk—I mean yes, sir! (In speaker.) Hello, breakfast is being served. Hello.

Sergeant Kelly (wild): "Breakfas' is bein' soived!" How d'ya like that? Put some Army poisonality in it or get the hell off the wire. Get me!

Benson (moderately): Yes, Sergeant. (Imitating Kelly in speaker.) Get the hell outa bed you jerks! Get the hell off your tails! Move the lead outa your rear end! Get the hell on line for chow you damn yard birds! Get the hell—

Sergeant Kelly (tapping him on shoulder and speaking quietly): Just a second, buddy. (Suddenly loud.) Just who the hell do you think you are?

Benson: Nobdy.

Sergeant Kelly: Exactly! Nobdy! What the hell do you mean yellin' at the men like that? Ain't good form for a private! Let the corporals do it! Now put on that raincoat and take that hat out and boin' it!

Benson: B-burn it? (Hastily getting into coat.)

Sergeant Kelly: BOIN! B-U-R-N! BOIN! You unnerstan' English, doncha? Anybody who is stupid enough to leave his hat on the floor don't deserve to have it.

Benson: N-now-now, Sergeant? Can I burn it now?

Kelly: After the train pulls out, stupid!

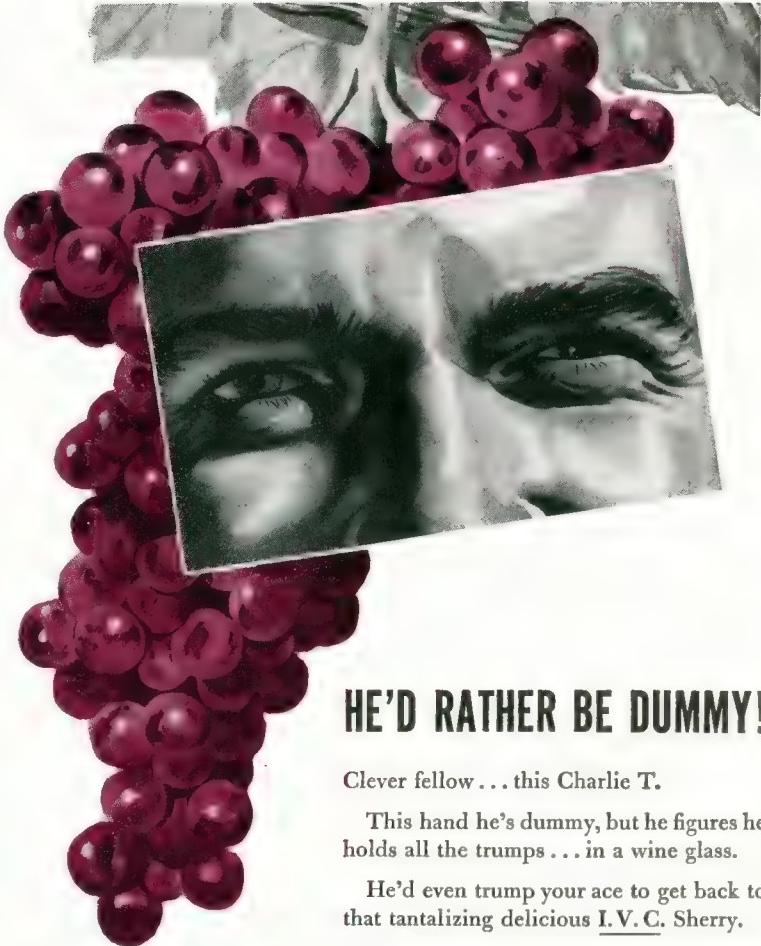
Corporal Jones: But you threw the hat on the floor, Sergeant!

(Telephone rings.)

Sergeant Kelly: I'll answer that! (Picks up receiver.) Hello. What! WHAAAAAT! Listen, you can tell that Jane in Long Island she'll have to PROVE it was me! (He slams the receiver down.) Imagine the noive of that broad! I never was even out on Long Island!

(Captain Stern Enters Center.)

Sergeant Kelly (seeing him enter): At-tennnnnnnshun!



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Captain Stern: Good morning, men. As you were. (*He comes forward, sees hat on floor.*) Sergeant Kelly! Who's CQ here? **Sergeant Kelly:** Morelski, sir. But—er—I threw the hat down there, Captain. **Captain Stern:** Kelly, I think I'd better see you in my office immediately. **Benson:** Don't you think you better talk to me, too, Captain! It's my hat. (*Picks it up.*)

Captain Stern: Yes, you too!

Corporal Morelski: Well, sir, seeing that I was in charge here, I ought to take my share of the blame too, I suppose, sir, I'd better come into your office as well.

Captain Stern: Well, men, this pleases me—to see you stick by each other like that! **Sergeant Kelly:** we ought to be proud of this outfit!

Sergeant Kelly (anything but proud): Yes, sir, I'm damned—proud!

Captain Stern: Fine. In that case we'll drop the whole matter.

Benson (feeling his last chance going): B—but—Captain—I was thinking—

(*Morelski nudges him with gun.*)

Captain Stern: What is it, Benson?

Benson: Nothing, sir. I was thinking—about my mother.

Captain Stern: Your mother? Well, that's nice. Write her a letter. Hmmm! (*He starts to go.*) Oh, by the way. (*He takes a letter from his pocket.*) This must be delivered to the military police at once,

Benson: At once!

Benson: The military police! (*He leaps for the letter and nearly breaks his neck.*) Ooops. (*From the floor.*) Heh heh—er—I slipped—ha ha!

Captain Stern: Benson! What's the matter with you?

Corporal Jones: Sir, Benson hasn't been feeling well I think I'd better take that letter. (*He does.*)

Captain Stern: Benson, see a doctor as soon as you can.

Benson: I can take the message, Captain! Honest! Try me out! I want to get some fresh air.

Captain Stern: Don't let it worry you, Benson. Carry on, men. (*He turns and exits.*)

Sergeant Kelly (when captain has gone): That's a nice pot of shavin' cream—this lacy-pants post—everybody savin' every-

Corporal Jones: As a matter of fact, it was ME.

Benson: (on his knees): ME! ME! ME!

FOR GOD'S SAKE BELIEVE ME! ME! (Sergeant Kelly stands frozen a moment, then rushes out C. with a shriek.)

Corporal Morelski (cocks pistol): Now you little son of a—

Corporal Jones: Don't be a fool! Put that gun away now! After the explosion the whole camp will turn out to the wreck! Then we'll take care of him!

Sergeant Kelly (off stage): Move along. Get to that train. HURRY UP. ALL ABOARD.

Benson: All aboard!

Clark: (calls from offstage L): Hey, Elmer!

Corporal Morelski (to Jones): You get out of here on some detail! When the train blows up we shouldn't be seen together! (Jones exits.) Now, Benson, don't force me to kill you here!

Benson: I wouldn't even force you to kill me out there!

Morelski: Now get behind that desk and stay there! One false move and—

Clark (rushes in): Hey, Elmer—Oh—I didn't know you were still here, Corporal.

Corporal Morelski: Get out!

Clark (throwing money to Benson): I owe him fifteen cents. Here!

Corporal Morelski: GET OUT!

Clark: Benson's gonna get in a lot of trouble if he don't make up his bed!

Corporal Morelski: Well, that's too bad!

Clark: I thought you'd understand.

Benson (to Morelski): Could I go back to make my— (Morelski stares him down.) I guess not.

Corporal Morelski: Now get out, Clark! (The desk buzzer buzzes. Morelski answers.)

Corporal Morelski: Hello. Second Company. Post Five, Corporal Morelski speaking.



body else! Well, nobody needs to stick their necks out for me, see? (*He turns sharply and starts out. Benson kicks him hard. Kelly turns back savagely.*) WHO THE HELL DID THAT?

Benson (smiling): Me.

Sergeant Kelly (advancing on him): You, eh?

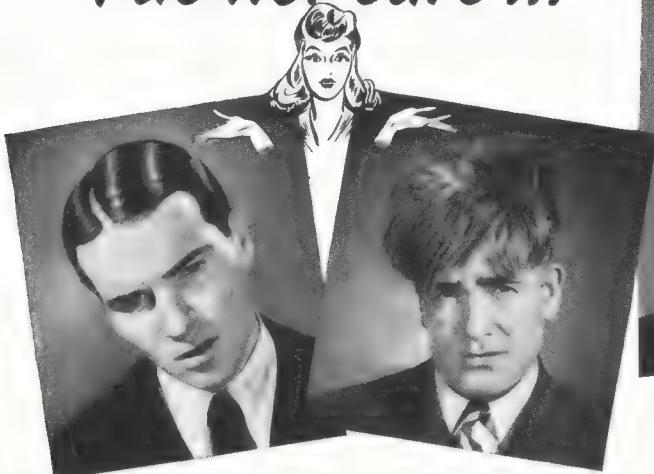
Corporal Morelski: I did it.

Sergeant Kelly: You did it?

Benson: That's a lie! I did it! (*He gives him a Bronx cheer, whistles, cheers, thumbs his nose at him. Kelly is boiling over.*) Ha ha! Go on! Put me on K.P. I dare ya! Think I'm scared of YOU! Ha ha! PUT ME ON K.P. RIGHT NOW!

(*Sergeant Kelly, a huge bundle of amazement, is going nuts.*)

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Oh, yes, Major, I'll take those names. Yes sir. (He begins to write, repeating names he is supposed to be hearing over speaker.) John Kirkpatrick—three nine nine o nine three four five.

(His voice retires into the background, repeating names and numbers. Meanwhile Benson begins a series of efforts to signal Clark. He makes a series of unreadable and confused signs in his anxiety to get the message across. Clark puts out his hands in a manner indicating he is unable to comprehend Benson's antics. Benson begins all over again. First he points to Morelski. Then he brings a strip of his own hair down, Hitler-fashion, sticks a comb under his nose, puts his hand up in a Nazi salute, and pretends to jabber away.



Of course, all this is done silently. Clark shrugs his shoulders. At this point Captain Stern enters from R. unobserved, and stands watching. In desperation, Benson begins again. He then tries another tack, after he is almost caught in the act of acting like a Nazi, by Morelski, who looks up from the phone for a moment. Benson manages to pretend he was combing his hair. His new attempts show him pointing to Morelski, then to himself, then placing hand to head, gun-fashion, and pretending to shoot. Clark still doesn't get it.)

Sergeant Kelly (offstage): Yes, sir! They're all aboard!

(Benson is becoming more and more frenzied, pointing in the direction of Kelly's voice, and making explosive gestures with his hands and mouth—all silently. He gets wilder and wilder. Captain Stern rushes forward.)

Captain Stern: BENSON! Come out of there!

Benson (comes out. Morelski right behind him with gun): Yes, sir!

Captain Stern: Now what the hell is going on here?

(Sergeant Kelly enters with an M.P. as the starting of the train may be heard.)

Benson: Holy Mackerel! The train!

(Morelski digs the gun deeper into his ribs. Benson starts to shake as with palsy.)

Captain Stern: Benson! What's the matter with you?

Sergeant Kelly: He's goin' nuts, Captain! Benson: Well, sir—not exactly. (The train is beginning to move slowly.) I—j—just wanted to say—the—that—(He swallows hard. The train is picking up a little speed.) That—that troop train's going to be blown up! (He falls flat on his face and Morelski is revealed standing with the gun outstretched. Caught thus, Morelski is off guard and attempts to flee.)

Captain Stern (takes in situation at a

This ONE

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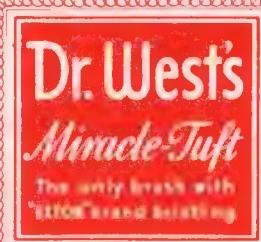
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glance, starts giving orders over the desk radio to halt the train, while he covers the general group with his own gun. Sergeant Kelly is out the door in a flash. Clark twirls first this way and then that. The M.P. who came in with Kelly has sprung at Morelski causing him to drop gun and they are sprawled on the floor.) Hello . . . hello! Give me the first signal

tower . . . For God's sake, hurry up! . . . Hello! Tower? . . . Flash everything red! This is Captain Stern! Get the men off the train! Send out a general alert!

(Jones bursts in. Clark tells him and they wrestle. The stage is a general scramble. Benson rushes to the telephone which has started to ring violently.)

Benson: Hello! HELLO! Operator! Yeah, this is Elmer Benson! Yeah! I got the money right here! (He quickly throws it into the phone.) There you are, a dollar fifteen. (Pause.) Wha-a-at? A dollar seventy-five! Wha-a-at! Holy Gee! Day rates!

BLACKOUT
CURTAIN

"Pack Up Your Troubles" together with the other four prize-winners in the John Golden one-act play contest will be published shortly in book form by Random House under the title of "The Army, Play by Play." CAUTION: This play is fully protected by copyright and all rights are reserved

Made in Heaven (Continued from page 31)

She felt weak with triumph when Peter took up where she'd left off. "I'll never forget any part of that evening! You'd read those magazine stories of mine on the boat coming over. You said Jean was right, my medium was the novel."

Mrs. Littlejohn nodded. "I remember."

"Lord, I went out of there treading on air! I insisted on walking to Notre Dame. Then to Sainte Chapelle. On and on into the night. Jean had on high-heeled slippers. When we finally got home she had blisters on both heels."

"I didn't mind the blisters—much," Jean said, praying she could keep up the flow of reminiscence centered on the white-haired woman. "Not after I'd started typing a clean copy of Peter's manuscript, certainly. But did you ever know why I didn't go to tea with you that day, Mrs. Littlejohn? It was Sunday, and I'd ruined my only pair of good silk stockings. But Peter said—" She stopped.

Peter had said, "Oh, my darling, I'll buy up all the silkworms in China just to spin for you, when my ship comes in."

Ingrid Anderson turned to Peter. "Do you mean you have a typist in the home? How magnificent!"

"Jean's a whiz," Peter said. "And having been brought up by a professor of English, she can spell and punctuate and paragraph. She's more reliable than Fowler's English Usage."

And no more exciting, Jean thought, her throat constricting. The ship had come in.

Mrs. Littlejohn announced, "We're going to have something else we had that night at Foyot's." She gestured toward a silver ice cooler. "Peter, will you do the honors?"

"Gladly," he told her. "But I'd be sure to make a mess of it. Howard, on the other hand, is a superb sommelier. In the old days I often told him he'd missed his calling. Although, at that, diplomats and barkeeps have much in common."

"That's true!" Gleefully Ingrid Anderson expanded this thesis to the disadvantage of certain diplomats recently encountered.

Howard, meanwhile, poured the champagne.

Mrs. Littlejohn held up her glass. "Peter, I'd like to drink the same toast I drank that night thirteen years ago: 'To the best that's in you!'"

Peter's smile was singularly sweet as he gazed back at her. He said as humbly as he had said then, "I hope someday I'll justify your faith."

"Well, you've made a fairly good beginning," she retorted with the brusqueness of emotion. "Now, eat your crêpes while they're hot."

Ingrid Anderson laughed softly. "They both mother you!"

"Both?" Peter repeated gaily. "All three of them! The Commander over there has pinch-hit too on more than one occasion. When I was tearing around the world before the war I always made a

point of spending part of every year in whatever capital he might be stationed. Including," he added quizzically, "the Scandinavian."

"That's me," Ingrid replied. She had been born in Wisconsin, she said, but her ancestry was Norwegian.

"Of course!" Peter exclaimed. "That's who you've been reminding me of—those golden girls of Norway."

"We'll have coffee over there," Mrs. Littlejohn told the servant. "And light the fire, Brown. It's a little chilly."

Jean caught Howard's eye and bit back a smile. She was glad when he joined her on a large sofa facing the fire.

Mrs. Littlejohn, having filled four after-dinner coffee cups, filled one of unusually large breakfast size. "Give this to Mr. McKnight," she instructed Brown. "I know how you feel about a large cup of coffee in the evening, Peter."

"Golly," Ingrid Anderson said, "what I wouldn't give for one like that!"

"There's not another drop in the house. Even if you had remembered to bring your ration card," Mrs. Littlejohn said blandly, "it couldn't have been managed."

Peter thrust his cup into the girl's hands. "Here."

"I never thought I'd live to see this day," Howard declared. "This is a unique occasion."

He had spoken to Jean, but Peter answered. "Naturally. Ingrid Anderson is a unique person."

In the sudden silence Mrs. Littlejohn's spoon rattled against her saucer. Then she and Howard began talking at once.

Jean's eyes traveled to Ingrid Anderson.

Either through accident or art, she had seated herself in a high-backed chair upholstered in dark velvet. Her head tilted back against it seemed pale shining gold. Her black dress merged into the velvet, bringing into dramatic relief the golden sun-tan of her bare forearms and throat.

Jean glanced at Peter and caught her breath. He was staring at Ingrid Anderson as if hypnotized.

"Cognac, Peter?" At Mrs. Littlejohn's sharp query, he shook himself, as if waking from a trance. But after he had accepted the balloon glass he put it on the mantel and walked over to the table she had cursorily indicated two hours before. He carried Ingrid's book back to the fire, examined it in professional manner, opening it here and there, scanning a sentence or two at random. Then he turned the volume over and read the biographical sketch on the cover.

"Is this true?" he demanded, looking from the book to Ingrid. "Haven't you ever been married? Not even once?"

"Not even once." Ingrid laughed up at him.

"How come?" Peter sat down facing Ingrid.

"My usual story," she said, "is that I've been too busy doing interesting things to waste time on nonessentials."

"But what's the low-down?"

The laughter vanished from her face. She looked beyond Peter toward the crackling flames. Her air of strong-willed self-confidence gave way to a forlorn wistfulness.

"I've never told anyone the truth before." She looked at Peter as if they were alone. She lifted her chin. "But what the hell! I'm going to tell you."

Mrs. Littlejohn made a last attempt. "Perhaps you would prefer to have the rest of us go somewhere else, Miss Anderson?"

Ignoring the razor-sharp irony of the older woman's tone, Ingrid answered the question itself with simplicity. "Oh, no, I don't mind your being here."

Peter got out his tobacco pouch and pipe. But for once he made no effort to fill it. "Shoot!"

"It starts back in my childhood," Ingrid said.

"All good stories do. Go on."

Her mother, she said, had been a schoolteacher before her marriage to an unambitious young farmer. Whatever was done on the farm, she had had to do, in spite of bearing four children, all boys, in quick succession. Ingrid was not born until she was close to middle age. The boys were almost grown, then, so she could concentrate on her. She made up her mind that Ingrid must be everything, do everything, that she herself had once aspired to be and do. Carve out an adventurous and exciting life to make up for her own drudgery and disappointment.

Peter nodded understandingly.

Education was the first hurdle, Ingrid went on. But after she'd won a scholarship at the state university her mother became obsessed by fear that she'd repeat her mistake and marry young.

A queer smile tugged at Ingrid's lips. "She needn't have worried. No one in Madison gave me a second look. I was terribly shy and gawky and badly dressed. Naturally, I wasn't asked to join any of the sororities, nor did any boy ever ask me to a football game or a dance. It seemed tough at the time," she admitted, "but it proved one of those well-known blessings in disguise. For not having any distractions, I graduated in three years and found a job right away on a Chicago newspaper."

She leaned forward as if to emphasize her next words. "But even more important, I hadn't got emotionally involved. I might have had enough sense not to, even had I had the chance, but I'm not sure. When you're that young, Nature takes such a terrible advantage. She disguises so ruthlessly what is, after all, only a blind biological compulsion."

Peter said, "So you think that's the whole answer to early marriages." Then he returned to the chronological point of departure. "I'll bet in Chicago you were asked out by the boys!"

"In due course." She explained matter-of-factly. "I had better clothes, and I

(Continued on page 134)



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No Silver Wings

(Continued from page 25)

him up there at seven thousand feet, flying blind by instruments under a black hood. It made her mad that she couldn't see it clearly, not because he wasn't telling it well, but because it was so alien to her own experience. She began to resent herself for not being able to do what he did.

"I couldn't bring the ship out of that right spin," he was saying. "She just kept winding up tighter and going down faster. My instructor took over the controls, and he couldn't get her out either. The plane had a bad air foil . . ."

What was an air foil?

"...sometimes characteristic of a right spin. At three thousand feet the instructor yelled, 'Get out of here!' That was all right with me. I began to battle with my black canopy to open it so I could climb free. It wouldn't give—centrifugal force tightened the hell out of it. At two thousand I tore off my fingernails trying to get the emergency door open . . ."

Nonny could understand about the fingernail, and that was about all. She could feel that, and it hurt, but the black hood part and the emergency door and the fighting—with them she was lost. She hated being lost.

"...so finally the door was ripped off by the force of the wind, and I began to climb out. My legs were sore for a week from the strain of trying to stand up and buck that twisting thrust that was jamming me back into my seat. At a little over a thousand feet, I managed to get free of that wild, mad, screaming so-and-so, and jumped." David stopped and looked at Nonny. "I came down and back to you. Are you glad?"

He had come back to her, yes, but how very far away he'd been! She shuddered, not because he had been in danger, but because he had been so far away.

"Tell us some more," said Aunt Martha.

He began to describe formations and night flights, the look and feel of the planes, the instruments.

Painstakingly Nonny listened. And then, suddenly, she wanted to cry out loudly so that his words would be lost. Not that she was frightened of the things he had to do. The disturbance in her flowed from a different source, for as he talked, it came to her with a slow terrifying insistence that she was losing him. Not to another woman, but to an airplane!

Don't be a fool, she berated herself.

"On special days," David was saying, "there are white clouds. You climb over them. Maybe it sounds silly, but you have a sense of accomplishment—not the accomplishment of flying a plane or hurling a cloud. It's something more. It hasn't a name."

In a small voice Nonny said, "The clouds must be pretty."

He stared at her, frowning. "No," he said, "they're not." And she knew "pretty" was the most inept word she could have used.

"Like soapsuds," offered Aunt Martha.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Damn it, no! They're not pretty, and they're not like soapsuds!" He was angry, defending his clouds, and he didn't care any longer what he said in front of Aunt Martha. "They're like the soft curves of a woman's breasts."

"David!" snapped Aunt Martha, shocked, or pretending to be.

David grinned and forgot to be mad. "Sorry. I guess that kind of thought sequence is a by-product of war." He looked at Nonny, and she tried unsuccessfully to remember how to smile.

She was losing him. He was different. Not just his awful haircut. He had something now he couldn't share with her, something he loved—a silver plane he took with him into the ether, while she, Nonny, stayed on the earth, grounded. He was contemptuous of earthbound things. Why shouldn't he be? That much, at least, she understood.

"Nonny!" said David sharply. "Where are you?"

"I don't know," she said, and found some comfort in the knowledge that he could still sense how she was feeling.

"You two always talk in that queer way," complained Aunt Martha. "I don't understand young people."

"Not much you don't," smiled David. "You just like to pretend you don't. In fact, you're so smart you're going to get up and leave Nonny and me alone."

Nobody in the world but David could get by with that kind of remark to Aunt Martha. She merely smiled and shook her head with mock despair. Without a word, she got up, came around the table, put her small withered hand on David's shoulder. Then, still without a word, she left the room.

They sat across from each other, David and Nonny. They sat and looked at each other, and they didn't have to say anything. It was all there between them, said and said again.

I'm a fool, thought Nonny rapturously. It's the same with us as it always was. Jealous of an old flying machine. Ya!

They sat on, deliberately not getting up, not moving around the table to meet each other. Together and separately, they relished the perverse pleasure of not being in each other's arms. It was wonderful to wait—when you knew what you wanted could be had for the asking. Waiting was only terrible when the room and the house and the town and the state were empty of the person you longed for.

"Hello, baby," said David.

"Hello, darling," said Nonny.

"You're sitting over there looking smug in that new suit," he said. "Incidentally, I like the suit. But you're looking smug because you know I love you. You take me for granted."

Her heart listed. She had taken him for granted until breakfast on this sudden morning. Until now she'd known the comforting warmth of being able to take him for granted. But now? And after now? She said, "That's the way you want it, isn't it, David?"

"Yes," he said. "That's the way I want it. I can't stand all the coy stuff most girls hand out." He smiled at her gratefully. "Coyness makes me sick. You never once resorted to it. That's why I liked you from the first, and loved you from the second."

"Oh, did you, honest and truly?" Nonny simpered, looking outrageously coy.

"You're cute, too," he said with utter satisfaction. "In fact, you suit me down to the ground."

Grounded. The word was back, scratching at her brain to be let in. She slammed a cerebral door and went on looking at David. "You're so shorn and shined and slicked," she said. "I don't think I remember you very well. The man I fell in love with didn't look like that."

"You'll remember me in a minute," said David, and his voice was an embrace. It began, then, not to be so easy to wait.

"How many days' leave have you?" Nonny asked. She might as well know the worst and face it.

"I haven't any days, darling. I have to go tonight at midnight."

"Tonight? Midnight?" A sharp blade slashed at her heart. "David, don't tease me. I can't stand it. Tell me you—"

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Anne Burras created the first Anglo-Saxon home on this continent when, in 1608, she married John Laydon at Jamestown. Her daughter, Virginia, was the first white child born in the colony of Virginia.

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BE HOSTESS TO LOVELINESS

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COSMETICS
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132



"Tonight, sweet. It's not a furlough. I'm changing fields, that's all. I had to see you, if only for hours, bad as it will be for both of us—bad and good."

"Tonight," Nonny repeat'd the word dully, and her mind was adding up hours, a sorry sum.

Then they were both on their feet at the same instant, around the table, meeting halfway, each held tight by the other.

The unfamiliar texture of his uniform under her hand finally penetrated her consciousness; simultaneously, the word came back, whining to be let in. *Grounded*. I'm grounded here, and he's going away in a few hours, back to his plane. She began to sob.

"Nonny, you're crying! Don't cry, darling! You never cry."

"I do too!" she mourned. "I cry if I want to. I just never wanted to before."

"But it's not like you." He shook her. "Nonny!"

She tipped her face up and looked at him and saw the love in his eyes. She stopped crying and smiled and said, "I'm crazy. If you knew what I'd been thinking, you'd say so too."

"Well, tell me," he said gently.

"No."

"Okay," he said, and began to kiss her over and over, making up for the months of lost kisses. And there, for a while, the word was forgotten.

Presently, Aunt Martha knocked discreetly on the door. David kept his arms where they were. "Come in," he said.

Aunt Martha came in. She regarded them gravely.

Nonny wondered if Great-aunt Martha wished she were young. Probably not. Aunt Martha had successfully put youth behind her. Why stir up old feuds? I wish I were old, reflect'd Nonny. Then I wouldn't have to worry about airplanes.

She wanted to tell David her fears. She wanted him to laugh at her, to tell her she was crazy. To say over and over that flesh and blood was what he loved, her flesh and blood, not wood and metal. Go away, Aunt Martha. I want to talk to David and get myself straightened out of this—this right spin.

"If you can spare me," said Aunt Martha slyly, "I've going to market." She marched out of the room.

For a moment Nonny stood irresolute, a little frightened. In a falsely cheerful voice she said, "Aunt Martha's a matchmaker."

Hand in hand, they went into the living room. They sat on the blue couch tufted with yellow. She remembered how once he had said, "I never thought I'd like to just sit in a room with a gal night after night. But I do. In this room. With you. Did he still? Was it enough?"

She must tell him quickly that she was jealous of a silver bird because she herself had no wings. But it was hard to talk. It had never been hard before. Usually she could say anything; their comradeship was based on that deep contained understanding. But now the clear outline of their relationship was blurred.

Clumsily she tried to lead up to what had to be said. "Tell me about flying, David. More about it. How it feels. How—"

His hand, holding hers, seemed to relax. "It's hard to talk about," he said. "Hard to make anyone see." Nothing had ever been hard for him to make her see before either. "Well, they're jades, those ships. They're fitful and fretful. They're beautiful and damned. They're coffins and chariots. They're—"

She stopped listening. He wasn't even in the room any more. Why should she listen to an echo?

I was up in a plane once, she thought with contempt. A mere passenger. Part

of the cargo. And how does that compare, please, with what David does—all those things I can never know about: navigation, bomb sights, meteorology, left and right spins, jousting with clouds?

"You're not listening," said David.

"What's wrong, Nonny?"

"I am, David. And nothing's really wrong. I'm just trying to fly with you, and I—I can't."

"Of course you can't," he said.

She flinched. He knew, then, and he didn't care. He didn't even wish to have her up there with him in his private territory of clouds.

"We land at over a hundred miles an hour," he said.

Slowly she repeated the words after him, trying once more to comprehend it, to taste it. Once more she failed.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" she cried to herself.

But it did make a difference. They had shared everything until now. Now there was no meeting ground, no landing field, and Nonny's nerves were twisted like the struts of a wrecked plane.

She must speak. She must.

She didn't know herself what she was about to say. The words came out unplanned, untested. "David," she said, "I want to get married today. This minute."

He didn't say anything for so long a time that she said, "I mean it. I want to get married. Do you?"

"I always have," he said angrily. "You know that. And don't talk like a fool. I can't stand it."

"I mean it," she said again quietly, and knew with the whole of her that she did mean it.

"You don't mean it, Nonny! You're acting like other women. You're upset because I have to go tonight."

"I am like other women!" she cried. "I just found it out. You may not like it, but I am. I'm tired of being sensible. I tell you I want to get married! Will you marry me, David?"

He stared at her, and she relished a moment of triumph because she knew he had forgotten his plane now in the face of this new—and old—emotion.

But his voice was hard and remote when he spoke. "We've been through all this, Nonny. Isn't it enough that you made the decision not to marry, and that I learned to abide by it? Do you have to start it all over again just to see me squirm?" Anger underlined his words. "I want you to stop it, Nonny. I tell you you don't mean it."

Words were no good to her at the moment. She kissed him so that words weren't needed.

"Nonny," he whispered huskily, "Nonny." And words were useless to him too, and the anger was gone. He shook his head to clear it, to get back on the beam. "Look, you little fool. I don't know what brought this on. Maybe you think because I didn't wash out of the Air Force that I'm a better bet than I was before. Well, I'm not. I'm just the same."

"I know you're the same," she said. "I want you the same. All I know is that nothing seems important now except marrying you. I just found it out, David. Can't a girl find out something?" she demanded.

"War hysteria."

"Maybe," she admitted. "I don't know. I don't care."

"What about your other fine excuses for not marrying? What about them, Nonny?"

"That's what they were, David. Excuses. Stop questioning me and answer me. Will you?"

"I won't stop! Is it because you're afraid I'll be killed, and you want to be a noble, self-sacrificing female?"

Truthfully she said, "I never think about your being killed."

He gripped her shoulders. "You're keeping something back! I feel it between us. All of a sudden you toss up all the old excuses and arguments. All of a sudden, and for no reason. Well, I know you better than that. There's a reason, and I want it!"

She couldn't tell him. She simply couldn't. He'd only laugh at her, and he certainly wouldn't marry her.

Now a new and terrifying realization swept through her. *What good would marriage do, anyhow? Where would still be the plane.*

She began to laugh, on the edge of hysteria, powerless to stop. She was laughing at the triangle her tortured mind had conjured up: David, Nonny—and the Other Woman was an airplane. She, Nonny, might be his wife, but the plane would be his mistress.

David's voice saying her name, urgently, tenderly, quieted her. Once more she struggled to reason with herself, to keep witness emotion out of it, to stop thinking of a P-40 as a rival, but to think of it as she had in the beginning—something that could spoil her and David's togetherness.

Marriage won't change anything, she told herself carefully. Marriage for us can't do that. All marriage can do is . . .

And suddenly, magnificently, she had the answer to what marriage with David could do. The solution must have been in the back of her mind all the time, or she never would have had the wild idea of marrying him. *She could have David's child!* In that way, she could keep David with her all the time, even though David himself was away, flying his plane, reaching the heights. But Nonny would reach the heights too, in a different way, and not be jealous any more of all the planes in the world.

She began to laugh again, but from pure joy; from the upsurge of relief that came from having everything back in focus.

"Oh, Lord," groaned David. "A coy woman. A hysterical woman. An idiot woman. All the things I said you weren't. All the things I said I hated. And here I go loving you just the same."

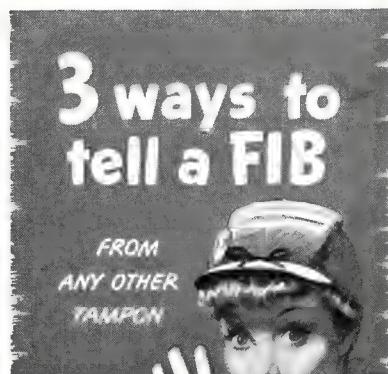
"I proposed to you," said Nonny. "Am I to understand that you turn me down?"

"Look, I'm a smart fella. I can fly a plane. I'm brave as a lion. But I couldn't turn you down, baby, and you know it. Even if you won't tell me why you've become a babbling idiot. Are you going to tell me?"

"Never!" said Nonny.

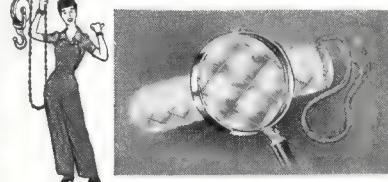
But she knew she would. She would in about one minute. And she knew too, deep within her, that David would understand.

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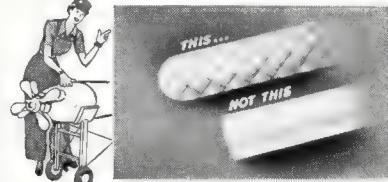
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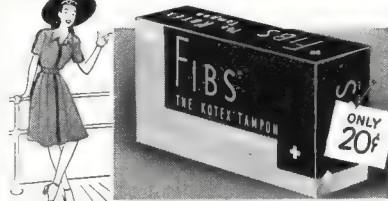
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began to learn what to do with my hair, not to mention my hands and feet. But by that time I knew where I wanted to go. I wasn't an adolescent. Nature couldn't trick me into getting off the track. I had a setup perfect for my needs. A small flat near the El, pretty noisy, but the kind of noise I love. And Mother doted on cooking for anyone I might bring home."

"Oh, she lived with you?" Peter said.

"Yes, up to the day she died, almost three years ago. Father had died during my last year at Madison. Mother sold the farm, and from that time on we lived in cities. Right in the heart of cities, I might add."

Peter nodded understandingly. He said gently, "I should think you would have missed your mother so much you would have been tempted to get married then?"

"No, No," she repeated. "I'd seen my mother's story repeated in too many guises. I knew the wrong marriage could still break me. For me, it would have to be—well, the *animus* or nothing. So it's been nothing."

"What do you mean, *animus*?" asked Peter.

"Oh, it's a term I picked up from a psychoanalyst I once interviewed. The general idea—I suppose it derives from mythology—is that no individual is a complete entity. The reason being that the original whole, the complete entity, has been separated into two parts. One of the halves, the theory goes, enters a female body, the other a male. Only not once in a million times does anyone find the other half—the *animus* or *anima*. But unless that happens there is no true mating, no completeness. Everyone subconsciously feels this. It explains the utterable loneliness that sweeps over everyone at time. The terrible longing for the other half, the kindred spirit."

There was a painful silence.

It was Mrs. Littlejohn who finally spoke. She said slowly, "Perhaps it does. I suppose it's another way of saying 'good marriages are made in heaven.' God knows that's all too true!" Then she turned toward the big sofa. In a different tone, she asked briskly, "Well, Howard, what do you think of this theory? You've never married, either. Is it because you've never found your *anima*?"

To Jean's astonishment, Howard's habitual imperturbability had fled. He flushed to the roots of his fair hair. She was almost more amazed, however, when Peter came to the rescue.

"Speaking of analysts," he said, addressing the room at large, "Anna Freud is doing a swell job in London. I spent some time at one of her children's clinics the last time I was there. She's discovered a curious thing. It's not the bombings children fear. It's their parents' fear of the bombings. I remember in Barcelona too . . ."

Peter was making conversation! He abhorred talk which was a mere stopgap. He must, Jean thought, be even fonder of Howard than she had realized.

Then she glanced at Mrs. Littlejohn, caught the stricken look on her face as she gazed somberly from Peter to Ingrid Anderson, then back again.

Jean's heart turned over.

It was as if she'd read the other's mind. Those two were as alike as two peas in a pod! Call it by any name you wished, the kinship between them was uncanny. They were counterparts.

It was so plain it seemed to shout it aloud.

She saw now why Peter had veered so swiftly from the quicksand. It had not been Howard he had wished to save.

She clamped her teeth hard over her lower lip, aware that Mrs. Littlejohn was

regarding her with pity. Jean jerked her head up proudly, fumbled for a cigarette.

Howard whisked out a lighter. As he leaned toward her, the steadfast gaze of his gray eyes above the flame seemed to say, "I'm here. You can count on me."

And she could. He was the soul of dependability, she thought numbly. Not brilliant or dynamic, any more than she herself.

The butler had come in. When Peter paused for breath, he announced, "The car is waiting for you, Captain Long."

"Say we'll be right down, and thanks for the promotion, Brown," Howard replied in quite his usual manner. He rose, telling his hostess, "We're only getting a ride out because some neighbors with whom I share transportation happened to be staying in town this evening too."

Mrs. Littlejohn seemed not unrelieved by the prospect of their departure. She got up from her chair.

Jean said automatically, "We've had a lovely time."

"Yes, haven't we?" The older woman's dark eyes darted bitterly toward Ingrid, who had not stirred. Nor had Peter moved.

Howard went over. "Got to be going, mon vieux."

Peter wheeled around. "Good Lord, man, we've just come! You're not going to drag me away now."

There was a determined glint in his eyes that Jean recognized.

About to say, "Then you stay here, Peter," she realized that if he did not go to Howard's she could not. She drew a deep breath. "Why don't you come with us, Miss Anderson?" Then, flushing, Jean turned to Howard. "Forgive my taking so much upon myself."

"My house and everything in it is yours, as our Spanish friends say," he replied. To Ingrid Anderson he said, "I'd be delighted to have you."

Without further urging, she went upstairs to collect her wraps. Mrs. Littlejohn managed to speak privately to Jean. Jean braced herself against the admonition she felt certain was forthcoming. But Mrs. Littlejohn said, "My remarks about closing off the guest room would never apply to you, my dear. The latchstring will always be out."

There was a frightening finality about this tacit shifting of allegiance. The message was clearly conveyed: "No matter how I've felt in the past, I'm on your side now."

Why, that was what people said when a marriage was breaking up irrevocably!

All but the merest surface of Jean's mind seemed anesthetized. She did not return to full awareness until almost an hour later, when the chance comment of one of her companions on the front seat of the station wagon caught her attention.

Up to this time she had given little thought to Mr. and Mrs. Stone. Now, however, Mr. Stone spoke of the wedding he and his wife had attended that afternoon. "It's Bill's fourth try," he said. "I hope it sticks this time. Personally, I think two marriages are enough for anyone."

"Me too," his sprightly wife, who was driving, agreed.

"Thank you, puss." Mr. Stone explained to Jean, "We've both been married before, you see."

"Well, who hasn't?" Mrs. Stone said. "Everyone's entitled to one mistake."

"Not only entitled to it," her husband agreed, "but it's practically a necessity. How are you ever going to learn how to treat your dream girl when you find her if you haven't had some previous experience?"

Dear God, Jean thought, where have I been all these years? Has the whole world begun talking now in terms of the *anima*?

The car turned off the main road into a long lane bordered by giant oaks. "Well, here we are." Howard got out and helped Jean down.

After the station wagon had gone off, she stood quite still. Never since her marriage had she known a permanent abode. Nostalgia swept over her as she smelled the fragrance of lilacs and stared at the white frame house.

Involuntarily she quoted:

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea;
And the hunter home from the hill."

Peter said, "Ah, a requiem."

Jean disregarded him. She told Howard, "This is uncannily like Father's house in New Hampshire, where I used to spend all my summers."

"Uncanny, indeed!" Peter broke in mockingly. "Especially since possibly no more than a hundred thousand of those two-story four-chimney jobs were built in the eighteenth century."

"I'm glad you recognize the period, anyway," Howard returned. "How about bringing in your bag? The girls will have to occupy the rooms up the main staircase with a bath between. You and I will bunk in the other wing."

From the hall, he switched on the living-room lights.

"Oh!" Jean exclaimed. "Well, I must say the old family homestead had nothing so lovely as this. Howard, it's perfect!"

"Perfect," Peter echoed. "What museum did you swipe it from?"

Howard had vanished. Jean followed him upstairs, found him putting her suitcase on a baggage rack in a bedroom almost as large and luxurious as the room downstairs. "The fire's laid," he told her, "if you should want it. Marie will bring up your breakfast whenever you ring in the morning."

Jean made her way to the rosewood table beside the canopied bed. Beneath the shaded reading lamp were half a dozen new books and a pewter bowl filled with her brand of cigarettes. On the secretary-desk between rose-damask-curtained windows, a white jar held great branches of white lilacs. She saw on the dressing table a small bowl of purple violets.

Almost she could have wept.

Her voice was not wholly steady. "Howard, you're the most thoughtful, considerate . . . Oh, this whole place is my idea of heaven!"

She stepped back, startled by Peter's voice. "I feel lost without my periuke." He sauntered over to the bedside table. "Detective stories not in period at all. I'd better take these."

"Well, at least give Jean her choice."

"Take them both if you want them," she said.

"You see," Peter told Howard, "she doesn't need to read herself to sleep. Jean can curl up like a kitten anywhere—in train, plane or automobile. She even slept right through a heavy bombing in Genoa."

And curiously enough, that had all been true, Jean thought three hours later, still as wide awake as when she had started reading the novel she now put down. Her lips twisted, remembering why she learned to sleep through any sounds. Peter often wrote at night. And even after they had been able to afford separate rooms, he had always insisted he was able to write well only when she was near by.

But this was getting her nowhere. Resolutely she reached out for another

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book. Her gold-and-crystal traveling clock aroused another memory.

It was the only one of the costly fittings she had taken from the red morocco case. The only useful one, beside the mirror. The elegant gold-topped jars and bottles, the gold-backed brush and comb had always been ludicrously inappropriate for her use. They had been designed for some fabulous creature. Literally for a royal princess, Peter had explained, when he had rushed jubilantly back to their furnished room in Vienna that winter day ten years ago, a day so bitter-cold he had forbidden Jean to go out.

She had asked him to buy her an inexpensive comb on his way back from getting the mail. "Here you are," he had said, thrusting the jeweler's package into her hands. "I got a check."

Now Jean got out of bed, found the sleeping tablets the doctor had prescribed when she'd gone up to stay with her father at Christmas and her insomnia had begun.

She went into the bathroom to get a glass of water.

The door into the other bedroom was open. Ingrid Anderson, clad in a scarlet flannel wrapper, was standing in front of the window doing calisthenics. She turned abruptly.

Her hair was pinned up on her head. She was no longer glamorous; she looked more human, more likeable. "I get claustrophobia in the country," she said. "I thought if I could get my blood to circulating I might be able to sleep."

Jean remembered it had been an hour ago that Ingrid had come up. Before that she had half heard the incessant voices, first Ingrid's, then Peter's, sometimes both at once. "Better take one of my pills," she suggested. "They're far less harmful, I understand, than lying awake."

Ingrid swallowed the capsule, then followed Jean into her room.

All right! Jean thought belligerently, getting back into bed and pulling the comfortable up around her suddenly trembling shoulders. If she wants to force the issue, let her!

Ingrid paced back and forth. She stopped near the secretary-desk. "God, how I hate the smell of lilacs!"

"I prefer it to all others," Jean said. She was pleased with the contrasting calmness of her tone.

Ingrid looked at her. "Why wouldn't you?" she returned. "Why wouldn't you like all this? To you a farm is just a nice healthy place to spend summer vacations! I'll tell you what lilacs mean to me—the picture of my mother almost breaking her back carrying a heavy wash-tub out from a lean-to kitchen. She loved lilacs too. She almost killed herself trying to take care of them, along with everything else she had to do. She used to get up before sunrise and start to bake and scrub—" She broke off, turned away.

Against every inclination, Jean's antagonism softened. This was not acting, she knew. This was valid grief.

After a moment Ingrid asked, "Are you sure these damned pills will work? I'll be a wreck unless I can turn off my mind pretty soon."

"You'll be sound asleep before you know it," Jean assured her. "And look—about your mother. She must have had a happier, more successful life than most women."

"What do you mean? She worked like a slave."

"Yes. But in the end she got what she most wanted. That's the test. She must have had enormous pride in you: in your accomplishments; your success. And you must be terribly pleased to know you turned out just the way she always hoped

To a Woman in Love —

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you would. I've never had any children, but I think I know how a mother must feel. And I'll wager not many of them, no matter how much they work or sacrifice for their children, ever have as great satisfaction and reward as your mother had."

"It's astonishing you should say that!" Ingrid declared. "That's one of the last things she said."

Jean went on. "She must have had a wonderful time, keeping house for you. Traveling around with you."

"She did. Yes, that's true." Ingrid stretched her lithe body. "Maybe it's imagination, but I do feel sleepy. I think the ghosts are laid." She started out. One hand on the door latch, she half turned. "I believe I would be better off married," she said over her shoulder. "To the right person."

And without another word, she was gone.

Well, Jean thought, she does things in the grand manner, anyway. If she meant to throw down the gauntlet, put me on notice.

As if I'd lift a finger! As if I'd . . .

She awoke to hear rain pattering against the glass. The windows had been closed. The clock said twelve-fifteen.

A feminine form-clad in a maid's blue uniform was kneeling in front of the fireplace coaxing a blaze. "Maria!" Jean called with delight. The Italian phrases she had supposed forgotten came back in a flood as the small black-haired woman sprang up and flew over to take her outstretched hand.

Jean kept her in the room while she ate breakfast, ostensibly to catch up on the news of the past two years, but in part to postpone the moment of thought, to prolong the sense of peacefulness engendered by nine hours of sorely needed sleep.

Maria told her with eloquent gesticulations that she and Joe loved living out here; that their nineteen-year-old son, the apple of her eye, was on active service in the South Pacific. He had not waited to be drafted; he had enlisted a year ago. Oh, he was a fine boy. A good American.

"And Marietta—how is she?" Jean asked.

She too was doing excellently. In a few weeks she would graduate from high school. She was downstairs now. She was eager to see the Signora before she returned this evening to Washington.

"How is she going to return?"

"There is a car that goes in around nine o'clock, Signora. There is no omnibus near here, so it is permitted."

"I asked because I may have to go back to town tonight," Jean said. "But don't mention it to anyone else."

"Not a word!" Maria raised one forefinger to her lips.

In the process of straightening up the room, she apologized for the absence of newspapers. Usually the *Commendatore* walked to the village on Sunday mornings to get them, but today he had put off his errand hoping the rain would stop.

"Tell him to wait until I get down," Jean said. "I'll go with him." It would take care of another hour so so.

When presently she was alone and had begun to dress she was grateful for the New England caution which had prompted her to include among her new spring clothes a sweater and serviceable tweeds.

Downstairs, she found the living room deserted. She walked through the empty dining room toward the service wing. In the spacious kitchen she was welcomed vociferously by Joe, and more shyly by the dark-haired Marietta, a good half-head taller than her stocky father.



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On her return journey, Jean discovered a telephone in the pantry. She looked up Mrs. Littlejohn's number, her pulse quickening as she repeated it to the operator. Fortunately, the butler answered. She gave him the message.

"Tell Mrs. Littlejohn you and Mr. McKnight will be here around ten this evening to spend the night?" he repeated.

"No," Jean corrected, "I shall be there alone."

The mere sound of the words seemed to cut away the last lingering doubt.

Maria pushed open the swinging door. "Oh, excuse me, Signora, I came to get the cups." There was to be no regular luncheon, she explained. The others had breakfasted late also. And tonight, of course, was the party.

Momentarily Jean had forgotten the party. Now it too appeared a fortuitous link in the chain. Having arranged with Maria to see that her suitcase was carried downstairs after the festivities had begun, Jean picked up the plates of sandwiches and cakes and insisted upon taking them in while Maria brought the tea tray.

She was glad to have her hands occupied; to be engaged in so matter-of-fact and homely a task when she again faced Ingrid Anderson and Peter.

The radio was turned on in the pine-paneled study. Jean breathed more easily as she caught sight of the blue naval uniform. Howard hurried forward to take the plates from her and to say it was plain she had rested well.

Peter wheeled around, commanding silence with a gesture, then turned back to the radio.

Until the broadcast was finished, Ingrid Anderson did not even look up.

She and Peter then started immediately to discuss the news commentator, whom they both knew well. They vied with each other in tall stories about his personal eccentricities.

Jean, to whom shop talk had become as repugnant as the sight of food, filled three cups with tea, then strolled to the other end of the room.

Howard followed her. "I put my own stuff in here," he said. "I bought the house furnished—from a collector, as Peter so shrewdly deduced. But I cleared out this room for my personal stuff."

His years in the foreign service could easily be traced. A cabinet of tiny exquisite snuff bottles; some lovely celadon from China—the ruby-red Bohemian glass had been found in Budapest.

"Nothing from Madrid?" Jean asked.

With a smile, he indicated a portrait of a young Spanish dancer, so well painted the castanets in her hands seemed to move, her dark eyes to flash.

"It's lovely," Jean said. "What was her name—Mercedes?"

"Dolores," Peter answered, coming over to inspect the portrait. "What happened between you and Dolores?" he asked Howard. "Did your ambassador warn you, in the best dramatic tradition, it would ruin your career if you married her?"

"Not at all. I was far too unimportant for him to bother about. No, the picture itself broke it up." Howard laughed. "It was painted by an English girl. She couldn't speak any Spanish. Dolores couldn't speak any English. So when they had a sitting, I acted as interpreter. And before we were through I was more interested in the artist than in the model." He added, "After all, I was only twenty-five."

"I remember that English girl," Peter said. "She had adenoids."

"So you pointed out at the time," Howard reminded him.

"I did you a good turn," Peter's eyes sparkled with malicious recollection. "But

at that, she was less of a pain in the neck than the little girl with the big voice you brought around that winter in Rome." He struck an attitude and in a wickedly realistic burlesque declaimed: "My *maestro* does not permit that I go out into the chill night air. My *maestro* does not permit that I smoke a cigarette. My *maestro* says, 'You have a God-given voice!'"

Howard chuckled. "But at that, her *maestro* was right. She wowed them at the Metropolitan a few years later."

"Did you hear her?" Peter inquired.

"Oh, no! After you had done your *maestro* scene a few hundred times I couldn't even talk to her on the telephone with a straight face. I never saw her again after you left Rome."

Jean glanced out the window. "The rain's practically stopped, Howard. Why don't we start for the papers?"

Ingrid Anderson, looking extremely urban in the black dress she had worn the day before, stated authoritatively, "There's going to be a cloudburst. I know weather signals."

"I'll take a chance," Jean answered.

"Don't be idiotic!" Peter said sharply. "You'll get soaking wet and catch cold. I won't have it!"

Jean stared at him. Was this solicitude or mere possessiveness?

"I won't have you catching cold!" he repeated. "How can I get any work done if you get sick?"

When Jean was able to speak, when her laughter and Howard's had at last subsided, she bit back the ironic words hovering on her lips. She said, "I won't catch cold. Let's go, Howard."

Peter followed them out to the hall. Arms folded across his chest, he watched Jean tie a scarf around her hair, Howard put on his Navy raincoat, take out two stout walking sticks and hand one to her.

"You look like a couple of Scouts on a nature-study trip!" Peter said. "I suppose you'll stop to pick all the darling wild flowers and track the birdies' calls to their wee nests. But for God's sake, don't forget to keep the newspapers dry!"

"He's in good form today," Howard said as they turned into the tree-bordered lane.

Jean glanced up sharply.

"I'm serious," he said. "I recognize the symptoms. He's been irritable all morning—it's the well-known irritation that eventually brings forth the pearl. I wasn't surprised when he spoke of starting to work."

Jean said nothing. If Howard chose to believe this was all Peter's present irascibility portended, so much the better.

He pointed to a distant field, green against the gray sky. "Joe's truck garden. He has the proverbial green hands of his countrymen. I really bought this place because it seemed a crime for him to keep on buttling, although I agree with Peter that the house is a shade too correct."

"The house is perfect," Jean declared.

"No," Howard answered. "It's not perfect. It's too large for one lone man."

Jean struck savagely with her stick at the tall wet weeds along the path. The damp air did not cool the hot blood coursing into her cheeks.

She looked straight ahead. The gray of the sky was fast changing to black. "I'm not sure Ingrid Anderson wasn't right about the weather."

"The storm won't break for a few minutes," Howard said, "and the village isn't far." They quickened their steps. "She's a strange mixture, isn't she?" he went on. "I can understand why she has a chip on her shoulder, but it's too bad."

"You feel it in her writing too," Jean

eagerly seized the impersonal angle. "And it is too bad, for otherwise she's darned good."

"Why don't you talk to her about it?"

"Me? Yes, I'd be apt to."

"Well, someone ought to," Howard persisted. "It's so obvious where it all comes from. She's never forgotten that she used to be poor, instead of remembering how far she's gone. So she takes it out in being belligerent and bad-mannered."

"I suppose you're right," Jean said. "But I certainly don't intend to point it out to her. Look," she added abruptly, "I find I'll have to go back tonight. But I don't want any fuss about it." She outlined the plans she'd made.

Howard made no answer until they'd turned onto the main highway and the cluster of small buildings which comprised the village were only a few yards distant. He said then, looking down at her, "You must do whatever you think best. Only, you've got to promise to come back sometime. Under more—more favorable circumstances."

"Someone's waving at us." Jean could have embraced the two raincoated figures standing on the opposite side of the road, whom Howard identified as the neighbors who had driven them out last night.

Even if the entire heavens had not suddenly grown black, Jean would have been glad to run into the Stones' near-by house. It meant further respite, further postponement.

The torrential downpour was music to her ears. She hoped it would not stop for hours.

Mr. Stone got out drinks as automatically as his wife set up a card table. "We were just longing for a bridge game."

Jean had to confess she did not play. Peter regarded all card games, with the notable exception of poker, as a sign of intellectual bankruptcy. "Well, we can't all be intellectual giants," Jean silently told him, chalking up another score on the debit side of the matrimonial ledger. "How about gin rummy?" Howard suggested.

"Yes, I can manage that."

"We'll gladly take you on," Mr. Stone agreed. "Come on, puss."

"Now this," he declared, several hours later, "is what I call the pleasantest possible way to spend a Sunday afternoon."

Jean agreed with fervor, fervor directed toward Peter, whose gibes at their conversation she could almost hear. "Well, suppose the Stones are given to clichés," she silently retorted. "They have one distinction, anyway. They are certainly devoted to each other!"

Then she remembered their saying the evening before that an unsuccessful first marriage was practically essential to an eventual happy one.

The rain ceased, but it was after seven when she and Howard got home. Upstairs, Jean found the bathroom door locked from inside. She knocked, got no response and went, perchance, around to the other bedroom.

Ingrid was standing before the mirror applying lip rouge with a tiny brush. She wore an evening dress of white silk jersey, molded to her excellent figure. It made a spectacular contrast to the golden-tan of her bare arms and neck. Her hair shone as if it had been polished.

With the merest word, Jean went into the bathroom and turned on the water in the tub.

After she had put on the powder-blue dinner dress which had appeared so delectable in the shop, it seemed insipid. As unremarkable as her brown hair and softly curling pompadour, which twenty-four hours ago had pleased her.

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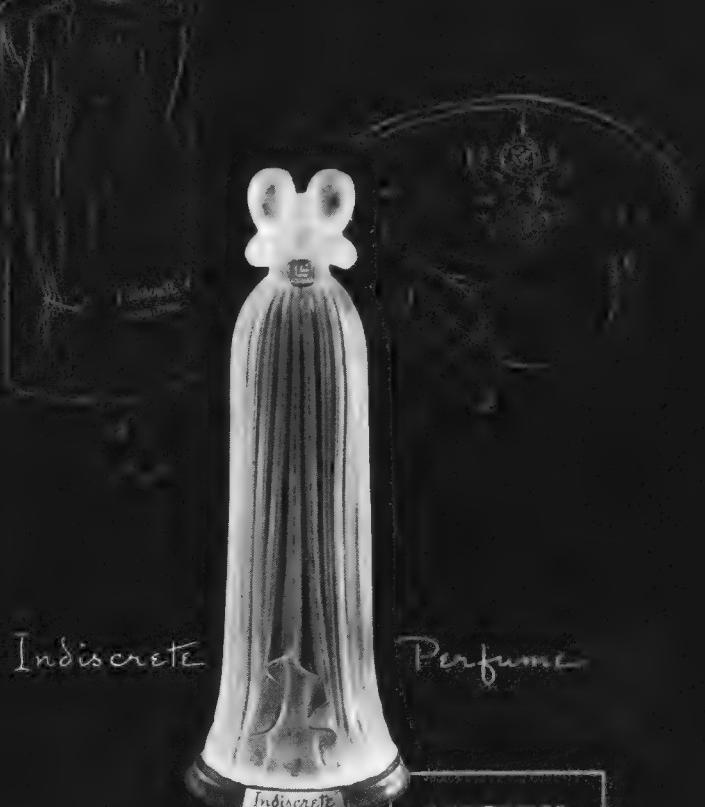
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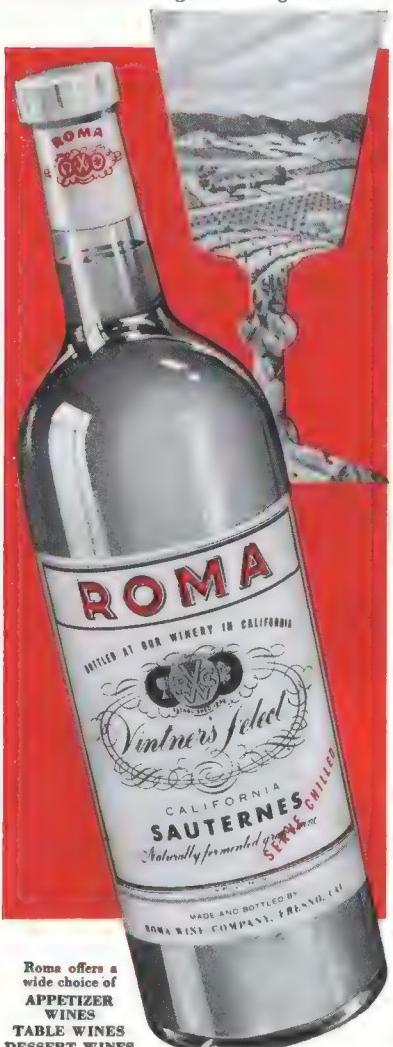
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Ready at last, she remembered she must pack. The house already resounded with voices. Nevertheless, she took her time. They'd get along all right without her. Peter and Ingrid would provide enough attraction, no matter how large the crowd.

She had prophesied accurately, she saw when she entered the living room. Peter, standing in front of one of the fireplaces, was surrounded by an attentive circle. Ingrid, at the opposite end, was the center of another eagerly listening group.

Mrs. Stone detached herself and her husband from this contingent and greeted Jean like a long-lost dear friend. "It's not fair!" she said, glancing back at the golden-haired girl in white. "Why does she have to have brains too?"

Mr. Stone asked what he could get Jean to drink, just as Howard came up with cocktails. "I don't know where to start introducing you, Jean."

"Don't," she answered. "I'll meet everyone in due course."

"Can't we four have supper at the same table?" Mrs. Stone asked. "Or do you have to eat with the guest of honor, Howard?"

"But Jean is the guest of honor."

"Oh, of course!" She turned to Jean. "I keep forgetting you're Peter McKnight's wife." In her embarrassment, she rattled on. "Are you and Howard related? You sort of look alike."

"Thanks," Howard said. "That's the kindest word I've heard for some time."

"Oh, go on. You're the most popular man in ten counties! How you managed to stay a bachelor, I can't imagine. I can't think of any man, except Ed here, who'd make such a wonderful husband. Can you, Mrs. McKnight?"

Jean saw Peter approaching, knew by the impish gleam in his eyes he had heard this question. She feared the worst, even before he said in all-too-accurate imitation: "You know, I've thought the same thing myself many, many times. Howard has everything, really—a lovely home any woman would be proud of. And he's the most thoughtful and considerate person! It's the little things that count in marriage; that make for happiness. What I call the niceties of life: the match for the cigarette; rising when a woman comes into a room; sending flowers."

"Why, that's what I always say!" Mrs. Stone exclaimed.

"Yes," Peter said softly, "I was sure you did."

Jean could have slapped him. Never before had she known him to be cruel. And even though Mrs. Stone had not recognized his satire as such, it was no less unpardonable. She moved quickly away when she found him at her elbow. Ingrid was holding forth about General de Gaulle, whom she had interviewed in London.

"Ah, but you don't know him without having seen him in Brazzaville," Peter cut in. "That was the perfect setting for him." He was still describing this strange outpost in the interior of Central Africa when supper was announced.

Jean sought out Howard. "It's so late now I'll have to sit where I can make a quiet exit."

It was not hard to do. The intention had been to have the guests help themselves from the buffet dishes, then carry their plates back to the other rooms. Instead, everyone remained in the dining room, drawing chairs up to the long trestle table, at one end of which Ingrid sat, with Peter at the other.

Like the King and Queen, Jean thought from her place at a small table Howard brought into the hall for their two places. She saw in imagination this same scene

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Fashions in Fiction



Bob Coburn, Hollywood

BY LEE RUSSELL

We are proud of our selection of tall, beauteous, blond, twenty-one-year-old Betty Jane Hess to represent Cosmopolitan in the Technicolor film, "Cover Girl." For Betty Jane is a lovely lady typifying the essence of femininity. Until a few months ago she was one of New York's ultra-chic models; now California's semitropical climate sees her in casual clothes and suits, play clothes for rehearsals, glamour clothes at night, but no severely tailored ensembles, and she never wears slacks. Paradoxically, she is an all-around athlete, an excellent swimmer and diver, performing before an enthusiastic audience of the other fifteen cover girls with whom she lives in a Beverly Hills club home. The girls lead a glorified boarding-school life with their own swimming pool and tennis courts and with three servants to look after them. Betty Jane, who is an excellent cook, keeps in culinary practice on cook's night off. Punctual by nature, she recently wrote me: "We can't be casual about appointments out here, since even a slight delay can hold back shooting, which means the loss of thousands of dollars. Getting to the studio on time for make-up, hair-dos, rehearsals, is a cardinal rule for us." Commendable, we think, in the face of transportation curtailment. Betty Jane's contributions to the war effort—in addition to writing daily letters to her husband, a Naval lieutenant (i.g.) stationed in Tacoma, Washington—include selling War Bonds with the A.W.V.S., snack-bar maiding and dancing with service men at canteens, and in New York she sewed layettes at a day nursery. Like most young brides, Betty Jane is making no permanent plans. She likes Hollywood and may stay working in pictures—and then again, who knows? But when a girl is as exquisite as Betty Jane Hess and is here gowned by the famous designer Irene and painted by Bradshaw Crandell for our cover, that should be assurance that she will not be lost to a private life.



repeated countless times. Saw these two celebrities presiding from the opposite ends of a festive board, while everyone hung on their words, as now.

She was overjoyed when Maria opened the front door, signaled conspiratorially, holding up Jean's wrap and purse. Howard went outside with her, helped her into the car crowded with Marietta's giggling school friends.

The scent of lilacs now seemed funereal.

When at last Dupont Circle was reached, Jean prayed Mrs. Littlejohn would have retired for the night. But Brown, opening the iron-grilled door, asked her to go up to the library while he attended to bringing in her baggage.

She had not prepared any story. Any excuses. But she would at least maintain a dignified reticence. She held her head high, as reluctantly she opened the door.

The sound of voices was like an unexpected reprieve.

"I'm delighted to see you," Mrs. Littlejohn said as the two youngsters sprang up. She introduced the pretty girl as her granddaughter. The boy, whose face above his new olive-drab lieutenant's uniform looked too fresh and youthful ever to have known a razor, was the girl's fiancé. They were to be married the next day.

"We'll have a whole week together!" the girl said with awe, as if never had the gods bestowed so munificent a gift.

Their shining happiness, the radiance with which they faced the future, even though the boy was scheduled to sail almost at once, moved Jean so deeply she was close to tears when they took their departure.

The room seemed strangely lifeless.

Mrs. Littlejohn broke the silence. "She's only eighteen. He's not twenty-one. I don't know whether I was right in urging them to marry now. Something might happen to him."

"No matter what happens," Jean said, "they will have been incomparably lucky."

Their young faces, exalted and adoring, had twisted her heart. They would mean, as she and Peter had meant, the vows exchanged tomorrow. It would be no empty ritual: "In sickness and in health . . . for better, for worse . . . for richer, for poorer . . ."

In this room last night Ingrid Anderson had spoken knowingly of the blind biological compulsion that alone was the cause of early marriages. It wasn't true! It wasn't true of those two who had just gone out. It hadn't been true of Jean. There had been hundreds of attractive boys in Cambridge. But it had been only Peter she had wanted to marry; to spend her whole life with. Oh, it was no disguise of Nature, no trick that stretched your soul toward the stars. Made you pray you might be the best wife any man had ever had. That Peter would someday, with such aid as you could give, reach the high goal he had set. Dedicate yourself . . .

As if from a long way off, she heard Mrs. Littlejohn say, "You're right, Jean. Death is not the greatest tragedy. It's taken me a long time to see that, but I do. I was bitter, blasphemous, when my son died. I could not reconcile myself to his being cut off before he'd had a chance to develop his great talent. Yet I'm not sure he would have been a happy man or made anyone else happy. Certainly his wife—this child's mother—seems far happier now, married to a man the opposite of my son, a stockbroker without an ounce of imagination or creativeness. But he's extraordinarily sweet and even-tempered."

She raised her dark eyes to Jean's. "He

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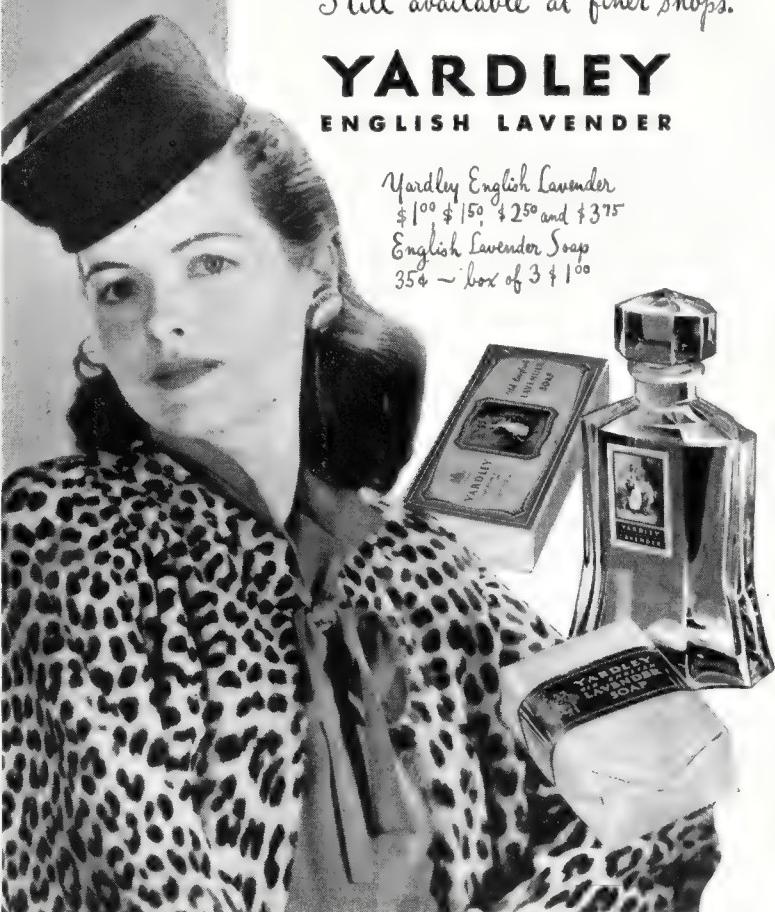
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reminds me in some ways of Howard. Creative people are all abnormal. I've known a good many. It's not surprising most of them have so much trouble staying married. The wonder is anyone ever has the courage or the foolhardiness to marry any of them in the beginning."

Without being aware of having moved, Jean found herself on her feet. "I don't agree with you. It depends upon who the person is; what she wants out of life."

Mrs. Littlejohn looked up at her. "Are you trying to tell me you haven't come here alone tonight because you're fed up with Peter McKnight's abysmal selfishness? Tired of having your whole world revolve around him?"

Jean's teeth chattered. "Th—that's ridiculous!" she cried. "If our world has revolved around Peter, it's because I've wanted it to. It was not his idea, but mine. He's the one who has a contribution to make. I haven't, except through him. Why should he be expected to stay on an even keel—like some stockbroker? He's a novelist, and a damned fine one too!"

"I know that as well as you do," the white-haired woman retorted. "I've just been saying people like Peter are not normal. He can say it's 'artistic temperament—'"

"He'd rather be shot than say such a thing. He doesn't think he's different from the average man; he denies it, indeed. But he's just got to be; he couldn't do what he does if he weren't. The process that goes on inside him is at times sheer agony. He can't eat or sleep; he's tortured. And when his work is going well, he works like a fiend. Until he's ready to drop. And as for his so-called selfishness, it isn't true. Not in big ways. He's the most generous human being who ever lived! The worst that can be said about him is that he's sometimes thoughtless."

"Sometimes thoughtless!" Mrs. Littlejohn repeated ironically. "Why, you've never had the same roof over your head for six consecutive months. He's dragged you all over the world when it suited his fancy to travel."

"And do you think I'd have preferred spending all these years in some humdrum suburb?" Jean asked heatedly. "Why, when I went up to Boston this winter every one of the girls I'd grown up with, who've married lawyers and bankers and—stockbrokers—was green with envy. They'd have given anything they possessed to have been in my shoes."

"I wonder," Mrs. Littlejohn said skeptically. "I wonder how many of them would willingly have been cook and critic and companion and amanuensis—always and forever, as you yourself admit, putting Peter's interests, Peter's work, first. Do you think many of them would have paid the price?"

"I don't know," Jean said, and beligerency ebbed out of her. "There aren't many people, I suppose, who are willing to pay the price for anything—even a good marriage. Not that I've really had to pay anything worth mentioning. And if I had, it would have been worth it a million times over. No woman could ever have had a richer or more rewarding life. And I don't mean by that the fascinating places and strange people I've come to know because of Peter. Even without that, even if we'd stayed rooted in one spot—one dull spot—my life would have been full to overflowing. I've never been bored one single—" She could not go on. After a second she managed to say, "I think I'll go up to my room now."

Mrs. Littlejohn rose from her chair. "Forgive me if I've been impertinent." She put her hand on Jean's shoulder. "I'm an irascible old woman. I have lived

too long alone, without anyone to talk to me. You make me feel very humble."

"I was really talking to myself," Jean said. "Telling myself things I'd forgotten. I've been so desolate, so lonely without Peter this winter, my values have got twisted, warped. I've magnified petty, trifling things. And my vanity was wounded too. It takes a little time, I guess, to get used to being the wife of a celebrity. But when I saw those youngsters here tonight I came to my senses. I knew that I'd rather have had one year of marriage to Peter McKnight than a lifetime with anyone else!"

"That's all that counts," Mrs. Littlejohn said. "It's the whole answer." As they moved toward the spacious hall she said gently, "At the risk of offending you again I cannot resist asking why, then, you have run away."

Jean told the truth. "I couldn't bear seeing Peter with Ingrid Anderson."

"I understand that. Even I, in my way, was jealous of her. But you can put up a fight."

"No," Jean said. "No, I've nothing to fight with. She's everything I am not and couldn't ever hope to be. She's brilliant and beautiful and dynamic. She—she matches Peter." Her voice broke. She ran blindly toward the stairs and started climbing them without pausing to switch on the light.

Halfway up, she heard the door in the lower hall slam with such violence she expected to hear the shattering of glass. Instead, Peter's voice demanded, "Where is Mrs. McKnight, Brown?"

In her haste to reach the top floor, Jean stumbled over her long skirt, twisted her ankle. For a second, pain held her immobilized.

Ingrid Anderson's voice came up the stairwell: "As I've been telling you all day, I should think she might want a little rest."

"You've been telling me about everything," Peter retorted. "But now listen—listen to me."

"Listen to you?" Ingrid laughed derisively. "Why, what else do you ever give anyone a chance to do?"

They were almost on the second floor now. Peter's laughter rang out in genuine body-shaking mirth. "That, from you, is really magnificent!"

From her place near the top of the dark stairway Jean looked down. They had reached the hall below. They faced each other like two duelists, ready to attack.

"Even at the dinner table tonight," Ingrid declared furiously, "whenever anyone asked me a question, it was you who answered. You who took it upon yourself to hold the floor. Get the center of the stage. Ever since we got out to Howard's last night you've done nothing but argue, contradict me."

"Why shouldn't I contradict you when you're wrong?"

"It was not because I was wrong," Ingrid flung back with lethal rage. "The trouble with you is, you're so accustomed to browbeating that poor little wife of yours—"

"Me—browbeat Jean! Are you insane?"

"Let me finish. Just once, let me finish!" Ingrid cried. "You're so used to bullying her you just automatically want to crack down on any woman who has a mind of her own, who's ever accomplished anything."

"Accomplished anything? You!—compared to Jean—"

Mrs. Littlejohn advanced majestically toward them. "You two ought to have your heads knocked together." She did not, however, sound displeased. "I must say for a pair of literary lights you talk remarkably like two small guttersnipes."

Peter said, "I came in to see Jean. I didn't expect Ingrid to come."

"I only did because I couldn't stay there alone with Howard!"

Jean limped down the corridor to the guest room. She was sitting on the chaise longue rubbing her ankle when Peter came storming in. "What do you mean by sneaking off without telling me you were going?"

"Stop shouting."

"I'll shout if I want to! It's about time we had things out. I won't stand for any more of this—do you hear?" Peter's eyes were brilliant with anger.

Jean thought: I must be dreaming. "What are you talking about?" she asked.

"What do you think I'm talking about—the way you've been carrying on with Howard! I've kept still long enough, but let me tell you right here and now I won't stand for it any more. Do you hear?"

She swallowed hard. "Yes, I hear, Peter. And so will everyone else in the neighborhood if you don't lower your voice."

He did not lower it. "You didn't seem so damned concerned with appearances this afternoon when you calmly walked off in the pouring rain and stayed away five solid hours! You didn't seem so fussy about what people might overhear when you got out of the car last night at Howard's and said, 'Home is the sailor, home from the sea.'" Peter shook himself like a wet terrier. "This is a perfect house. This is my idea of heaven. Bah!" He stretched out his arm, shaking his finger at her like a judge excoriating a criminal. "If you wanted to live in some quaint old curiosity shoppe, why didn't you tell me so? What in God's name do you think we've got money in the bank for, if not so you could have whatever you might want?"

She blinked hard, but two tears rolled down her cheeks.

Peter's indictment was not finished. "You left your fitted case behind. The first nice thing I could ever afford to give you. You left that out there. It was all I found when I went up to your room. That was your way of telling me how you felt about me."

"Oh, no, no—I forgot it. I don't use it much—it's so elegant."

"Why in hell shouldn't it be elegant?" he exploded. "What sort of present would you expect me to give a girl like you—some cheap little bunch of violets?"

She did not know whether the sound issuing from her lips was laughter or a sob.

"If you wanted one of those considerate, thoughtful men," Peter went on, "why didn't you marry one of them in the first place? You had plenty of chances. But no, you had to let me bank everything on you, come to depend on you, count on you, be knit to you in a thousand different ways. Be lost without you. Lost!" He repeated furiously.

And now her tears overflowed.

"Stop it!" he commanded. "Don't you dare cry! You know I can't bear to have you cry. Stop it, I say!"

But she could not stop. She reached up, groping for a handkerchief.

Peter took out his. He sat down beside her. "I'm like these damned kids in Anna Freud's clinic," he said huskily. "I can take anything, so long as you're all right, Jean." She buried her face on his shoulder. He smoothed her hair. Awkwardly. "Such lovely brown hair."

She put up her hand and touched his face.

He held her more closely. "You're my sun, moon and stars. Oh, Jean, you accused me of taking you for granted, the way I do the air I breathe. Maybe it's true. But I could live without breathing

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better than I could live without you. I'll never let you go. I adore you."

"Darling," Jean said.

"Darling, yourself," he returned. "My darling. My beloved. My dear wife."

Still in his embrace, she drew far enough away so she could look at him.

"You have the bluest eyes in all the world," he said. "I think you're probably the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, but I wouldn't know." He smiled. "It would seem almost like boasting to say so, you seem so much a part of me."

She held her breath. She must speak now or forever hold her peace. "Your anima?"

"Ugh!" He laughed, though, a shade sheepishly. "*Animus—anima*. Tweedle-dum and tweedledee. Of all the half-baked poppycock! What man in his right mind would want a replica of himself! No, he wants just the reverse; he wants someone wholly different from himself. Someone who completes him, complements him—the way you do me." He kissed her. "But there's only one of you in the whole world, my darling. I thought I'd lose my mind when I found you'd run away. Without a word."

"But Peter, you seemed so—so fascinated by Ingrid."

"Fascinated! By that girl? After the novelty had worn off? Zowie, if I'd had to be in the same house with her for another twenty-four hours, only one of us would have come out alive. Me, I hope."

"Last night, though, you weren't willing to go out to Howard's until I invited her?"

"I wanted to see what made her tick, yes. You know how I am when someone strikes me as new and interesting. It might just as well have been a taxi driver or a bartender."

Almost just as well, Jean reflected. Not wholly. But close enough so as not to matter now.

She pictured the final scene at Howard's. Her father had once said, "No roof is wide enough to shelter two ambitions." And in her own experience she'd seen dinner parties wrecked by two prima donnas struggling for the undivided attention of the table. The de Gaulle incident occurred to her. And Howard's saying Peter had been argumentative and irritable all morning.

No, if she'd not been assailed by panic, if she'd not forgotten, during Peter's absence, his loathing for aggressive, dominating women, she would not have been afraid.

But it was worth it a million times over, to be sitting here now with his arms tightly around her.

Suddenly he chuckled. "Ingrid Anderson is going to have a tough time if she ever finds her *animus!* Can you imagine a worse inferno than a male and female cut from that pattern? Even she, wet though she is about most things, has enough sense to realize that, I suspect. Howard made quite a dent just as we were leaving by telling her she ought to get rid of her complexes and stop overcompensating. They're lunching together tomorrow. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if she's marked Howard down as her own." Peter cocked one dark eyebrow as if to say, "What would you think of that?"

"Howard?" Jean no longer felt the least self-consciousness in mentioning Howard's name. "Are you serious?"

"Yep. You wait and see. And he'd certainly be the perfect fetch-and-carry husband for a career gal—heaven save the mark! Come to think of it, he's always had a morbid hankering for the rôle. Think of his other girls—the dancer, the singer, the portrait painter. There's been only one exception." Peter's expression was half teasing, half concerned. "But no man with eyes in his head could help falling for you."

"Pooh," Jean answered, "he didn't. Not really. To tell the truth, I suspect the strongest bond between us was our feeling about you, Peter. We talked a lot about you, certainly."

"Oh, I wasn't jealous," Peter said. Then immediately, "That's a lie. I was. Terribly. That's why I made all those cracks about his house. What frightened me was that Howard is such a swell guy. I could easily understand your preferring him to me."

"You're crazy! Utterly crazy!" They clung together.

It was a long time before they spoke again of so relatively an impersonal subject as Howard. Then Peter said, "I wonder if I ought to stop that match."

Not daring to ask "How?" Jean asked, "But why? Basically, Ingrid is a pretty swell person too. She'd become more so, married to someone like Howard."

"Perhaps," Peter conceded. "And of course it will be pleasanter for Howard having her a writer, instead of a painter or a singer." He had spoken in good faith, Jean knew. And it was in utmost seriousness he demanded, "But did you ever in your whole life see anyone so egocentric and self-centered as that woman?"

Jean gulped. Then happiness beyond and above laughter surged through her. She drew Peter's face to hers and kissed him, fiercely and protectively and in re-dedication.

THE END

The Average American Man (Continued from page 27)

down on—much harder than gasoline for his automobile.

War

The average male thinks the war with Germany will end in about a year; the war against Japan in about two years. Since early this spring, he has considered Japan rather than Germany the chief enemy. His hatred of Japan far exceeds his dislike for Nazi Germany. He considers the Japanese as outside the pale of civilized nations and thinks the minions of Hirohito are "barbaric, brutal, dirty, savage, sneaky and inhuman." He is unalterably opposed to anything less than unconditional surrender of all the Axis enemies.

Curiously enough, he prefers to serve in the Army rather than in the Navy or Air Force, because he wants to "keep his

feet on the ground," although preferences for various branches of the service differ by ages. He doesn't think Germany can be defeated by bombing alone.

On the home front he is severely critical of labor unions in relation to the war effort. He was overwhelmingly in favor of the antistrike legislation passed by Congress long before it was adopted. His opinion of John L. Lewis is to a great extent unprintable. He wants labor unions required to register with the Government and to publish regular financial reports of the money they take in and spend.

The average male doesn't grumble much about wartime taxes, but he thinks more steps need to be taken to head off inflation. He was in favor of pay-as-you-go taxation six months before Congress got around to adopting it.

Politics

If he is a Democrat, he favors President Roosevelt for election to a fourth term. If he is a Republican, his top choice for the G.O.P. nomination is Governor Dewey of New York, with Wendell Willkie second and General MacArthur third.

He likes President Roosevelt's foreign policy, and the way the war is being run, much more than the Administration's domestic policies. If the war is over before the election he says he would prefer to have the Republicans in office.

Postwar World

Males (and working women) are incredibly optimistic about jobs after the war. A huge majority think their present jobs will continue after peace has been signed.

However, they believe that service men coming out of the Army after the war may have trouble competing with civilians for jobs. The average man believes men in the Army should be kept in service after the war until they are able to find work.

The average man has adopted, for the present at least, a markedly international viewpoint. He believes the United States should take a more active part in world affairs than she did after the last war. He thinks we should start now to organize some sort of world league or association to maintain world peace, and that America should join an international police force after the war.

The average man holds this international point of view regardless of what section of the country he lives in. The idea that men (or women) living in the Middle West are isolationists is a figment of the imagination. A man's ideas about the postwar world are governed much more by the amount of education he has had than by sectionalism. Men who have gone to college are more in favor of having America take an active part in world affairs than are men who only finished grammar school.

One of the average man's chief worries is Russia, but he feels more optimistic about our future relations with the Soviets now than he did two years ago. He thinks that when the war is over we ought to be lenient with the German people, tough with the Nazi leaders. He wants Hitler and his gang shot, hanged, or imprisoned if they are still around when peace comes.

One male, a San Franciscan, suggests that the best way to treat Hitler would be to put him in a cell and have somebody read all his speeches back to him day and night until he goes mad.

Himself

While he is not deeply religious and doesn't go to church as often as he thinks he should, he believes in God and in a life after death.

He is more afraid of cancer than any other disease, and more afraid of tuberculosis than he is of pneumonia or heart trouble. Only one man in four goes through the winter without a cold.

The average man is likely to make one of these three New Year's resolutions every year: to do less drinking, or go on the wagon; to better himself in business; or to do less smoking or stop smoking altogether. He favors sterilization of habitual criminals and the incurably insane, believes in the death penalty for women murderers, and is much more in favor of mercy deaths than women are.

He prefers to have his womenfolk agree with him on politics, but there's one thing he says he will never, never do—vote for a woman for President.

"I'm your wife...remember!??!"



I. We had been perfect mates . . . at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He'd go for hours without talking to me . . . without even looking at me. It was maddening!



2. At home-nursing class one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who's a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: "Sally, it could be your fault. You see, there's one neglect husbands often can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



4. That advice turned out to be first aid to our marriage, all right! I keep Lysol disinfectant on hand always . . . it's so easy and economical to use. And, as for George, he remembers me now . . . with flowers!



3. When I asked her what I should do, she answered: "Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene . . . it cleanses thoroughly . . . and deodorizes." Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she said.



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He Married a Doctor (Continued from page 63)

Jenny, walking in on the touching scene, said, "I make no apology. Go on, Carey, this is very interesting."

"Shall I put the case up to the Major?" he asked Hilda.

"If you like," she agreed, startled.

He did so, mincing no words. Finally: "Well, what do you think?" he demanded.

"Any opinion of mine is purely academic," said Jenny. "I've heard this subject argued a thousand times, but I wouldn't know, Carey. From a purely personal point of view, I think Hilda is right. I like my privacy too; I'd hate to live underfoot, so to speak. But there are a good many sound arguments against the arrangement. It's up to circumstances and personalities. In your case, you have a choice. Most people starting out in marriage have none. As for the circumstances, they are unusual. It is true that Hilda will often be called out nights. Such a circumstance alters the case, don't you think, especially when you can afford the space?"

So here again Hilda had her way. Perhaps a small factor was that she did not want a room which had been decorated for Maida. Carey had never used that room either, although it was the largest bedroom, with its own sun porch. Now, it was a guest room, and he had enjoyed a wry smile when Maida as his week-end guest had shared it with her baron. His own room, intended for a bachelor guest originally, was severely masculine, and not very large.

Hilda selected the one which opened from it; also a guestroom. It was big and bright; it had been done in colors she liked—leaf-green, with a sharp note of cherry—and the furniture was pearwood; modern, simple and lovely. It had its own bath, separate from Carey's.

He offered her the big library downstairs for her exclusive use, but she took instead the small study which opened from it. She would put her telephone there, with an extension in her bedroom.

The short time which elapsed between the announcement of the engagement and the wedding would have been filled with frivolity if Hilda had permitted it. She said frankly that she was touched by everyone's desire to give parties, but she hadn't the time. But the Spences were adamant. Roger said, "It isn't fair to your friends, Hilda," and finally she gave in. She, Carey and Jenny drove over on a Sunday afternoon. Roger and Kathy had asked everyone, including Howard Mason and Mildred Vaughan. Jenny had arranged that Roger knew Howard well, and besides, she said, she'd get tired of the shindig long before Carey and Hilda could leave, and Howard could take her home.

It was a festive occasion, the house filled with chrysanthemums and people; the Spence children, a boy and a girl, briefly in evidence to offer felicitations, and a number of Hilda's friends up from town. Annie Parsons was among them. She had left Fairview shortly after Hilda and taken a residency in obstetrics in Lister Memorial General Hospital in New York. Later she would go to a small town in Iowa where she had relatives to start her practice.

She had a word alone with Hilda. She said, "Well, you're in for it."

"You don't like Carey?" Hilda asked, smiling.

"He's wonderful," said Annie. Her fine eyes were luminous with affection. "I hope you'll be awfully happy, but Lord, women in our jobs!" She shook her head. "I think we're crazy to marry, and crazy not to."

Gregory Jackson was in evidence. He was reproachful and melancholy, taking Hilda aside, standing over her with a cocktail glass in one hand. "I suppose you know you've broken my heart," he said, and added, "You might have given me a chance. We would have made such a swell team."

Hilda shook her head. "I'm afraid not, as your idea of what constitutes a satisfactory practice doesn't agree with mine."

He shrugged. "Well, I like money. It's a symbol of success. And what's the use of sweating your brains out if you're not successful? You won't need to, now."

"No," said Hilda, "as I'm marrying Carey for his money, of course, and also for his social position." She spoke with the utmost gravity. "Your course is open to you, Greg. A dulcet dowager—if you don't mind an age difference—checkbook in hand, or a dithering debutante who will eventually inherit from Poppa."

He said, "Now you're being nasty."

"No. At least, I don't mean to be. You were never really in love with me. I was just the nearest woman who didn't happen to be unattractive to you."

He said, "That's not so. I've met dozens of delightful girls since I went to New York, but I'm still carrying a torch."

She said, "I hope it's illuminating."

He grinned reluctantly. "Well, it's no use. We wouldn't have hit it off, I suppose. When I marry I want a—a feather cushion. Tired professional man comes home to good dinner, soft lights and a pretty wife whose I.Q. isn't too high for comfort. But I was always keen about you, Hilda," Carey came up to them, and Gregory said, "I was just telling Hilda that she's broken my heart, Mr. Dennis."

"As long as she doesn't break mine," said Carey, "it's all right with me."

Kathy came over to say, "You'll have to circulate more, you two. That's what the party's for." She linked an arm through Hilda's and one through Carey's. She had had two drinks too many, as usual. "Hilda, it's unkind of you to take an eligible man out of circulation." She looked through her long eyelashes at Carey. "But I'm grateful to you, Carey."

"For what?" he demanded.

Hilda held her breath. But Kathy said, "For removing Hilda from the paths of the susceptible. Roger's, for instance."

Carey, remembering the evening at Haleakapu and Kathy's barbed remarks, said evenly, "Yes, I understand Hilda is a general menace. I'm probably doing society a favor. I intend to keep her locked up, of course."

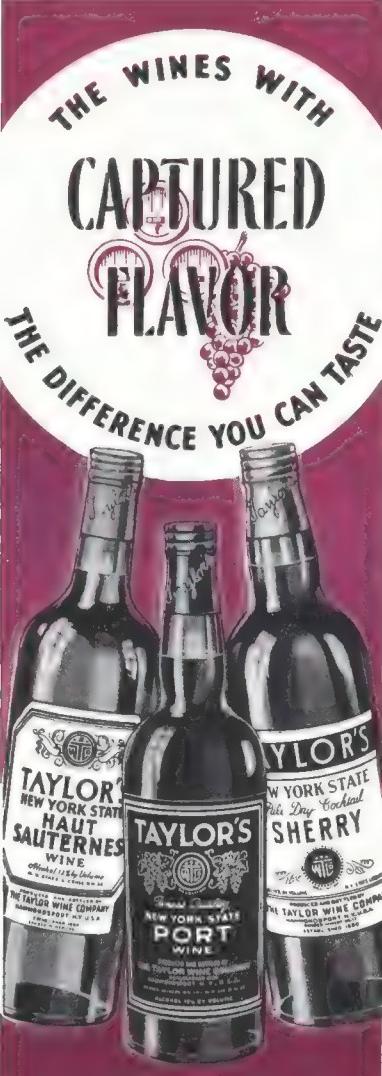
"It will be a pleasure, I'm sure," said Kathy, "if you are locked up with her."

The party went on interminably. Howard and Mildred took Jenny home. Howard had known of the engagement before anyone else except Jenny and Carey's parents. He had said then, soberly, "I knew I had no chance. But gee, Hilda, all I want is your happiness." Howard was a good person; and eventually, Hilda thought, he would realize that Mildred Vaughan's devotion was what he had wanted all along.

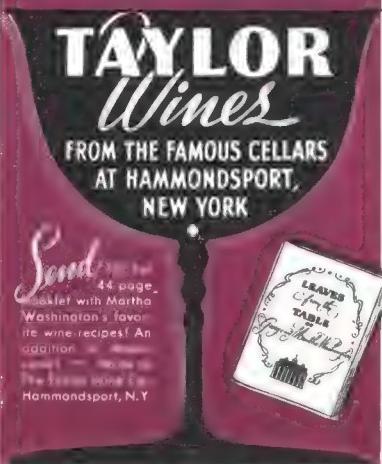
Hilda did not see Roger alone until just before the party ended. She was standing in the sun porch, lighted with rosy lamps, the Venetian blinds drawn, and she told him what a pleasant afternoon it had been. And when he asked her, "Are you happy, Hilda?" she answered, "Yes, happier than I ever believed possible."

He sighed. "I like your man, but life won't be simple for you, Hilda. You picked the wrong profession."

"I've heard that one before."



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"Perhaps any profession for a woman makes marriage doubly difficult, and at best it isn't easy. But you." He shook his head. "I'm fond of you and disappointed in you too. I thought that one day you'd find your future in working with me."

"Not the future I want," she told him. "I've always known that, although there were moments when I was tempted."

They were silent. They knew each other very well, and there were things which did not need to be spoken between them. He took her hand and looked at her ring—a ruby. "It's beautiful," he said, "and it becomes you." He released her hand. "All the luck in the world, Hilda."

On the way home Carey said, "I saw you in conference with old Dr. Spence. What was the diagnosis?"

She answered, smiling, "He was admiring my ring and wishing me happiness."

"What, no diagnosis?"

She said, "Always the same one, Carey: that you are making a mistake marrying a professional woman. But after all, it's your mistake and your business."

"Very much my business. Do you think it's a mistake, darling?"

"No."

"Four of the men at that party are in love with you."

"*Femme fatale*," she murmured. "Don't be absurd, Carey."

"One, Howard Mason," he said—"a good deal, and I think for a long time. He's all right. I'm sorry for him. Two, Gregory Jackson."

"Skip him," said Hilda. "He gave me a whirl once because there was no one else at hand. He was never serious. He wants to marry a feather cushion with lots of money!"

Carey laughed. Then he was grave again. He said, "Three, Roger Spence."

Hilda sat up straight. "No, Carey, that's not so. Roger's known me since I was a child. He's always been fond of me. He was very much in love with Kathy when he married her. Not now, I think—and not through any fault of his. He's not a happy man, but he isn't unhappy because of me. I wish you'd believe me."

"Very well," he said, "I do."

"That makes three," she said. "Who's the fourth?"

"Need you ask?"

"No."

"Violently in love," he said, "and forever, and thank God, happily so. Therefore, doctor, what's the diagnosis, as far as our marriage is concerned?"

"Prognosis," she corrected him. She laughed. "Prognosis, good. Wonderful, in fact, which is silly," she added in astonishment, "as I didn't even know I was in love with you until I walked in and saw you unconscious."

"That's fine," said Carey. "And in a way, I've been unconscious ever since."

"That is not complimentary!"

"It was meant to be, darling. Promise me one thing."

"What?" she asked cautiously.

"That you will never grow to look as—utilitarian as your friend Dr. Parsons."

"Annie?" Hilda chuckled. "Annie's the salt of the earth."

"I don't doubt it. But I'm allergic to too much salt. Darling, you haven't promised."

"I promise." Hilda leaned her head against his shoulder. She said thoughtfully, "Carey, if we don't make a go of this, just think how many people will say: 'I told you so!'"

They were married in the living room of the Redding house by the minister of the church which the Major attended—patients permitting. It was a simple, moving ceremony, and not many wit-



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nessed it. The Spences came, and the David Orsons; Howard was there with Mildred, and Annie Parsons. The majority of the other guests were elderly people, friends of Jenny Redding's.

Jenny had insisted upon a proper wedding gown. "You may marry eight times," said Jenny, "but only once in white." So Hilda wore ivory satin and her grandmother's wedding veil. She carried no flowers, but she wore the beautiful pikake lei which Carey's parents had sent by airmail from Honolulu. It arrived as fresh as the day it was made, each tiny flower looking as if carved from ivory. She carried her grandmother's wedding prayer book, the white binding faintly yellow with age; and the string of pearls which was her wedding gift from Carey matched the living cream of the pikake flowers.

Carey's parents had also sent her a fine set of rubies which had long been in the Dennis family, and ivory beads carved into the likeness of the pikake lei—so that her wedding flowers would never fade. The Major gave her the silver which had been stored in a bank vault against this day: tea and coffee sets, platters, and flatware, the spoons and forks very beautiful with the fine patina of age.

Hilda was unattended at the ceremony, and Jenny gave her away. Dave Orson was Carey's best man. During the ceremony Vangie created a diversion by wandering into the living room straight to the improvised altar. She lay down beside Hilda, her chin on her paws, her silky spaniel's head on the soft satin of the train, and Hilda, smiling at Carey, permitted her to remain there.

The house was full of chrysanthemums and bright plants from Haleakapu's gardens and greenhouse, and more from the Redding garden. After the ceremony a buffet luncheon in the sunny dining room. The day was perfect; the sort of day in October which is like no other—windless, a deep blue sky with the colors of the autumnal trees burning like a vast triumphant fire under a golden sun.

The wedding, said their friends, was exactly like Hilda and Jenny; for Jenny departed in the middle of luncheon to administer to an emergency—a frantic woman with a sick child in her arms. And among the gifts were many from Jenny's and Hilda's patients; some of them from farms—eggs, home-churned butter, a side of bacon, a ham.

Early that afternoon the bride and groom drove to town and caught the train South. In their drawing room, Carey looked at his wife. "Well, Mrs. Dennis, did you like your wedding?" he asked, and she smiled at him, quiet and shaken.

"I've listened to the words of the service a hundred times," she said, "but I never knew what they really meant before."

She thought: How sad, how tragic to think that the majority of the people who repeat "until death us do part" really mean it with all their hearts—and how soon many of them forget.

"Mrs. Dennis," said Carey again. "I like that. But what happens? I mean, it's Dr. and Mr. Dennis now, isn't it? Too absurd. Or are you remaining Dr. Barrington? That would sound as if we were living in sin."

Hilda remarked that it was confusing. But Jenny was having a new shingle made for her: "Hilda Barrington Dennis, M. D." She asked him, smiling, "Is that all right? We did have some discussion about it, the Major and I."

He kissed her and said, with great contentment, "Everything's all right as long as you love me."

"Which is forever," Hilda informed him. "Sure?"

"Very sure. It's a short word for a long time, but even forever is too short. Carey?"

"Yes, my darling?"

"We'll quarrel," she said seriously; "we'll misunderstand each other; we'll have all the adjustments to make that every man and woman have to make when they marry, and perhaps a few more. But if we go on loving each other, what else matters? There are always solutions, compromises, provided love remains. If it doesn't—" She shrugged. "Well, then nothing matters."

"A gloomy prognostication," said her husband. He chuckled.

"What's funny?"

"I was thinking of Maida."

?????????????????????????????

Family Quiz Answers SISTER

(Questions on page 16)

1. All are names of Presidents: Madison, Jefferson City and Lincoln.
2. Strength.
3. Commander in Chief—President Franklin D. Roosevelt.
4. Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior.
5. 2 and 2 is 4. This form is generally preferred on the ground that a singular idea is expressed, especially when the numbers are thought of in the abstract.
6. Yes. Victoria Woodhull, 1872, and Belva Lockwood, 1884 and 1888.
7. Pennsylvania, named for William Penn.
8. Sir Joshua Reynolds.
9. A nail-biter.
10. China.
11. Paris.
12. The widows of Presidents.

Questions accepted from *Gaywell Borders*, Kenova, W. Va.; Leola L. Markus, Orlando, Fla.; Fay Field, Tarleton Station, Tex.; E. H. Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jean Hippie, Pocatello, Idaho; Matilda Rose McLaren, Springfield, Ill.; Mae S. Wingrenroth, Denver, Pa.; Della D. Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Virginia G. Cullen, Inglewood, Calif.; Blanche E. Bull, Wolf Point, Mont.; Myrtle Conger, Columbus, Ind.; Celia Kremer, Columbus, Ind.

?????????????????????????????

"So soon?" asked Hilda, but without rancor.

"I was thinking of the baronial wedding gift."

"The Copenhagen lamp? It's lovely."

"Quite. Maida was heaping coals of fire when she sent it, as she and Franz weren't invited."

"I asked you if you wanted them. They are your friends."

"God forbid! I was just trying to rib you a little. By the way, we're having dinner here in the drawing room."

She said, "You spoil me. But don't stop, because I like it very much." She turned her hand and looked at the ruby and the slender gold band beneath it.

He held her close. "I'd like to spoil you, darling, for the rest of our lives, until you become so dependent upon me that you can't breathe properly unless I am near."

"I can't breathe properly when you are," she told him, laughing, unaware at the moment that in his words a warning was clear for anyone to hear. But all she heard was the pounding of her heart and the answering rhythm of his.

Virginia was wonderful in October. Hilda and Carey had their own small cottage near a big resort hotel. They had

a fire blazing in the living room, evenings, and coming back from dancing at the hotel, they would sit before it on a low couch and hold hands and look into the flames. In the bright, crisp mornings, the fire was started again and breakfast served before it.

"I'm so glad," said Carey approvingly on the occasion of the first breakfast, "that you aren't too practical to abjure negligees."

"Did you think," asked Hilda, in long, filmy coral chiffon and satin, "that I'd wear white skirts and jackets on my honeymoon?"

"I wasn't sure."

She said, "The Major gave me vast sums of money and told me to go ahead—as one of her wedding gifts. 'Only,' she said, 'for heaven's sake, be frivolous.' She wouldn't let me spend a cent of my own, and I really have saved, Carey."

"Give it away," he told her. He had opened an account for her, and she had been startled at its size. He had also turned some government bonds over to her.

"But what am I to do with it?" she had asked.

"Anything you please."

One morning, walking over the golf links with him—her game was poor but enterprising—she asked, "Look, Carey, about the money you've given me."

"Well?" He surveyed her. He liked her short dramatic skirt, bright scarlet, and the sweater she wore with it.

"As you won't let me contribute to the running expenses of the house—" Hilda paused. "And how silly that would be," she murmured. "I couldn't even pay Sven's or Sake's wages."

Sake was the Japanese cook. His name wasn't Sake, of course, but it amused Carey to believe that it was.

"No, you couldn't," he agreed.

"To say nothing of Gil Young's." She added, "I remember when Howard told me that he got Gil the superintendent's job with you. I've known Gil most of my life. His wife and children are patients of the Major's, too. And then there's the wages of the men under him—and Sven's wife." She said, appalled, "What a place to run!"

"Think nothing of it," Carey told her. "Gil will manage the great outdoors, and we'll let Sven sweat over the house accounts."

She said, "Of course I can do more charity work. On my own, I mean, without any loss to the Major. And some day, if I save like anything—"

"Well?" he asked, amused.

"A free clinic for children. By that time perhaps I'll be specializing in pediatrics, but I'd need a good psychiatrist and—"

"Fore!" yelled a maddened man behind them, impatient at their slothful pace.

"This is a golf game, I think," said Carey. "Or do you want to be killed, Dr. Dennis?"

Which sounded, Hilda reflected, very odd indeed. Dr. Dennis. She'd have to get used to that too. There were so many things to which she must accustom herself—being away from Jenny, for instance; living at Haleakapu on the grand scale; entertaining; being entertained.

Two weeks wasn't long. It was a good thing they hadn't taken a month, thought Hilda. You grew accustomed too quickly to laziness and laughter, service and music, firelight and dancing, golf and tennis and riding through the autumn woods with Carey. "Where did you learn to ride so well?" he demanded, and she said vaguely, "Oh, I don't know. I always have since I was a kid."

It was a play world, a magic world, and



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it must end. She had her work to do, and she had not missed it during these glowing days. Yet she would not like to live forever suspended between heaven and earth in an enchanted crystal globe. She told Carey so on their last night in Virginia.

"Most women," she said, "are miserable because the honeymoon must end. That's why they go to the movies and fall violently in love with some—some mascaraed male."

"Darling, are they really mascaraed? I don't think so."

"Or identify themselves with the smoldering heroine," Hilda went on.

"Just what does this lead up to, professor?"

"That they're still adolescents; they don't grow up," said Hilda. "Because love, as I see it, is more important after the honeymoon than during it."

"How are you defining love, exactly? If the poets are right—to say nothing of our wonderful aunt Jenny—love wears various faces."

"Honeymoon love," said Hilda, "the first fine careless rapture."

"It's not always fine, I understand, neither is it careless, and for many unfortunate honeymooners, far from rapture." Carey put his arm about her. He added, "We are very lucky, or have I been kidding myself? It is a truism that many women remember the first weeks of their marriage with horror. Is that why you're glad the official honeymoon is over?"

"Don't be idiotic!" She added, in such a matter-of-fact tone that he chuckled, "Physically we are in exceptional sympathy."

"Spoken from the book, my pedantic wife. Highly academic, as the Major would say."

She asked, with deceptive meekness, "Am I in error? After all, I had only the books to go by, my observations in the practice of medicine, which serves as a confessional for women, and also my medical student and hospital days, in which I did a lot of listening."

He said, "Maybe the books are right." He added, as she smiled at him, "The combination is limitless in its appeal."

"What combination?"

"How shall I put it? The sophisticated mind, the unawakened flesh, the generous and ardent spirit?" He went on, after a moment, "We have strayed from your original theme, which is that, however delightful the honeymoon, it's a good thing that it ends. Why?"

"You have your work," she said drowsily, her head against his shoulder, "and I have mine. We have friends, a home and mutual interests. There's so much to see and do and to talk over when we are together. A whole world of adventure to explore, not just this one world. Love isn't—a succession of lotus-eating hours. It should be as commonplace, as familiar and wonderful as daily bread, and as necessary. Nourishment for the complete being, darling. I am so grateful to you for this miracle, this being together; knowing that, whatever happens, we belong together—our hearts open to each other. It's peace, and a relaxing of all tension, and it's excitement too, and wonder."

"Sometimes it frightens me, being so happy, becoming so much a woman. But I love it, and you."

Her voice trailed off, and in a moment she was asleep.

Carey looked down at his wife, her eyes sealed against him, the white lids hiding their darkness and vitality. The small face was flushed, the ardent red mouth curved upward at the corners. He thought how small a person she was physically, yet how big mentally, and in her emotional and spiritual life, how infinitely valuable. He loved her; she loved him. As yet, perhaps, he did not know her. But they had the rest of their days in which to grow into full knowledge of each other. For guidance, they had their mutual love and trust, the perfection of their new relationship.

ing, but the trees still preserved some of their color.

Gil had stripped the greenhouse for their coming, and Sven and his wife Karen had the house shining.

Hilda told Carey on that first evening, "They all resent me somewhat. First, because it's easier working for a bachelor, and second, because they are sure I'll interfere—watch the budget, check on their work."

"Well, they needn't worry," he said.

"But I'll feel like a guest, Carey, and I'm certain the place can be run at less expense. All you do is sign checks; you leave the rest to Sven."

"He manages very well," Carey argued. He ruffled her hair with his big hand. "Stop fretting, and don't talk about being a guest. You're the boss."

Being boss at Halekapu, Hilda reflected, would be a full-time job. She said so. But Carey shrugged.

"Sven's capable," he said. "He and Sake get together on the menus. When we are more than four for dinner, Karen helps serve. It works out. But if you want a housekeeper, we could make that arrangement."

"Who would boss the housekeeper?" asked Hilda. "No, thanks." But she thought a little unhappily that as long as she lived in Halekapu she would continue to feel like a guest.

On Monday morning she woke and looked about the unfamiliar room. The door stood open between her room and Carey's. She looked at the clock on her bed table and rose, putting on a sheer wool robe and slippers. She went into her bathroom and turned on the water in the tub. While it was running, she went into Carey's room and closed the windows. He woke, and she went over and sat down on his bed. "Good morning," she said.

He pulled her down beside him. "What's the hour?" he demanded sleepily.

She told him. "Good Lord! But I don't have to leave the house until after nine," he protested.

"I know. But I do." She kissed him. "I'm going to have coffee in my room; you may share it if you like. But Sven will have breakfast for you at the usual time, I expect. Let me go, darling; the tub will run over."

"Let it," he said, but she escaped and went back to her quarters. Carey lay there trying to wake up. Fine system! First thing you knew she'd have him up and on an early train, arriving at his Wall Street office before the stenographers.

He wandered presently, showered and shaved, into her room, to find her dressed, sitting by the windows drinking coffee.

"Is that all you're going to eat?" he demanded. "You did far better than that down South."

"I always eat enormous breakfasts on trains and in hotels, but I couldn't keep it up. I'm conditioned to orange juice, toast and coffee." She poured him a cup and smiled. "What's the idea of getting up?"

"I feel silly," he admitted, "staying in bed, with the bride going off to conquer germs."

"I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. We have early office hours. The Major takes the morning office, but I have to be on

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BOTH IN NEXT MONTH'S COSMOPOLITAN

Hilda and Carey arrived in New York on a Friday morning and remained there until Sunday. "One last fling," he urged "before the moon sets. Isn't a little frivoly indicated?"

He had wired for a suite at the St. Regis, and for theater tickets. They saw "Charley's Aunt" on the night of their arrival and "George Washington Slept Here" the following night. They lunched and dined at Carey's favorite restaurants, went shopping, and after the theater did their share of pub crawling. Hilda telephoned Jenny as soon as they reached town, and Jenny said severely, "Well, at least your calls are becoming less expensive. All that idle chatter from Virginia! . . . Of course I'm all right. . . . No, I won't come up to Halekapu Sunday evening, and I don't want you here either. Spend your first evening as a married woman in your own home with your husband, and I'll see you Monday."

"She's impossible," Hilda complained to Carey, "but there's nothing I can do about it."

They picked up the car and drove home early Sunday afternoon. It had turned cool; the clouds were dark and threaten-

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hand to talk things over with her and take the calls." She added, "You'll get used to it, darling."

"I suppose so. A guy can get used to anything, even marriage." He looked at Hilda, very small in the big chair, professional in her tweeds, her hair shining, her skin tanned. "Come here and kiss me, woman, and then beat it," he ordered.

It was not hard to accustom himself to a solitary breakfast as he had break-fasted alone for years, but he missed the lazy intimacy of their honeymoon breakfasts beside the fire. It was, however, a little disconcerting to come rushing home from the office and demand of Sven, "Has Mrs. Dennis come in yet?" only to have Sven answer disapprovingly, "The madam has not returned."

Well, he had married a doctor, and he had to make the best of it. Of course, some evenings she was home ahead of him. But her schedule wasn't fixed; he never knew where she'd be. And there were odds and ends of conversation which he considered absurd, in the circumstances.

"Don't kiss me, darling. Don't touch me until I'm scrubbed up. I've been in intimate contact with a flock of germs."

Strep throat, measles, whooping cough, pneumonia—it didn't matter what she'd been in contact with, the edge of his fervor was permitted to dull before she was ready to be kissed. "A likely story!" he would complain. "You don't want me to kiss you, that's all."

Jenny observed them with amusement and some anxiety. She had laid down a few rules. She would not clutter up their home life. They could come to her, and she to them, on alternate Sunday evenings unless they had other invitations. She saw Hilda on and off all day, anyway, and sometimes Carey stopped in on his way from the train.

Hilda had been home three nights when the first night call came. This, thought Carey, watching Hilda rise and dress, is going to be hard to take. He wandered back to his own room, feeling abused. His sense of humor prodded him presently, and he laughed.

Hilda had bought a small coupé before they were married, and on their return home she settled the question of night calls with Sven. "Does madam—does the doctor wish to call me when she must go out at night and have me wait up for her?" asked Sven. But Hilda said, "I can manage alone nicely, Sven, thank you."

The garage was some distance from the house, but the overhead doors opened easily. It was no hardship to get the car out and put it back.

They gave their first party about two weeks after their return from the South, and it went off very well. The Spences were on the list, of course; Howard and Mildred; the von Kunsts, Dave and Gwen were invited for the week end. Jenny wouldn't come. From now on, she said, they could leave her out of the parties, which took too much out of her.

Hilda wore a new frock, one of several which Carey had insisted that she buy when they were in New York. They were wickedly becoming, appallingly expensive. They had been bought at a fantastic place, where Carey had seemed quite at home. He watched the models, who also watched him, drank a cocktail and smoked a Russian cigarette. He seemed to know a good deal about women's clothes. He's been here with Maida, Hilda deduced with displeasure.

The owner of the establishment came in, greeted him rapturously and was cordial to Hilda. She said, looking her over, "It is amusing to dress a small woman, because it is difficult. But *chic* can be achieved." Hilda was exhausted

by the time the frocks had been approved.

The dinner dress she wore for her first party was one of these super-creations, golden-apricot in color, superbly cut and unadorned. Her rubies were the right accent, and Carey surveyed her with pride. He said, "You grow lovelier every day. I'm a lucky man, Mrs. Dennis."

Thank God for naturally curly hair, thought his wife. She prayed that her telephone would not ring on this one evening for Carey's sake, and that the party, also for his sake, would be satisfactory. She still had the sense of being guest rather than hostess. She wondered fleetingly if that feeling would ever wear off.

The guests came; the party was on; the telephone did not ring. Hilda was rewarded for her uncomfortable hours in the dress shop by the widening of Maida's turquoise eyes and Kathy's open envy, and by Roger's flattering whistle. She asked him, smiling, "Was I such an ugly duckling?" and he responded, "Never—not since you were nine, if then. But I am just beginning to see you in your proper setting."

After everyone except the Orsons had left and they had been escorted to their bedroom door, Hilda went to her own room and Carey followed. He unclasped the ruby necklace and kissed the nape of her neck. "How did you like your first party?" he asked.

"It was fun," she said, not quite sincerely.

"I don't know how I ever got along without you at the head of the table, Hilda."

If he was content, she must be too. She turned in his arms and put her head against his shoulder. She said, "You're quite a host yourself, and I like being at the head of your table, darling," and hoped again that the telephone would not ring now.

It didn't.

It rang, however, on the night they went to the von Kunsts'. Hilda excused herself and left the table to answer it. The report which reached her was disturbing. There was nothing Hilda or any doctor could do except ease the way for Laura Holt, but she had to be there.

Carey had followed her into the hall. He asked, "You don't really have to go, do you? How about Bevin?" But she shook her head. "This is very special, and I can't discuss it now. I'll take your car, Carey. I haven't time to go home and change. It's lucky I brought my bag. If I'm not back soon, Sven could come for you in the coupé. I'll phone when I can. Perhaps Franz"—she boggled a little over the intimacy, but Maida and her husband had insisted—"perhaps Franz will drive you home. I'm so sorry, darling."

But she was not, Carey knew, really thinking of him. He didn't like it. This was something to which he would never grow accustomed: the relegation of their relationship to the background.

He asked, "Is it so important?"

"Dying is always important, Carey," Hilda said.

She made her apologies; the von Kunsts' butler brought the car around. Her bag was in it. She wore the mink coat which Carey had given her as a pre-Christmas gift. "You'd better have it now," he had said. She drove to Laura Holt's, some six miles out of the village.

Laura lived alone. She had been a widow for ten years. Her neat little house was painted gray. She had been in bed for the past few months, and Hilda had seen her frequently. Jenny went to see her too. "Socially," she said. She had known Laura for thirty years.

Laura now had a practical nurse, who waited on her, did what could be done.

The nurse met Hilda downstairs. She said, "She's pretty bad, Dr. Barrington."

So few called her Dr. Dennis. New patients would, but not the old ones; most of Jerry's patients called her Hilda.

"I'll stay," she said. She dropped the mink coat and shivered a little although the house was warm. She looked down at herself in incredulity. What was she doing here in a scarlet frock? She asked, "Could you find me something to put on? A smock, or one of your uniforms, Mrs. Kenzie?"

Hilda went up to her patient. Laura was conscious, and in great pain, but she smiled. She said faintly, "You look so pretty, Hilda." And for a moment her face was illuminated. Hilda's fingers were steady on the failing pulse. Laura spoke again. She said, "It's pretty bad." Her face was drawn, and Hilda nodded.

"I know," she said gently; "but it won't be in a moment."

Mrs. Kenzie brought the sterile syringe. She was competent; she had given many hypodermics. But Hilda gave this one, swabbing the wasted flesh with alcohol, deft with the insertion of the needle.

Later, Hilda changed into one of Mrs. Kenzie's uniforms. It was too long for her, too big. Her high-heeled scarlet slippers looked ridiculous.

"You must rest," Hilda told Mrs. Kenzie. "Lie down and try to sleep. You need it badly," she added, looking at the other woman's tired face.

The wind rose and spoke bitterly around the house. Hilda sat beside the bed and watched. The room was dark except for one shaded lamp.

Again she glanced down at her slippers and was irritated by their violent color. They were indecent. She thought: You can't mix things.

The room was still, except for the sound of the wind and Laura's breathing. But someone else was in the room, waiting, there in the corner, invisible, inevitable. My enemy, thought Hilda, and Laura's friend. Death. She was pledged to battle with him; pledged to outwit him; pledged to surrender only when she must.

The room grew colder. Was it the wind or the emanations from that unseen patient presence, biding his time, mocking her a little, yet saying, "I can be kind Hilda; kinder than you with all your skill."

You were sworn to fight him. You could not yield an inch, nor hasten his victory by an hour, a minute, under the terms of your oath. Yet there were times, she thought, when you would be glad to turn his ally. Times like this time.

She thought of Laura Holt; of her loneliness and her goodness. She wondered if Laura's only relative, a younger sister, had been summoned. Married to an invalid, she lived in Oklahoma, and Laura on her meager income had always helped them; had practically educated the children and expected no return. Even if Laura's sister were able to come, it would be too late now.

Why this? Laura had harmed no one all her life long. She had been good and kind, patient and gentle. It isn't fair, thought Hilda; it isn't fair.

Toward morning Hilda called Mrs. Kenzie. She said wearily, "It's over."

Her enemy had grown tired of waiting; Laura's friend had become impatient; so she had slept herself into death.

Hilda talked with Mrs. Kenzie, making arrangements, and finally asked, "I wonder if I may go home in this. I don't want to change. I'll have the uniform laundered and returned to you tomorrow—I mean, today."

She could not bear the scarlet gown. It was the color of life.



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Hilda drove home in the dark gray and pale rose just before dawn. She wore the white uniform under her fur coat. Halekapu slept, but as she passed the tenant cottage on the way to the garage Gil Young, the superintendent, came out on his porch and waved to her. When she stopped he said, "I'll drive you back to the house and put the car up."

"No, Gil, thanks. I'll walk from here if you'll garage the car. What are you doing up at this hour?"

He said, "Midge was sick. Something she ate, I guess."

"Let me have a look at her," suggested Hilda.

"You're tired; you've been up all—"

"Nonsense!" she said, very like Jenny.

She went past him into the house, spoke to Mrs. Young, went with her to look at the child. It was a digestive upset, apparently. But many things had their beginnings in a gastric disturbance. "Keep her in bed," she said. "I'll be back later."

She walked from the cottage to the house, let herself in and went up the stairs.

She had just reached her door when Carey erupted from his. Hilda stared at him, startled. He said, "Hilda, for God's sake, you didn't telephone! I didn't even know where you were."

She couldn't believe it, but it was true: all this past night she had not once thought of him. She said, shocked, "I'm sorry, Carey. I forgot."

He loved her very much. He knew she had forgotten, but he couldn't believe it any more than she could. He said stupidly, "But—you couldn't!"

Hilda went into her room, and he followed her. She said, "I didn't think I could either."

She took off the coat, and he asked irritably, "What in hell have you got on?" and as she answered, "One of Mrs. Kenzie's uniforms," she remembered the scarlet frock. She had left it in the hall with her bag. She said, "I left my dress downstairs. I must get it."

"No, let it stay there." For the first time Carey saw the shadows under her eyes. He made an enormous effort to forget himself. He said, "Darling, you're worn out. Let me help you get to bed."

"I don't want to go to bed." She looked at him, and her mouth shook. He was there, he was real, he was alive, and she had forgotten him, much as she loved him. She let him take her in his arms. She said, "I'll be all right. Just don't leave me."

Carey sat down in a big chair with his wife in his arms. He said, "Do you want to tell me what happened?"

"It was Laura Holt. She was a friend and patient of the Major's. She's been trying to die for a long time. Tonight she succeeded."

He held her closer. "What was it, Hilda?"

"Cancer."

"Poor woman." He added, "And you poor kid." After a little he spoke again. He asked, "Why not get undressed and see if you can sleep for a while? When you wake you can have your coffee, and I'll phone the Major you won't be down till late."

"But of course I shall," she said, rousing herself. "All I need is a cat nap, a shower and some coffee. Tell me about the party."

He thought about the party. It seemed a long time ago. Maida had ribbed him delicately, and then not quite so delicately. How inconvenient, she'd said, to have a wife who went off at all hours and stayed away, and you didn't know where she was or when she'd be back. How convenient, however, for some wives,

she had added, looking at Franz. "Don't you agree with me?" she had inquired, and Franz had nodded his sleek black head. "Gewiss, mein Herz," he had said in his irritating manner.

Something had passed between them then which Carey hadn't liked or understood. He hadn't stayed long after Hilda's departure.

Now, he said, "We played contract for a while and listened to the radio."

"Any new bombings?" Hilda asked.

"No."

There had been no great bombings these last few days. In November the attack had changed from London to Coventry and the other towns. But it was now the middle of December.

"And then?"

"I got fidgety," he said. "I sent for Sven and the couple and came home."

She was silent, asleep in his arms.

He held her. The sun rose higher; it was full morning. His arms were cramped, but he didn't care. He watched her sleep and remembered the night in Virginia, when she had fallen asleep before the fire.

Hilda woke suddenly and smiled at him. "I'm a brute. You must be half dead. What time is it?"

He told her.

"Golly!" she said, and got off his lap and stretched. She was stiff, her neck ached, but she felt all right. She felt as if she had slept for a week. She said so. She said, "That's you, Carey. Being there; resting me; holding me."

He got up from the chair. He said, "Yet you forgot I existed last night."

Perhaps he had expected her to lie, but she looked at him gravely. "Yes, I forgot," she admitted.

He achieved a grin. "My candid child! But you were busy."

Hilda shook her head. "Most of the time. I did nothing. I just sat there waiting."

"With no time—just waiting—to think of me?"

"I was thinking of Laura," she said; "of people like her all over the world. Wondering why we haven't found out yet how to prevent suffering like hers. Wondering why medical science has come no further. That's what I was thinking, Carey, when I was thinking at all."

"And when you weren't thinking?"

"Well, then I—just wasn't thinking, that's all." She couldn't explain that when she hadn't been consciously thinking, she had been feeling. Sensing that presence in the corner, arguing with it, aware of its endless patience and eventual triumph—in this case, a triumph she could not regret. She said, "I do love you, and I'm a rotten wife."

"You're wonderful," he told her, "and the only one I want."

She went to him in the absurd uniform, put her arms around his neck and kissed him very sweetly. "Thank you, darling. And now will you ring and see if I may have coffee? I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

So it was another day; she had a shower and dressed; she sent Karen downstairs for the scarlet gown; drank her coffee with Carey, who yawned and said he hadn't had much sleep either and if she'd take the day off, damned if he wouldn't too. He couldn't persuade her. She had calls to make, people to see, and she had to tell the Major about Laura.

Except for telling Jenny, it was a day like any other. Or was it? She assured herself: He understands. And Carey, taking a late train to town, thought: I understand perfectly. But neither was quite sure.

Christmas was a beautiful day, and

they spent it with Jenny. They had their own tree, which Hilda had trimmed, with Carey's and Sven's help. But Jenny wouldn't come up for the day; just for supper. She wanted Christmas in her own home, so Carey and Hilda went to her. The old house was bright with holly and greens and red ribbons. It smelled of applewood and pine cones burning, and of turkey. It smelled of cookies and spice cake. It smelled of Christmas.

Mac had cut the tree. It was small, but full and branching from the floor. Hilda touched the ornaments lovingly. She remembered them all. Jenny saved them from year to year. The wax angel was very old and a little dingy, but her smile was sweet. The bright globes sparkled, the peppermint canes were gay, and Mac and his wife had strung the pink and white popcorn.

All day patients and friends came and brought gifts—home-baked cakes and cookies; jars of home preserves; a hundred things, brightly wrapped. Carey, with some misgiving, had given Jenny a piece of jewelry—a fine sapphire bar pin. "Think she'll like it?" he asked Hilda, and Hilda cried, "She'll love it, of course! Who wouldn't?"

Hilda had a number of things for her aunt: a new desk set, badly needed; some expensive scientific books for which she had long yearned; a soft woolen robe and a new bag. Jenny's bag was battered and worn. And besides these, an armful of packages purely frivolous, the sort of luxury things Jenny loved but would not buy. Mac and Mrs. Mac and Nellie were well remembered, and even Vangie had her stocking.

Hilda had told Carey, "I'll spend your money on the Major and other people, darling, but not on you."

"It's your money," he reminded her, "not mine."

"That's how you look at it. But I want to earn your Christmas gift."

She gave him a cigarette case, thin and lovely. It had cost her more than anything she had ever bought. It came out of her savings, as the coupé had come. The account was now severely depleted.

Hilda made two calls that Christmas Day, leaving Jenny and Carey alone in the late afternoon. While she was gone, Jenny asked, "How are things going, Carey?"

"Everything's wonderful," he answered.

"Yes, of course. But really?"

"Sometimes she forgets me," he admitted.

Jenny said, "You forget her too, don't you, now and then when you're busy?"

"Do I?" he asked. "I doubt it. She's there always, an undercurrent, no matter what I am doing."

"Hilda has to forget you and herself. That's what the profession of medicine does to its practitioners—if they're any good. It's like no other, I think."

He smiled. "Well, it was a blow. It's happened only once that I know of, but for all I know, it may happen every day."

"I think you are remembering the night Laura Holt died." Jenny sighed. "I warned you, my dear. You'll have to make the harder adjustments of the two."

"Perhaps it's my vanity," he said.

"Perhaps it is." Jenny turned the sapphire pin in her hand. "I like this so much. People don't give me jewelry." She smiled. "Most of my friends can't afford it. But if they could, they'd say, 'Not Jenny. She isn't the type.'"

She was silent; the fire flickered, the bulbs clashed softly on the tree as Vangie brushed against the lower branches. Carey thought Jenny was asleep, and he lay back in the big chair smoking, missing Hilda. But Jenny wasn't asleep. She was thinking of a Christmas Day in



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Vienna; the gaiety and warmth; the young voices singing old songs. She was thinking of Dan.

She put her hand to her throat, where her dress was fastened with an old pin of Bavarian garnets. She had not taken it off to replace it with Carey's gift. She must, she thought, to please him. But she had worn this every Christmas Day since Dan had given it to her.

Dan, how wrong I was, how mistaken, how selfish. Yet I thought it was unselfishness. She thought: Where are you now, my dear?

Hilda came back, pink with the wind, and later they went up to Haleakapu. She had persuaded Carey to let the servants go out. "Let's have this evening to ourselves," she had said. The house was quiet without them, free of a certain tension. Sake had left cold beef and turkey and an elaborate salad. Jenny made coffee, and Hilda set the table in the breakfast room. She put on a big apron over her green wool frock and thrust a sprig of holly through her hair.

Carey opened a bottle of Burgundy and they had their supper, listening to carols on the radio.

Jenny was tired, and Carey drove her home early. He had demanded that Hilda leave the dishes, but when he returned she was putting them away. "Don't scold," she begged. "It's fun, and the first time I've felt that this pantry and the kitchen belong to me. While you were gone I ran over to see Gil and his wife and look at their tree. Their children are sweet, aren't they?" She put away the last plate. "We'd better have a baby in a year or two."

He said, "Not so soon." And then: "Well, perhaps." He was torn between two emotions. A baby would keep Hilda at home for a while, both before and after its birth, but he did not want to share her with a baby yet.

She said, "I said a year or two; perhaps three. Don't look so startled."

The telephone rang as they were going upstairs. Hilda answered it in her room, and Carey heard her say, "Very well, I'll be right there."

"Not now," he protested. "Not Christmas night!"

"Everyone overeats on Christmas Day. It's the Baker child. Her mother thinks it's an appendix, which I doubt." Hilda smiled at Carey. "Tired?" she asked. "Want to come with me?"

He drove her in the coupé and waited outside the house in the village. Smoking, he thought: Funny, but I like this.

She came out within half an hour and climbed in beside him. He asked, "What gives?" and she answered, "Too much turkey and mince pie. Was I gone long?"

"Forever!" He stepped on the starter and turned to her, smiling. "Where to, doctor?"

They were close together, there in the little car. It was Christmas night; the stars looked down, silver and shining, as they had looked down so long ago. Hilda sighed. She thought: If it could be like this always, this feeling of nearness, understanding, intimacy. It had been a wonderful day—at Jenny's and at home. Haleakapu had really felt like home tonight—the tree glowing; the presents heaped under it. All her lavish gifts from Carey—cobweb lingerie, wonderful aquamarines; the things from Hawaii.

"The doctor," prodded Carey, "cannot make up her alleged mind. I inquired where to."

"Oh, darling," said Hilda, and put her head against his sleeve. "Home of course. Always home—with you."

Next month: At a crucial moment in Carey's life Hilda's profession comes first

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Flat-top Jenny

(Continued from page 66)

bombers, identical with the dive bombers and now loaded, followed them off and then came our own squadron. The TBF's, the heavy-hitting torpedo planes, lumbered off behind us.

Our squadron split up into two sections, each of three vees of three, with me leading the second section. Casey was at my left and Hennessy on the right wing. We spread out wide. I looked back and down just as Jenny disappeared into the comparative security of a heavy rain squall. In a moment we plunged into the gray stuff ourselves, but broke out at seven thousand. We kept climbing until we had hit ten thousand, then leveled off. The fighters went up above us and ahead, and the TBF's stayed down trimming the tops of the clouds.

As we approached the area designated by the scout I looked ahead and saw a black plume of smoke spinning down from the sky and the flashing wings of a half-dozen Zeros. I tightened my belt and looked back at Steve. He smiled grimly and nodded, his calloused hands caressing the rear gun. When I looked ahead again, the Zeros were on us.

They were coming down at a long slanting run, and the sky was suddenly full of them. I raised the nose a fraction as they went over and gave them a burst, but without effect. Steve, in the rear cockpit, got one as he started to pull out. I laughed and then thought: The devil with that! We're after a carrier. But under us was solid overcast. I gave the signal and banked to port in a dive toward a doughnut hole. As we swung over the break I looked down through it to the sea and spotted a heavy cruiser. I pushed on over the hump and started down.

Two Zeros flashed by my face, trying their usual harassing tactics. Their speed being greater than a dive bomber's, they could not slow down enough to stay on my tail. But they flashed around in a steep loop and climbed toward me. I banked away from the target, got one of them in the telescope and let him have it. He fell away like a spinning butterfly, minus his left wing.

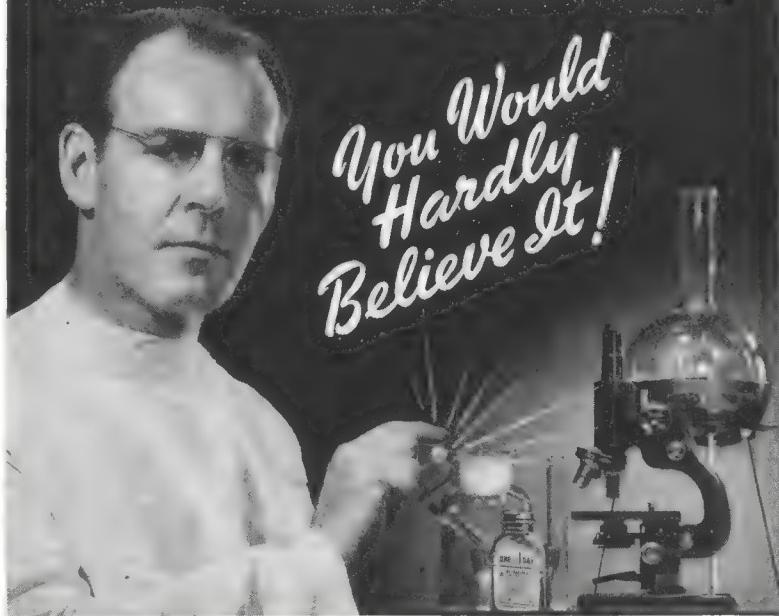
At fifteen hundred feet, I pressed the bomb release and started to pull out. The one-thousand-pound bomb fell away in a straight line for the cruiser. The pull-out is the most dangerous point for a dive bomber. You're suddenly like a clay pigeon that anyone can hit. But there was no one around. I looked up through the break and saw the rest of the squadron coming down. Then I looked below. My bomb had just hit, and there was a terrific flash at the stern of the cruiser. I told Steve in the intercom, "Man, we were lucky."

"In more ways than one," he replied. "Lieutenant Casey shot two Zeros off us on the way down. My gun was jammed."

I had not time to think about Casey. There were Jap cruisers and destroyers all over the area, and the sky was full of flak. I started climbing again. An SBD shot by my nose, flames sweeping back from the engine. It was Hennessy's ship. A Zero was on his tail, but right behind the Jap was Casey, pumping him full of lead. The Jap pulled out for his favorite rapid climb, but Casey slammed up his nose, caught him squarely in the sights and blew him apart. The Zero crashed into the sea not a half-mile from where Hennessy had hit.

I called in Casey and two others who had unloaded and started back for Jenny. The heavy cruiser was already sinking and far to starboard a destroyer was on

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fire from stem to stern. The rest of the squadron was splitting up for more attacks. Far below, the torpedo planes were coming in through a smoke screen for fresh kills. Zeros were darting in and out among them to break up their run, but without much effect. I hit the stop for Jenny to reload.

The overcast was breaking up, and the squalls were lessening. When we spotted Jenny, she was in the sunshine, her bright flat-top visible for miles, her nose plowing through a heavy sea. An itchy gunner aboard gave us a burst as we entered the landing circle, but someone jumped on him. Casey and I got our wheels down on deck all right, but Jenny was rolling so badly that the two others damaged their props, and one of them blew a tire and went over the side. He was left to be picked up by a following destroyer.

The deckmen swarmed over our ships to reload and refuel them, and we walked to the island for some coffee. We were the only ones in, except a fighter that had been hit by flak.

Casey sipped his coffee, then gave me an odd look and said, "I'm sorry about Hennessy. I was throwing lead at that Jap all the way down, but he seemed to be indestructible, until he pulled up. Maybe something's wrong with my guns."

I said, "You get three in one flight and then think that something's wrong with your guns? Forget it! And forget about Hennessy. We're not playing with marbles." On our way to report to the A.O., I added, "By the way, thanks for knocking those babies off my tail. To borrow from Gahan a bit, my wife thanks you, my son thanks you and I thank you. But you know, it should have been the other way around. Someone should have saved your neck just to teach you a lesson."

"Someone did," he said quietly. "Hennessy knocked one off my tail just as I went over the hump."

"Oh."

The A.O. took our reports with a gleam in his eye and informed us, "So far as we can make out, you boys got two cruisers, three destroyers and a transport." He glanced at his watch. "And you still have time before sunset to go back and pick off another one. The whole torpedo squadron—intact, by the way—is about halfway home. But I doubt if they can reload and get back before dark. God, how I wish they had more speed!"

Casey and I dragged at our cigarettes. In our minds and in the mind of Commander Taylor was one big worry: Where was the Jap carrier?

We were called from the island and were about to leave the room when an excited voice came over the intercom: "Henrietta to Jenny. Jap flat-top one hundred miles, course two twenty, speed thirty knots. Northwest. All bombers on deck waiting to get off. From twenty thousand looks like small bomb temporarily damaged forward flight deck. Would estimate repairs very quickly. Good God, Jenny—" Something cut him off.

We hurried up to the flight deck, followed by the A.O. All three of us scanned the skies, which were now clear in every direction. None of our planes were in sight except two Wildcats streaking for home low over the water, obviously damaged and in trouble.

The A.O. said, "Well, I guess this is it. It doesn't take long to make a small repair on a flight deck, at least to get those bombers off. And they know our position right on the nose. We got another Kawanishi just before you came in."

Casey asked, "Can't they be stopped?"

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Taylor shrugged. "Some of them, yes. But some always get through. The best place to stop 'em is at their own carrier. All our planes are coming in empty needing bombs and fuel. And damaged too. No, there isn't time. I guess it's up to you two to try to cause some delay."

We scrambled for our ships and kicked them upstairs. It was not until we were off that I noticed Casey had left his gunner behind. I later found out that he had been having a small wound attended to and missed the take-off. I switched on the intercom and told Casey, "Better go back. You'll need that gunner. No protection."

Casey said, "Nuts!" and waved to me through his greenhouse. Then he banked away from me and made a complete circle of Jenny. When he got back to my left wing he said, "She sure looks pretty from up here."

I had to grin, in spite of the tightness in my stomach. "Yeah. Grand gal."

"Funny," he said, "how a ship like that begins to mean something to you. This morning I wouldn't have believed it. But when we got back a little while ago, there she was, waiting for us, the only place where you and I and the others can be safe within a thousand miles of here. Funny feeling, that."

"Yeah, I get it every time I see her coming in from a flight."

"Bob, she's gotta be there when we get back." His voice sounded almost desperate. "You hear, Bob? She's gotta be there."

"Sure, I hear. We'll slow down that flat-top."

He had nothing more to say, and we got up to ten thousand and pointed our noses toward the position where the Jap carrier should be. Those bombers had to be stopped on their own flight deck. Jenny, for the next hour or so, would be virtually helpless. I had been through that sort of battle before. You can stop planes only with planes. You can knock some of them down with your own AA fire, but you never get enough of them. Some always get through, and when they do, they lay 'em right into you. We couldn't have that happen to Jenny. She might go down.

We spotted the Jap carrier from miles away, and over it a whole umbrella of silver, buzzing hornets, the Zeros. That tight fist in my stomach closed all the way.

I switched on the intercom and said to Casey, "We'll have to go through fast. Drop behind me about a mile or two. Make a wide-open let-down from here to five thousand directly over the flat-top and then go into your dive. That's cutting it close, but we might gain enough speed to get through the umbrella. Hit the flight deck. That's the spot."

"Okay."

He faded behind me about a mile. I pressed the nose down a fraction and prayed for speed on the downhill slide. We picked up considerably more speed, but not quite enough. The Zeros too came downhill, and half of them split for me and half went after Casey. The instrument board dissolved in front of my eyes and I felt a hot rip across my chest, but kept on. We weren't hunting Zeros. The carrier was the only important target. Steve worried our little yellow brothers away from my tail, and I finally hit the hump and bent over it into a vertical dive.

Now I wanted less speed and opened the diving flaps. The SBD slowed down as if she had hit a wall, and Zeros skidded on by. The carrier grew larger in the scope, rudder full-starboard, frantically trying to dodge. I could see the aft portion of the flight deck crammed



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with torpedo and dive bombers, all their props flashing in the dying sun, waiting to get off. There was a scar on the forward deck where repairs had been made. We had evidently reached there not a second too soon.

I held the sights on her until we hit a thousand feet, then pressed the bomb release and pulled out of the dive. I could hear Steve's gun rattling behind my head, but kept my eyes glued on the carrier instead of the Zeros. The bomb hit, and the blast shook us up a bit. When the smoke cleared I cursed as I have never cursed in my life. The damned bomb had missed the flight deck and hit a portside gun emplacement. That whole area was blown to bits, but the flight deck was still clear enough for the Japs to get off.

I twisted my head and looked up. Casey had a dozen Zeros on his tail, but was living through their fire and going over the hump into his dive. I shouted into the intercom, "It's up to you, Casey. My God, man, don't miss!"

His voice came to my ears calmly, "I won't miss, Bob. That forward elevator is about half closed. I'll lay my egg right in there. Give my regards to Jenny, will you?"

I had pulled up a few thousand feet, and he shot by in a headlong dive straight for the flat-top. Every Zero around us had dropped me to concentrate on him. But it was too late. Casey passed the one-thousand-foot level, and my eyes bulged. That is the last safe point from which to release a bomb loaded with seven hundred pounds of explosives. It takes at least three hundred to pull out, and the bomb blast will usually reach a good seven hundred feet.

But Casey bored on and released that bomb at almost four hundred feet. When he pulled out of the dive, spraying the planes on deck with his guns, he was so low his prop almost chewed splinters out of the deck. The bomb curved into that open elevator, disappeared from sight, and then all hell broke loose. The whole flight deck seemed to rip apart like a bursting melon, flames shot sky-high, and bombers were tossed into the air like a child's toys. Some of their own bombs went off, and in less time than it takes to tell it that carrier was a raging inferno from stem to stern.

The tremendous explosions below even tossed my ship around. When I finally had it in control, I searched the sea and air for some sign of Casey. Just wreckage, smoke and flames. Then I saw a piece of his ship settling into the water. That bomb blast had torn him apart, as it had the carrier.

I poured on the coal before the Zero pilots got over being stunned and got the devil out of there.

The chaplain, that night, read his services for the men we had lost. Later we sat about in the wardroom, drinking coffee and going over every detail of the day's actions. That sort of bull session is important. That is where you find out the strength and the weaknesses of the men and craft opposed to you. No one dares miss those sessions.

But there was a break in routine at the end of the evening. Commander Taylor got to his feet and held a small slip of paper before his eyes, which were blinking furiously.

The A.O. said, "Captain X has just informed me that the code name of Jenny has been changed. Henceforth she will be known as Mrs. Jennifer Casey. I—ah—I trust that meets with the approval of you gentlemen?" Not a head failed to nod.

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People Like Us

(Continued from page 39)

where he had left her. She had met Tom's sister once seven years before when there was a teachers' convention in Albany. Ollie had come down to New York for a few days afterward. Now she was not thinking of Ollie but of the change Grayson had already effected in Tom. When they were first married he'd needed polishing and toning down. His voice carried, and he laughed too loudly. He could never understand why a man should not enjoy himself out loud. It had been a slow process, but she had finally got him to the stage where it was safe to go out in public with him.

Now he had reverted to type.

"Stella, come here!" she heard him call.

She stood rooted to the spot. She had thirty-five dollars in her purse. Their train had pulled out, but another was coming in from the opposite direction. She could get on it; go back to Des Moines. She could join the Waacs. If she had any guts she would; she'd do anything to escape the dismal life she saw yawning ahead of her.

"Stella, what are you waiting for?" In a moment she would scream. Already tears of rage and self-pity were in her eyes. Then she broke and ran toward Tom, because there was nowhere else to run. She hurled herself against him as Ollie had done. But she buried her face against his collar. She had never been so miserable or hated him so much.

The four-mile ride to the farm was another phase of the nightmare. There was no snow on the turnpike, yet Ollie drove with skid chains on the tires. "Barnyard's still pretty muddy," she explained to Tom. "We didn't want to chance getting stuck and missing the train."

Tom sat beside her, and the two conversed in a language that made no sense to Stella, who had been ushered into the back with Chris. Ollie was sure glad they'd come. Since Fred had gone off to war, there'd just been Ollie and Enid to do the chores, and Enid didn't feel so good these mornings. Right now there were only three cows to milk, but two more—Molly and Bess—were due to come fresh early in May. Ollie thought they'd better use the tractor only for plowing the back forty and do the light work with the Percherons. What did Tom think? "You ever run a tractor, Stella?" Ollie flung over her shoulder.

"No."

"Well, reckon you'll have to learn. Tom can't do it all." Ollie had been considering, she said, resigning from the school and staying home, but the board didn't know where they'd get anybody to take her place. "When the weather warms up, though, they're going to let me dismiss school at noon so the kids can help with the planting. I can hustle home and pitch right in."

"How's gran'ma?" Tom asked.

"About the same," Ollie said. "Can't move, though, since her last stroke, and it makes her mighty cantankerous sometimes. You can hardly blame her. I get her out of bed and set her up in her chair before I leave in the morning. She does the mending and knits while she listens to the soap operas and the news. Knows everything that's going on. Mind's just as sharp as ever, but it wanders."

"She's mighty pert," said Chris. "Makes me stand around just like when I was a young sprout 'n' the Beacons took me in. Gotta wash up before I go up to chew the fat with her. If I don't she tells me I stink like the barnyard."

Quite a character, Stella thought. Quite

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a repulsive character. I suppose that's one of my duties—to sit with her.

The car rumbled past farm after farm, all more or less alike—big red barn tipped with lightning rods, silo, outhouses, nondescript white house with leafless elms dotting the yard.

"There she is, Tawm!" Chris yelled.
"Looks good, don't she?"

"Good to me," Tom said. "It's not every day a man comes back to the place he was born."

The car skidded off the road into the muddy barnyard of one of the farms. It looked like all the others except that the house was a little larger and, thought Stella, a little drearier. A collie ran out to greet them. A turkey gobbler took his time getting out of the path, and three gray geese waddled off indignantly.

"You see now why we need chains," Ollie said as the car sloshed up to the back of the house. "I've got some arctics you can wear doing chores, Stella."

A girl stood in the kitchen doorway wiping her hands on her apron. She was pretty in a wholesome Scandinavian way, with natural honey-colored hair piled on top of her head.

"Here we are, Enid," Ollie called. "Don't come out and get your feet wet. We'll be right in."

Ollie took one of the bags and started toward the house. She said something to Enid under her breath and disappeared inside. Stella got out of the car, picked up one of the bags and followed her.

Enid extended her hand timidly. "I'm Fred's wife," she said. "It was good of you to come and help us out, now that Fred's gone."

Stella took the girl's hand. "I understand you're going to have a baby," she said.

Enid smiled serenely. "Yes, I'm very happy." Stella looked at her sharply. Why, the poor dumb child actually was happy. "Come, I'll take you up to Gran'ma Beacon. She's been watching for you the last half-hour. Let me take your grip."

Stella relinquished it casually as if Enid were a servant. She did not notice the house as she went through and climbed the dark stairs to the second floor. Grandmother Beacon's door opened onto the second landing.

"She has the front bedroom," Enid explained, "so she can hear our voices when we're downstairs. It isn't so lonesome for her. . . . Here's Stella, gran'ma."

An old woman sat in a rocker beside the window. She was dressed in heavy gray silk with a black fichu about her shoulders. Her sparse white hair was curled and fluffed forward about her temples, and her mouth seemed to be working with an emotion which her weather-beaten face could not mirror. But her eyes were startling. Bright black and glittering. The frame was withered and parched; the spirit and personality were now concentrated in her eyes.

"Sorry I couldn't get downstairs to greet you right and proper, daughter," she said, "but these girls here don't think I can move 'thout breaking my neck. You're right good-looking," she went on, without giving Stella a chance for a word. "You got style. I had it when I was a girl. Tom—that's young Tom's grandfather—used to say I had a well-turned ankle. Lucky he can't see 'em now. Where's Tom?"

Enid said, "He's helping Chris unload the car. Ollie got some sugar and a hundred pounds of flour."

"He ought to of changed out of his city clothes first," Grandma Beacon said. "Tell him to come right here. I ain't seen that boy in five years."

Enid called down the stairs, and in a moment Tom came into the room. The

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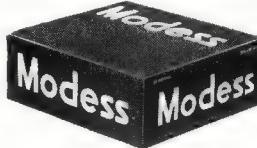
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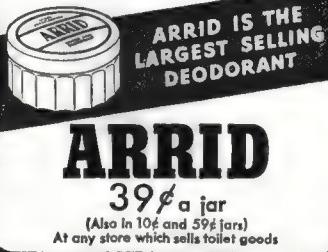


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mark of the flour sack was on his coat. "Tom, you young scallywag!" the old lady said. "Don't even care enough about your old grandmother to come up and see her after five years. I oughta whup you."

Tom grabbed her in his arms and kissed her on the forehead. Then she took hold of his ears and held his face before her.

"You look good," she said, "though you ain't so young as you was. Then, who is? I'm one to talk."

"You always were one to talk," Tom laughed. "Now, let go before you pull my ears off." She slapped his cheek gently. "Still as mean as ever, I see."

"Meainer," the old woman said with satisfaction. "Not a good word for anybody. Stand up 'side of your wife, Tom." Tom glanced warily at Stella, then backed up beside her. "Mighty fine-lookin' couple. Suited to each other." Grandma made a motion with her hand. "Run along and get put. Now Fred's gone, Ollie's moved into Enid's room. You better take Ollie's now—the one your ma and pa used to have. Got room to turn around in there, and if you spat I won't hear you."

Tom and Stella's windows overlooked an elm between the house and kitchen garden. Through its bare branches she could see the cow pasture and beyond that endless rectangles of corn and grain stubble bleached and battered by the winter storms. The room itself was large, furnished with a heavy golden-oak bed, a high mahogany dresser topped with a square mirror, a chest of drawers and two rockers. Starched lace curtains hung to the floor. A faded Axminster covered the space between bed and dresser.

Stella took it all in at a glance. "Charming," she said. "Desire under the eulums. And if you say, 'It was good enough for my grandfather,' I'll scream."

Tom was changing into work clothes that had belonged to Fred. "I told Ollie you'd been sick on the train. Couldn't let her think you'd gone crazy, there at the station."

"Yes, we must be sure Ollie approves of me!"

"Ollie's a fine woman. Salt of the earth," Tom said. He looked at Stella. "Going to take off your things and stay awhile, or do you have other plans?"

From beneath the bedroom came the clatter of the grate shaker. Ollie or Enid must be building up the fire. It almost sounded as if it were in the bedroom, and then Stella realized why. The bedroom was heated by the stove below; a rectangular opening in the floor was covered by an iron grille. Stella heard a voice easily distinguishable as Ollie's: "Good to have Tom home, isn't it?"

"Yes," Enid said.

From Grandma Beacon's room a radio blared out: "This is Station WBYN bringing you the five-o'clock news."

And Grandma Beacon had said she couldn't hear them if they spat! Why, it was all as cozy as a tenement on Hester Street.

Stella clenched her fists. "What do you expect me to do?" she asked.

"Behave like a human being."

"Behave like a human being," she repeated with acid politeness. "Very well. What else?"

Tom took a deep breath and came toward her.

"Tom," Ollie called from below. "You going to help with the chores tonight, or you want to wait till morning to take over?"

He stopped in his tracks. "Coming right down," he called toward the hole in the floor. Then he turned to Stella. He looked suddenly old and defeated. "Try," he said. "Stella, for your own sake—for both our sakes—try. That isn't asking too much, is it?"



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it?" Then he walked out of the room. Stella dressed with care. Half an hour later she came downstairs in a black hostess dress with long full sleeves tied at the wrists. Enid was frying potatoes. She looked up and caught her breath.

"I suppose there's nothing I can do to help?" asked Stella.

"Well—" Enid hesitated.

"Tom tells me I'm here to work," Stella said brightly.

"Well, you could turn the eggs, I reckon."

Stella started toward the stove.

Enid stopped her. "No, I didn't mean that. I mean the incubator."

"What's incubating?" Stella laughed.

"Over here. It's been setting a week. The eggs have to be turned twice a day to keep the baby chicks from sticking to the shells." The incubator stood in a corner of the kitchen. Enid opened it and pulled out an enormous tray of big brown eggs. "There's nothing to it," she explained. "It just takes time. Each egg is marked with an X. You turn the X down at night. Then you turn it up again in the morning."

Stella said she thought it was awfully clever of the hens to put an X on the eggs. She sat down before the machine and began to turn. There were two hundred and twenty eggs. Her arms and back ached before she was finished.

"Fred and I figure to get us one that turns its own eggs when he comes back. It's the latest thing." Enid was nervous, she didn't know why. Somehow, she felt impelled to talk.

"It'll never replace the airplane," Stella said absently. Enid threw her a suspicious glance. "What now?" Stella asked.

"Would you like to set the table?"

"Now that you ask me, no," Stella said. "But I will. Anything for a lark."

Enid wanted to be friendly, but she was confused. "The dishes are in the cabinet. We can eat in the dining room tonight, if you'd rather. It's sort of an occasion, your coming home and all."

"Yes, isn't it? Nothing's too good for the Beacons."

Enid shut up. She'd been ready to like Tom's wife. Oh, she'd been prepared for Stella to be different; she'd lived in the city all her life. But it would be fun to get her to tell about New York parties and shows and all. Tom was a nice fellow, and you'd think his wife would be a nice woman. But Enid knew that all was not right between Stella and Tom. She'd hardly spoken to him except in the bedroom, and then their voices had sounded strained. Then she'd come down in that fancy kimono, showing off, trying to impress her. Talking funny, not making sense, Enid had thought at first. Now she knew what Stella was doing. She was making fun of them all!

Tom ran the milk through the separator before he came in to supper. Ollie helped get the food on the table, and Chris took his chair beside the stove. "Air's still got a chill in it," he said.

Tom stuck his head in the door. "What do you do with the skim milk?"

"Land sakes, you *have* forgotten!" Ollie said. "Give a pail to the hogs and put the rest in pans in the root cellar. I'll start some cheese tomorrow."

"Gruyère or Camembert?" Stella asked.

"Just plain American cheese."

"I'll take gran'ma her supper. Think I'll eat with her tonight," Enid said.

"You needn't," Ollie said. "She doesn't mind eating alone."

"I think I'll have supper with gran'ma," Enid repeated, and went upstairs with the tray.

Ollie turned to Stella. "What ails her?" Stella shrugged. "I wouldn't know."

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"She's sensitive. Especially now in her condition, and Fred gone. You didn't say anything to fret her?"

"No," Stella said.

Ollie did not seem to believe her. She looked at Chris for a moment. "Come in here, Stella," she said and walked slowly into the dining room.

Stella followed her. The two women faced each other.

"I'm a plain-spoken woman," Ollie began. "I don't know any other way. There're a lot of us together in this house now, and we haven't any time for hurt feelings or misunderstandings. Tom's been telling me about his business failure back East, and I'm sorry. You didn't want to come out here to farm it—I could see that first off—but it's a way out for you, and I don't know what we'd have done without you. You'll get used to it. Only don't get your back up, Stella. Don't set yourself against us. We're just people doing the best we can. That's all anybody can do these days." It had been a strain on Ollie to say this. She relaxed her shoulders. "There, I've made a speech," she laughed. "I'm ready to eat. Come, Chris. Come, Tom."

Chris shuffled in, sat down and reached for his fork. He looked puzzled. "No fork," he said.

Stella reached over and put it in his hand.

"Tom's wife set the table," Ollie explained. "They set forks on the other side in York state."

"Well, I'll be damned," Chris said.

Ollie said, "Sit down, Stella. Tom'll be in directly."

"I have a headache," said Stella. "I think I'll go to bed." She left the room.

Chris said, "What's eatin' Tom's woman? She sick?"

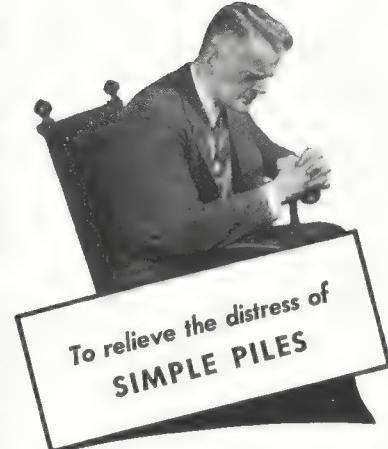
"I hope so," Ollie said. "I hope that's all's wrong."

But Ollie knew that was not all, though for a long while she refused to admit it. Tom's wife was not one of them and probably never would be. It bothered Ollie while she was away at school to leave Stella with Enid. Gran'ma Beacon could take care of herself. People couldn't touch her very much any more. But Enid was different. Enid was young and frightened, facing the anxious future alone.

When Ollie was at the schoolhouse she could almost convince herself that her fears were groundless. Stella was a woman, after all, and one woman could not resist another's fears. She was different, that was all. Perhaps Stella was unsure of herself too. This was all new to her, and she was afraid to let go of her old life and embrace the new. That was reasonable. It was human to hang on to what you knew; to resent change. But Stella would come around. She'd get interested in the chickens and calves and pigs. Now that it was April, things would commence to shoot up out of the ground. Nobody could resist growth.

Then Ollie would come home, and she'd know that she had been fooling herself. For Stella was the same. She was silent, leaving Enid to herself. Enid no longer spoke to her. Ollie would try to draw them both into a conversation, but it was no use. Soon she would be as silent as the other two.

After the first few days they no longer suggested tasks for Stella. They no longer suggested anything, but let her go her own way. She was rather proud that she had succeeded in putting them all in their place, wherever that was. She could endure the silent treatment, as she thought of it, much better than the banalities of their conversation. The preoccupation with everyday routine, chores, weather. You'd think it was a matter of



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life and death whether the sun set clear or cloudy; whether there was still frost in the air of a morning. Once she had said as much to Tom.

"What you don't realize," he had answered, "is that it is a matter of life and death to the crops."

Stella and Tom shared the same bed for the first time in twelve years, but he did not touch her. Eventually his indifference began to pique her. It had been years since he had demanded what these farm people would probably call his marital rights, but she had vaguely thought of "show girls" as occupying his time.

There had been the matter of that lipstick, which he had tried to explain as his secretary's. Said he had taken her and her mother to dinner one night while Stella was in Bermuda. The girl had left it on the table when she went to get her coat while Tom paid the check. He had put it in his pocket, meaning to hand it to her later, and had forgotten it. Which, of course, was a patent lie. When a man left his wife alone, there was just one reason for it.

But now there was obviously no other woman, and they were forced into a proximity she had for a long while been able to deny herself. Stella did not sleep well these nights, and sometimes she wondered what would happen if she reached over and took Tom's hand. She found herself remembering the first years of their marriage. Tom had been an ardent lover, and then suddenly his ardor had cooled.

They had had an argument about money; she had overdrawn her checking account, and he had been hateful about it. He had said frightful things about her irresponsibility and unwillingness to co-operate when he was struggling to keep afloat. At first she had tried to laugh him out of it. When that did not work, she had put her arms around him and called him her bad little boy. It was naughty of him to be angry with her. He should not expect her to understand things like money and budgets. But he pulled her arms away, stammered something and stormed out of the apartment.

She had decided to punish him by denying herself to him. He would beg her forgiveness, and she would eventually grant it, but not until he had learned his lesson. Next time he would know better than to make a scene.

But he seldom made love to her after that. This enraged, then frightened her. But she had at length become reconciled to his indifference.

Tom was anxious to get to the plowing, and eventually a morning came when no frost lay on the meadows. The sun was warm in a cloudless sky, and the elm was sending out pale green leaves. That day Grandma Beacon said, "I'll show you the family album, Stella. Time you got acquainted with Tom when he was a boy."

Stella brought the mauve plush-covered book to her. The old woman turned the pages slowly. Here was Tom's father, Jesse, when he was ten years old; there the house on the Fourth of July, '93, before the new wing had been added. The elm outside the window was only a sapling.

"We had hot winds that summer," the old woman said, "and we was afraid the thing wasn't going to take hold and grow. On top a that we had hall. Knocked all the leaves off. Stove the corn right in the ground," she added. "Tom's grandfather and I went into debt at the bank that fall. Took us four years to get out from under . . ."

The voice droned on, the old woman living over the years as the pictures brought them back. "That was Jesse's

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City..... State.....

calf. His pa told him if he lifted it every day he could lift it when it was full-grown, and he believed it . . . Here's a picture of Joe's funeral. Tom's older brother. Cute little tike. Got cholera infantum. Died in three days . . ."

Stella had not been looking at the pictures. Now she glanced down at the page. The family had apparently called in the local photographer to immortalize the casket banked with flowers.

"Why was that taken?" she asked.

"Everybody did in those days. Showed respect, I guess."

Stella got up and walked from the room. The kitchen was warm. From outside came the drone of the peepers and barnyard fowls, basking in the first heat. She pushed open the screen and crossed the yard as if she were walking in a dream. The air was still and warm, a portent of what was to come. Growing weather, Chris called it. "Give us a few days like this and then a good stiddy rain," he'd said this morning as he'd looked up at the sky. Tom had laughed and remarked that Chris was having his daily talk with God.

Stella shivered in spite of the warmth. There was something terrifying about this preoccupation with weather and growing. Suddenly she felt utterly alone, the one person in all this vast flatness who was not caught up in the rhythm of the land's eternal production. She was seized with panic.

A quarter of a mile away she could see Tom running the tractor.

Like an automaton, Stella went toward it. Near by Chris rode the disk, with the harrow snaking along behind. The dog ambled beside him. His off horse stumbled, and he yelled, "Whoa!" Tom stopped the plow, and the two conversed over a hundred yards of brown earth.

"Turns over easy today," Chris called. "If we had some help we could start getting the corn in tomorrow."

"Well, we haven't," Tom yelled back. "Don't kill yourself."

"Don't aim to," Chris chuckled. "Here comes your missus." He drove on.

Tom waited for Stella. "Anything wrong?" he asked.

"What could be wrong?" she asked, her voice defiant. "I just thought you might need some help."

Tom shifted his eyes to the tractor. "Think you can run it?"

"Why not?" She climbed onto the seat. "How do you make it go?"

"Like a car, only there's just one gear. Keep the front wheel about a foot from the furrow. I'll watch you around the first time."

A driving excitement filled her as she set the gear and let out the clutch. The thing lurched forward under her. She looked back at the earth rolling up and over in three rippling brown ribbons. She set her face in a grim smile and gripped the wheel. She'd show them she was not so useless as they thought she was!

Tom had sloughed the New York years as if they had never been. This was his life; this was what he loved—planting, growing, reaping. Here you worked as well as you knew how and put your faith in God and the weather. A farm was prison or freedom, whichever you made it. He had not been sure before; now he knew it was freedom.

But Stella too had made a decision. There would be some money this fall. If not enough for Reno, then enough to take her back to New York. One of their old friends would give her a job. Eventually she could earn enough for a divorce. Perhaps she would marry again.

Meanwhile, she worked in the fields. That was better than the brooding silence

of the house. If she was expecting praise—and she was, rather—it was not forthcoming. Tom was patient while she learned to manipulate the farm implements, but he had little to say.

Late in May, Ollie had one of her sick headaches. She tried to get up to go to school Monday morning. Though she dressed and came downstairs, at the last minute she realized she did not have the strength. It was too late then to telephone the various parents, for the children would already be on the way to school. It was out of the question for Enid, now big with child, to substitute for her. Ollie tottered to the woodshed, where Stella was turning the cream separator, while Tom emptied the milk in the container.

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Family Quiz Answers

BROTHER

(Questions on page 16)

1. \$10,000.
2. Ordinarily 2 feet 5 inches.
3. John Adams.
4. Luzon.
5. Yes, because a plane must fly against prevailing westerly winds.
6. One gallon.
7. The Grand Coulee Dam in Washington.
8. Commands.
9. Kentucky.
10. Prisoners of war receive whatever pay is due them on their release and return to the U. S.
11. Martin Van Buren, Millard Fillmore, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt.
12. Eddie Rickenbacker, rescued Friday, November 13, 1942.

Questions accepted from Mattie Harraden, Berwyn, Ill.; Lily Jo Kampis, Vail, Wash.; Barrett Cox, Richmond, Calif.; Pfc. Robert L. Hedlund, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mary A. Lacey, Springfield, Mass.; E. M. Marshall, Hamden, Conn.; Sgt. & Mrs. Patrick Brennan, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Julius Ladner, Warren, Pa.; L. M. Underwood, North Swansey, N. H.; Marie Brewer, Berwyn, Ill.; L. V. Taylor, Wichita, Kan.; Frances Codman, Alton, Ill.

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"Tom," she said, "I'm afraid you'll have to go to the schoolhouse and send the children home. I can't make it."

Tom looked from her to Stella. "Stella could take over for you this morning," he said. "How about it?"

"I don't know anything about children or lessons," Stella said.

"You wouldn't have to know," said Oliver. "Just keep them busy till noon and then send them home."

"You could drive the car," Tom said, "and go in to Grayson afterward with the cream."

"And pick up some grit for the hens while you're there," Ollie went on. "I notice the eggshells are getting thin."

"You take it for granted I'm going," Stella said.

"It would be a great favor if you would," Ollie turned to Tom. "But perhaps it's asking too much."

Tom said, "Go get ready, Stella. I'll finish this."

She was so angry that she could not speak, but once she was out on the road in the car she was glad she had acceded. The motion and vibration were familiar and reassuring reminders of a world she had left behind. For the scant ten minutes it took her to reach the country schoolhouse she felt as if she had escaped from a whole way of life that had proved even worse than she had expected it to be. But those three hours spent with

seventeen children ranging from six to thirteen were the longest three hours she had ever spent.

All of them had heard about Tom Beacon's wife and could not have been more fascinated had she been a platter-lipped Ubangi woman. At first they were struck dumb; then they began to test her to see what she would let them get away with.

Finally Clara McCormick, the eldest girl, raised her hand. "Mrs. Beacon, ma'am, I know the lessons. Do you want me to—help out?"

Stella sighed. "I wish you would."

The gangling, freckle-faced girl with two auburn braids down her back came to the front of the room and stood before the teacher's desk facing the room. Slowly the shuffling and giggling died away. The authority which Stella had delegated, an authority which she herself didn't possess, clothed the thirteen-year-old in a pathetic, childish dignity. After recess she suggested, "I think it would be nice if Mrs. Beacon would tell about New York. Miss Beacon usually tells stories at this period."

"What—what would you like to hear?"

"Oh, anything you want to tell us."

Stella tried desperately to think what would interest a child about New York. The zoo? But she'd never been to the zoo. Luncheons at "21" and the Stork. Sitting under the drier at Emile's. Cocktails at the Barberry Room and dinners at Chambord. The theater.

"Tell us about Radio City," the voice of a ten-year-old boy broke in on her bitter nostalgia. "I'll bet you've been there."

Stella smiled her gratitude. It was a nice smile, and it brought an immediate response from her audience. She told them about Radio City and the Music Hall. She told them about where Tom and she had lived—"eighteen floors above the ground." That was impressive. "Gee! Eighteen stories. Weren't you dizzy?" Bobby Coleman said he guessed he wouldn't like it; it wouldn't be a good place to keep a dog. And she told them about the trains that ran right under the river, and about Madison Square Garden and the Yankee Stadium (where she had never been). And as she went along, she realized that she was holding them and they were liking her.

At the age of thirty-eight, Stella Beacon knew at last what it was to have children like you for what you give them of yourself. In an ugly Midwestern schoolhouse she made contact, for one brief moment, with fellow human beings. It was a heady elixir which, once tasted, she could not let go. She talked with feverish animation until she saw with a start that it was twelve-fifteen. When she stopped, the eyes of all seventeen were still upon her.

She dismissed the children, but instead of bolting for the door, they came forward shyly and told her good-by. "Gosh, it was swell," George Holts said. "I hope you'll come again." Finally Betty Cooper, age six: "I like you, Miz Beacon. You're awful pretty."

Stella had to look away quickly so that none of them could see the expression in her eyes and so that she herself could endure the lump of pain in her chest. "I like you too, Betty," she said.

After they were gone she got in the car and drove to Grayson with the cream. Slowly, brick by brick, she rebuilt the edifice of her own isolation. She told herself that she was a sentimental fool. They had caught her in a weak moment. Why, she didn't like children, even the products of New York's progressive schools. They were impudent little savages. Not like these children, though, she admitted reluctantly. These were polite

Rubbing shoulders
in these days of hard work and common
purposes makes us know each other better.
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balanced by our gains — by the pleasure we
get from seeing our neighbors more — or
having Cousin Charley's family in for supper. *These are true and solid values*
—made richer, happier still with a glass of friendly Schlitz... brewed with
just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



*Just the *KISS* of the hops...*

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In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!

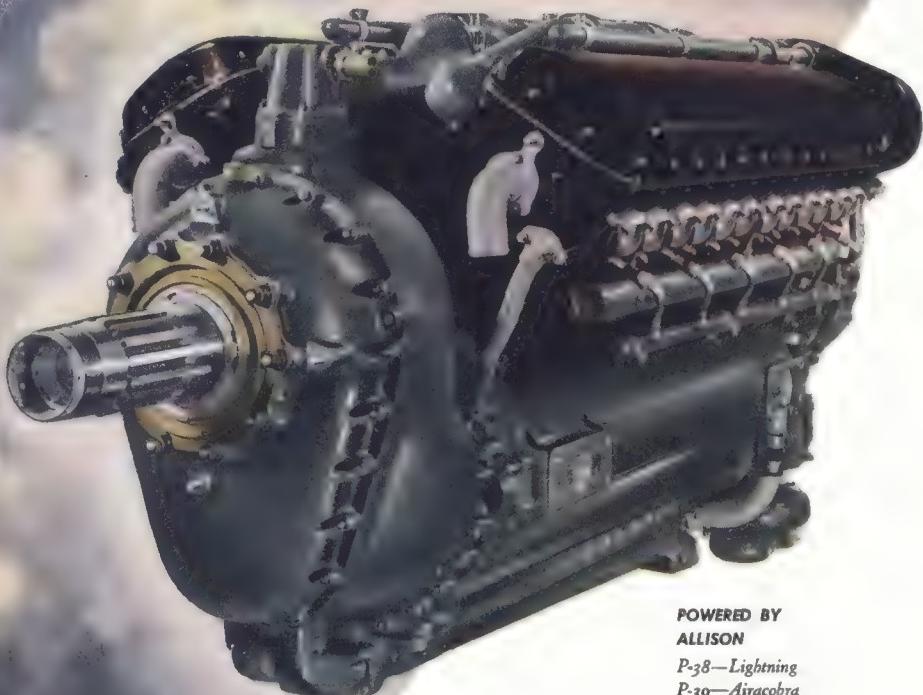
Capr. 1943, Jas. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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There is only one way for any builder of an airplane engine to approach his job, and that is to make each part as fine as he is able to make it.

* But in achieving this goal, Allison started with two special advantages. * One was the opportunity of drawing upon all General Motors' "know-how" in the perfection of manufacturing techniques. * The other was a privilege which had been ours for many years — the privilege of concentrating on assignments calling for high skill and precision in working with metals. * Perhaps we are aiming high, but with two such advantages it is natural our aspiration should be to seek to build ever finer aircraft engines.

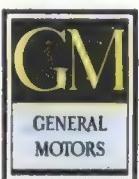


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P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
P-51—Mustang

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and friendly. But they were going to grow up to raise prize boars and pumpkins and tall corn. That would be all they'd know; all they'd ever want.

And yet the picture of little George Holts persisted—George who had said, "I hope you'll come again." He had nice instincts; an appreciation of—well, quality. Even those human vegetables could tell that she was a superior person. Surely that was it.

When her errands in Grayson were done, she stopped at the one restaurant-bar in town. The bar looked cooler so she sat there, and because she was still nervous and her head ached, she ordered a Martini. She sent the first one back because it was sweet. The second was no better, but she swallowed it at a gulp, and because she suddenly knew she was going to cry, she got up and rushed out before she had ordered her lunch.

She did not know that women of Grayson never entered the Elite Bar without an escort.

Fred was unexpectedly at home on furlough. Carrot-topped Fred, with his newly won sergeant's stripes and his firm conviction that he was just what the Army needed to lick the whole damn Axis military machine. Enid in a daze of happiness could not let him out of her sight.

Tom was as proud of him as if he had been his own son, and Grandma Beacon's eyes were brighter than ever. "You've got something to live up to," she said. "Remember, your grandfather was one of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders."

The night he arrived she called him into her room and gave him a medal which Teddy himself had pinned on old Tom. "Keep it with you all the time," she said gruffly to conceal her emotion. "And bring it back. Don't go losing it, you hear?"

He would not be in the United States when the child was born. His company was about to be transferred to an embarkation point. He told Tom and swore him to secrecy.

Sunday morning they went to church. At the last moment Stella said, "I think I'll go along. I haven't been to church since I was thirteen. I want to see if they're still giving out with the same old line."

Tom said, "You won't like it. It isn't very amusing."

But she did like the hymns. It pleased Stella to think that she could have had a career as a vocalist. After her first secret amusement at the picture of the ruralites in their uncomfortable Sunday best, it was rather wonderful to stand up with a hundred and fifty people and let her voice unite with theirs. The faces were earnest and seeking and acquired grace in this long-familiar rite.

The sermon itself was a bore—just as she remembered sermons. Reverend Calland was an exhorter and a threatener of the old hell-fire-and-brimstone variety. "Are we," he demanded, "prepared to meet our God? *Actually* prepared, that is?" He paused to let this sink in.

Stella heard his voice no more until he cited as an example of Sin in Our Midst a woman who had boldly entered a local liquor emporium and ordered a devil's brew. She was—alone. Afterward she had staggered out in a maudlin condition. How did that woman dare to face her fellow men? Was she prepared to face her Maker, as we would all be called upon to face Him at that awful moment of the Resurrection?

On the ride back to the farm the subject arose. Ollie said she bet it was old Het Abel. Everybody knew Het tipped. It was rather poor taste of Reverend Cal-

land to make her an example. "Still," Enid said, "to march right into a bar alone. I didn't think she'd go that far."

Stella, sitting beside Fred in the back, suppressed her laughter as long as she could. "I did it," she finally giggled.

Ollie was beside Tom in the front. She turned. "You, Stella?"

"Me. Stella."

"When?" Enid asked in a tight tone.

"The day I substituted for Ollie at school."

Ollie caught her breath. "Oh, I do hope no one recognized you. If it had been almost any other day . . ."

Stella looked at Tom, waited for him to turn with a glance of understanding. He kept his eyes on the road. She wanted to scream. Instead, she held on to herself and spaced her words carefully: "Why any—other—day?"

"It's just that—well, you see, you were in charge of little children. Then immediately afterward you—"

"Got falling-down drunk. Go ahead. Say it."

"Stella, you know I didn't mean—"

"I DON'T know what you mean!"

Stella flared.

They rode the rest of the way in uneasy silence. At the farm, she went straight to her room and stayed there the rest of the day. Early that evening Fred departed. Enid drove him to the train, and when she came home, Stella could hear her crying. When the chores were done, Tom sat with Ollie and Chris in the parlor and played rummy. Stella sat in the darkness of the bedroom counting the beads on her long string of grievances. Loneliness was a physical hunger gnawing at her vitals.

When she could endure the room no longer, she ran down the stairs and out into bright moonlight and a curtain of stars. She let herself through the gate into the pasture and walked on, heedless of the cows that lumbered to their feet and snorted as she passed. The night breeze from the south was hot and dry. She tore her dress scrambling through a wire fence. Then she was in the waist-high rustling corn.

In the distance, she heard the approaching drone of the transcontinental plane. She looked up at the sky. Soon she found three moving pin points of light that were not stars; watched them grow larger. The night monster was only a mile above her, carrying lucky people back to her world. And here she was, through no fault of her own, beside a scarecrow in a Midwestern cornfield. She had been singled out as a sinner.

The scream she had repressed since morning broke from her lips in an insane wail. Again and again she screamed, and as the plane lights grew dim she began to scuttle through the corn. She did not know that she was crying, "Wait! Take me with you!"

Tom found her there wandering aimlessly. He took her arm. She moved along, listless and unseeing. When she slumped to the ground, he picked her up and carried her while she slept. In the bright moonlight his face was wretched. His lips brushed her brow, and he murmured, "My little lost love. Come back."

She did not awaken as he undressed her and laid her on the bed. He stood for a long while looking down at her, the hardness of her face relaxed now in sleep and exhaustion.

Well, he had tried. He had thought to shock her back to reality, as the schizophrenic is sometimes shocked by an injection of insulin. He had hoped that once she was uprooted from her aimless, irresponsible existence, once she was faced

with the inescapable problems of living, she would become again the girl he had married. But it was too late. She had alienated his family; now she was on the way to setting the community against her.

She had called him "Mr. God." Perhaps with some justice. In trying to be arbitrarily kind, he had succeeded only in being sadistic. The Puritans had proved you could not exorcise devils with whips.

He should have come to her defense this morning. He knew she had violated nothing but a local code in entering the bar alone, and he knew that Ollie and Enid had been narrow in their criticism of her. But he had held his tongue, stupidly thinking that was part of the treatment. Let Stella work out her own problem, he had thought. Let her separate the just from the unjust; the right from the wrong. If she must live here, then let her decide for herself whether it is worth while to violate the pattern.

He should have known she was beyond reason. Oh, there were so many things he should have known.

Tomorrow he would release her.

She stirred and whimpered in her sleep. Carefully, so as not to waken her, he slipped in beside her and drew her head over on his shoulder. He held her in his arms until the sun came through the window and told him it was time to begin the day.

Grandma Beacon parted the curtains and looked out at the sky. "It's going to be a scorcher. The Des Moines weather man forecasts local thunder showers. Better take it easy, Enid."

The thermometer stood at an even hundred at eleven o'clock, and the air lay still and heavy.

Tom left for Grayson at one. He wanted to be sure the bank would lend him money before he told Stella she could go. Ollie and Chris went with him, for it was too hot to work in the fields. Shortly after one the thermometer climbed to a hundred and six.

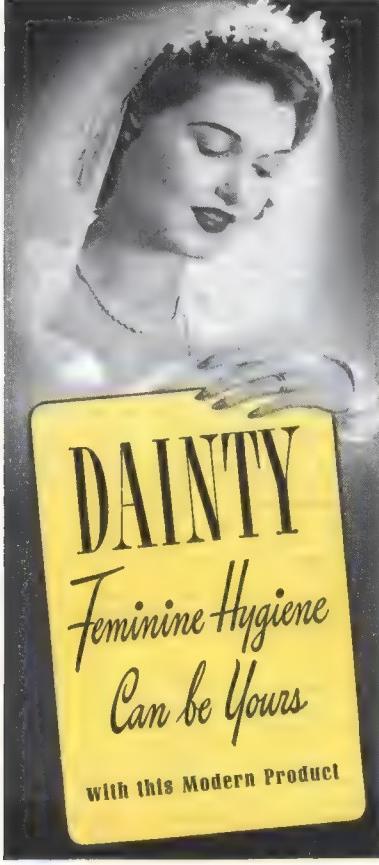
Stella had eaten nothing and would have stayed in bed if the heat had not been unendurable. She went downstairs and out the door. Enid sat on the porch, worrying the air with a palmleaf fan. She looked up but did not speak. She hates me, Stella thought, but she felt impelled to say something—anything. "Hot," she said. "You must be uncomfortable."

For a moment it seemed that Enid was not going to speak. Then she said, "I don't mind."

Stella listlessly crossed the yard toward the elm. She sank into a kitchen chair under the tree. A shudder ran through her. She gazed across the fields. Heat waves played tricks on the horizon. The barn and silo on the next farm were inverted in the sky. Stella closed her eyes and clutched at the straws of the past.

My apartment in New York, she thought. What was it like? Remember. Pull yourself back. Methodically, she went around her living room, mentally furnishing it. The sofa was there, before the windows. Where was the desk? Oh, yes, beside the door, and across from it the Sheraton table. Then suddenly the room was full of smart people. The conversation and laughter increased, as if she controlled the volume with a rheostat. Higher and higher it rose till it whined like a top; the scene blasted in a flash of light.

She was trembling and strangely cold. The atmosphere was fretful, little gusts of vagrant wind scurrying through the dry grass, stirring the dust. The windmill had commenced to turn. Enid had gone into the house. Now the breeze was on Stella's brow. Then it was gone, and the heat settled about her like fever blankets. Her breath was coming in short



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gasps. Summoning all her energy, she got to her feet and walked into the house. She could hear the voices of Enid and Grandma Beacon and was drawn toward them. The old woman saw her standing in the doorway.

"Lie down," she said. "You look like you got a touch of sun."

Stella sank into the bed. Her body seemed to be one great heart that shook the bed with its pounding. Someone—it must have been Enid—had placed a damp cloth on her brow.

She must have slept, for when she opened her eyes it was cooler. Darker too. Grandma Beacon was peering out the window. Stella sat up. The room whirled for a moment, then settled into place.

The old woman turned, excitement in her voice. "Cyclone weather," she said. "That cloud looks mighty cantankerous."

Stella went to the window and looked out. Clouds churned angrily overhead, and the horizon was black. Lightning flared in the west.

"They generally make off there," Grandma Beacon said; "leastwise, the ones we can see."

"Do they ever come this way?"

Grandma Beacon gave Stella a withering glance. "Of course they come this way if they're a mind to. How do you feel?"

Stella tried to think, but could not because fear gripped her throat. "I don't know."

"Then you're all right. Better get outside and help Enid with the chickens and turkeys. If they ain't under cover, they're liable to blow away or drown."

For the next twenty minutes Stella was busier than she had ever been in her life. The chickens, cool at last, resented being driven in. Enid succeeded finally by carrying a bucket of feed into the stifling coop and calling them; but the stupid turkeys, foraging in the pasture with their broods, had to be rounded up. That Enid could not do. Stella stumbled as she ran, and finally kicked off her shoes.

Thunder now warned the cattle of the approaching storm. They started on a trot toward the barn. "Head them off!" Enid cried. "Lock the doors and don't let them in. If the barn goes . . ."

Stella made the door just too late. Two of them were already in. She slammed the door, then went inside and grabbed the halter of one, but the animal would not be moved. She had to give up.

When she stepped outside the wind struck her. The air was so full of flying grit and straw she could not see at all; then it cleared. Enid stood beside the kitchen door. Stella shut her eyes and ran. The wind caught her and blew her toward the house. Enid grasped her hand.

The two women stood braced against the door. "I couldn't get them out of the barn," Stella gasped.

"Never mind," Enid said. "If it really strikes here, it won't make any difference whether they're in or out."

"Is it a cyclone?"

"Yes. Look."

They could see it now in the west—a crazy black dervish that dipped and bounced and never stopped whirling, its outspread skirts the clouds stitched with electricity that rumbled like tympani. Stella watched in horrible fascination, and as she looked the trunk drew back into the mother cloud. "It's gone," she whispered.

"It'll be back," Enid said. "Watch it."

In less than ten seconds the cloud resumed its boiling and bubbling, and the trunk started to lower. Only it was closer now. The end of the funnel struck and bounced and then seemed to burrow into the very earth itself, sucking up the fields, crops, buildings, livestock, taking on the color of the soil it digested.

Stella was held in frozen terror. "What are we going to do?" she cried.

"You're going to the cyclone cellar, and I'm going up to sit with Grandma Beacon," Enid said. "She can't be moved. I wouldn't leave her alone."

Stella gasped. "But you—you're going to have a baby."

Enid said, "If I'm meant to. I guess it isn't very important whether one woman has a baby or not. Except to her and her husband."

She opened the door. It crashed inward as she released the catch, all but throwing her off her feet. Stella grasped her arm. The wind was a roar, and she had to scream to make herself heard.

"Look. Aren't you afraid?"

"Of course I'm afraid. Everybody's afraid half their lives, but they do what they have to. Fred wouldn't want me to leave his grandmother alone, even if it meant . . ."

At that moment Enid was beautiful Misshapen, dirty, her hair flying across her face, she was magnificent and primitive and strong, as anyone is strong who accepts the inevitable and bows gracefully before it.

"Hurry," Enid said. "In a minute you won't be able to make it across the yard."

But Stella's fingers would not release their grip. A force stronger than her fear possessed her hand. "Come with me!" she cried. "I'll see you across the yard. I'm going to stay with grandma."

Stella dragged Enid across the yard, wrenched open the doors into the cellar and eased her down, then slammed the doors over her head. This time she was literally carried to the house by the gale. She paused in the still-open door. The trunk of the storm could not be more than three miles away, darting now this way, now that, whirling, thundering, destroying everything in its path. It must be near Grayson now, and Stella thought: I hope Tom hasn't started home. If it caught him on the road . . .

She stood in the doorway before Grandma Beacon, steady herself, her chest rising and falling.

"Come in," the old woman said. "You're tuckered out."

Stella sank into a chair, then got up instantly and went to the window.

"Don't do no good to watch it. Just makes you fidget. I've lived through dozens. If it's goin' to strike, it strikes. There ain't nothin' you can do about it."

Stella sat down again, her fists clenched in her lap, fear widening her eyes. An inner voice cried, "If it weren't for this old woman I could be safe. Why must we both be destroyed?"

Grandma Beacon's eyes were upon her. She said, "You're thinking if it wasn't for me you could be in the cellar. Well, go, Stella. You can't do anything for me. If this is my time, I'm ready."

"She's right!" the voice cried. "I can't do anything for her. It's foolish of me to throw away my life for a gesture that's only mock heroics." And the old woman was not afraid. Or was she?

"Aren't you afraid?" Stella whispered.

"Afraid?" Grandma Beacon seemed to consider it a moment. "No, I don't think I am. I just live now from one day to another. I'd like to live to see Enid's baby, but that's selfishness. Most old folks ain't afraid if they've lived the best way they know how. It's young ones who haven't lived yet, or who're in love, or some folks who're ashamed, I sometimes think fear's another word for shame that's come to a head."

The house creaked in the wind and the darkness was lowering, brightened only by the lightning that skittered across the sky. Stella could no longer speak. Her teeth were chattering.

"You'd better go," Grandma Beacon said. "I don't need you."

It was a lash that brought Stella to her feet, trembling. Then she sank on her knees, buried her head in the old woman's lap and let the tears come. "Need me!" she cried. "I want you to need me. Please!"

The pair remained motionless while thunder rattled the windows. After a while Grandma Beacon laid her hand on Stella's head.

"I'm sorry I said that, Stella. I didn't mean it. Everybody needs everybody else. We can't any of us set ourselves apart and say we're better or worse. That's what causes wars and all sorts of unhappiness. You need Tom, and he needs you. You can't stop a marriage that's been started any more than you can stop a wind. If you try to, you make yourself and everybody around you wretched."

Stella could not answer, but slowly her sobbing grew less.

"You've been sick, Stella. You don't get well all to once, even after the fever breaks. You're weak a long time. Whenever I'm sick I always look at the album. I guess it makes me realize my family's been going on a long time, and it's like to go on for a long time. Here. Let me show you Tom's pictures."

Stella strained her eyes to look. The pages flashed before her eyes in the glare of the lightning.

"He was a fat baby, wasn't he?" Grandma Beacon turned a page. "Here he is at thirteen. His first long pants."

Stella could see better now. There was Tom with his dog. Already he was beginning to look like the man she had married. "Why, he—he's beautiful."

"I used to say he was pretty myself, but not so's he could hear me."

There was a wrenching, grinding, tearing sound. Grandma Beacon's fingers closed over Stella's hand. The house shook and groaned. Downstairs, a door blew open and banged. The two women held each other's gaze, Stella crouching, ready to spring. Then the wind seemed to lessen.

"Close," Grandma Beacon said, letting out her breath. "I never knew one closer. Well, the worst's over. The wind's changed. I may live to see that baby yet." She picked up the album and laid it on the radio. "Pshaw!" she said. "I'm going to miss Dick Tracy. The static will be terrible for another hour."

Stella was laughing now, though tears were still brimming in her eyes. Her arms went around grandma's thin waist. "Thank you," she said. "You're an awful fraud. You didn't need me at all. It was I who needed you."

"Well, now, that's real nice. I've enjoyed our little talk, and we won't tell anybody about it. It'll be our secret. Now if I was you, I'd walk down the road a piece soon's the wind stops blowing and meet Tom. He'll be worrying."

She saw the car coming when she was less than half a mile from the house. She waited until it pulled up and stopped. Tom jumped out. "Stella," he cried, "for God's sake! Oh, my darling, I was so worried about you."

She closed her eyes. *My darling. To hear him say my darling!* It had been so long, so long.

She walked slowly toward him and put her arms around him there in the road. "I was coming to meet you."

It was too sudden for him. He pulled back and stared down at her. He was trembling. "You're not hurt? You're sure you're all right?"

"I'm all right," she said. "I'm all right—at last."

THE END



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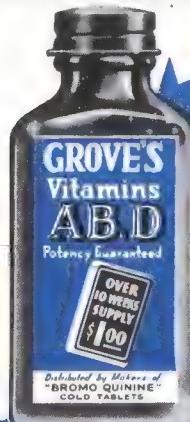


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Green Eyes (Continued from page 55)

Enchilada we can argue about whether it's proper for you to go out with that dreadful Mr. Zolling; and listen, Alpha, if you don't like the looks of the place I swear, cross my heart, we'll come right home."

He was gone.

Of course she couldn't do it! That notorious man—But suddenly: And who said she couldn't?

She wasn't the respectable Young Mrs. Orchard any more; she was an exile from respectability, a woman whose husband had driven her away.

In less than an hour she had a maid to stay in the cottage with Hazel, and she was in a partyish dress and feeling that maybe her good friend Charter had been right—that it had been her boldness and imagination and not a vague foible called "jealousy" that had queered her on Agency Hill.

They could say what they liked about Charter Zolling, but he certainly understood her!

A peasant who was also a man of the world; who picked up luxury cars where there were no cars at all; who dreamed giddy night clubs into existence in half an hour. A mighty clever thinker, too unconventional and perhaps too deep for crabs like the Wetherals and Wade to appreciate.

"My knight!" breathed Alpha, in mingled scorn and sincerity.

Six months from then, the sort of car that Charter had snatched out of the atmosphere would be absurd if not treasonable, but in the first months of 1942, he still found it a matter of boasting that his Stix Special got only nine miles to the gallon.

It was an imperial chariot, with mother-of-pearl on the dashboard. Alpha had never understood how much she might savor luxury. She stretched out as in a bubble bath and prepared to be frightened by eighty miles an hour.

But the surprising Mr. Zolling drove with expert slowness. The top was down. There was a filtered and wavering moonlight, the pale shell road held them safely in its groove, and he used only the mild parking lights, with the night sifting down about them. Five miles from the inn, he stopped where the road crossed a salt inlet.

"Look at that! Tropic night and gulf—just right for outlaws like us, eh?" he chuckled.

She waited nervously for him to try to take her hand, but the surprising gentleman did nothing of the kind. He bulked placidly on his own side of the seat, and she had none of the pleasurable horrors of resisting his malign advances. She even found herself looking at the scenery.

She was absorbed by the magic of the place. The mechanism of the car melted away when its lights were out, and she thought she was marching with the pirates who once had marched and murdered on this shore. The inlet bent through harsh saw grass and the salt flats to a pale beach, just visible, with breakers riding in from the Gulf of Mexico. A white cluster on the beach might have been, to her quickened imagination, an old coquina chapel, a fisherman's hut, a pile of pirate treasure.

Up North, there would be blizzard and hatefulness of night, but here the faint sea airs, the odor of marsh grass and salt foam, were delicately cool and kind. "Here, one could begin to live," she whispered, without being quite sure what she meant, and as Charter started the motor

and drove on, she unconsciously touched his sleeve in gratitude.

He merely grunted, "Kind of nice, huh, after zero weather and those doggone snowy prairies?"

She was reflecting, "He'd be an awfully loyal friend. Do all sorts of generous things. Nobody back home understands him . . . So maybe it's true that nobody there understands me, either." And by a final miracle of logic: "So maybe I never was what they call 'jealous,' but just dignified and knew my own value, and wouldn't stand being slighted." She felt that now she was accomplishing the feats of meditation for which her husband had transported her to Florida.

So they came triumphantly to the Enchilada, which was very Spanish, being a one-story yellow-stucco shack with a roof of red tiles (tin). There was a leering quality about it, and Alpha was frightened from the moment they entered and saw a line of flip young men on red-topped stools at the long bar—an interesting feature with a mosaic of broken pieces of glass—and heard the bartender shout mockingly, "Howdy, suckers! Wheat crop all right, t' home?" His rustic heartiness came from the shadows of the Brooklyn Bridge.

Beyond the bar was a dance hall, which seemed barnlike and empty in its profusion of violently colored paper garlands. It had a dimness not so much sinister as tawdry, for the only light was from small pink electric lamps on the wobbly birch tables. The place was a jungle, and Alpha felt that it was filled with human tigers and that this unknown man Zolling was no very trusty guide.

Before they had settled themselves, a waiter with a face like cold cream was wavering over them, snarling, "What's your pleasure?"

"Two Planter's Punches," said Charter.

She had heard this potion was deadly for respectable ladies from Cornucopia. Well, she would only sip hers.

"Crazy place. How you like it?" descended Charter.

"Oh, I don't—" was all she could think of.

She looked around helplessly. This young lady from Agency Hill had believed that all visitors to Florida, except herself, were either playboys with high bank ratings or retired family people with high blood pressure. But the couple at the next table, young and meager, made her nervous. According to all her experience of low life, which was derived solely from the movies, they smacked of guns and dope and danger.

The boy was in pink shirt sleeves, with arm garters, his hair was cut high up, in the mode of Slab Junction, and the eyes that he unblinkingly fixed on them were cold and shrewd. His girl—it was an amazing thing, quaked Alpha; this thin little thing in wrinkled green cotton seemed to have no bones whatever; she lolled over her cigarette, as limp as a wet handkerchief, yet her look was menacing.

Charter was booming, not softly, "It's not such a bum place—it's different. I imagine some decent people come here for a change, as well as the cheap crooks."

From the skinny youth came a voice preposterously basso: "Hey, Bess, did you hear the big goon over there? I wonder how he'd like to get his big mouth shut for him!"

The girl yelped, "Ah, Robby, for Pete's sake, don't go and start anathin' more."

"He was astin' for it!"

The terrified Alpha saw Charter rise—but not belligerently. He was a sphere of loving sunshine. He was rolling toward the other table, murmuring, "Excuse me, folks. I judge I've said something you didn't like. I certainly didn't mean to. Never been in this place before, and excuse me if I'm green. Lively place, isn't it? Handsome decorations. Might I have the pleasure of buying you a drink?"

"Aw, tha's a' right," said the young man, and he smiled companionably, and Charter came back, stepping delicately, like an indicted alderman.

Alpha was thinking that if it had been Wade, he would have been so full of virtuous indignation that there would have been an ugly fight, with the valiant Wade not necessarily winning.

But then, Wade would never have let her take the risk of coming here.

But then, didn't she like such risks as would always surround the tact, the courage and the bluffing of the invasive Mr. Charter Zolling?

"By the way," said Charter, "shall I warn you that these Planter's Punches are a lot stronger than they taste? Don't drink more than two of 'em, no matter how long we stay, though judging from the way you look around, I don't think that will be very long. We go home the minute you say so. Just raise one eyebrow!"

She was a little exasperated by the completeness with which he answered her questions about the Enchilada before she asked them, but before she could do much meditating about it, he marched over to put a nickel in the juke box. The place was so flimsy it would catch fire if anybody with more than three drinks of the local white mule were to breathe on it, but its juke box was as monumental as a state capitol. Down the lighted front of it continually flowed lava, sunsets and thunderstorms, and at the inspiration of Charter's nickel, it came out like a cathedral organ with "Love Me, Dovey, in the Lilac Time." Charter held out his hands, and suddenly Alpha was dancing, with none of the arguments about it which Wade always expected and she lavishly supplied.

Dancing with Charter was like hooking on to a bomber, so completely physical, so strong and swift was he. Though he was perhaps fifteen years older, he had twice her endurance.

It occurred to her, disturbingly, that Charter might fall in love with her and that she was one of those uncatalogued women who were probably going to be divorced and thrown into a disconcerting freedom.

He took her back to the table, and not for half an hour did he buy the second Planter's Punch. The tough little couple were gone, with an almost affectionate "See you in L.A.!" and Charter and she were alone in their corner of the festal barn. It was the first time since she had sat in an Indiana grape arbor with a boy named Wade that she had been conscious of being apart with an alarmingly attractive male.

He talked bluntly, and as intimately as though they had been friends for years. "What you thinking, girl?"

"Oh, well—"

"About me, hey?"

"Don't be so conceited!"

"That's not conceit. It's caution. Maybe you're trying to figure out whether the snobs on Agency Hill will always think I'm an Outsider. I'll tell you. They will! Because I want 'em to. Now, don't defend 'em. The trouble with you is, you despise 'em all as stuffed shirts, yet you haven't got enough faith in your own prejudices. And the trouble with Wade is—a fine fellow, but he thinks he can use a lightning



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AT MY HANDS I FELT
AS OLD AS THE SPHINX'*



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"Red, rough-looking, and revolting! Me, who used to be so proud of my white, smooth, young-looking hands. I shuddered to think of what my husband would think of them now."



"Something certainly had to be done. And I didn't know what to do. I began to get frantic. My poor, work-beaten, horrid-looking, old-looking hands. Would they ever look 'young' again? Soft? White? Smooth? Or would they stay rough and red?"

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bug like you to light the hot-water heater. Lightning!"

No woman born has ever objected to being classed as lightning, even that small portion of it imprisoned in the bug.

He went on, "I could be an Insider if I wanted to. They've elected me to the Bridle Club and to the house committee of the Athletic Club, I can play all their games. I got a quick eye and plenty of muscle."

She knew it was the grossest kind of boasting, yet he was touchingly like a little boy trying to impress the girl next door. And it was still more touching that he did not know that to be important in the Athletic Club was not a step to membership in the Cornucopia Club, the local Order of the Garter, but the opposite. She looked at him not untruly.

"Yuh, a lot of these fourflushers try to look down on me because I still got the meat-market sawdust on my pants, yet their own dads or granddads came out from Vermont to open stores and wait on the lumberjacks, and they were tickled to have the chance to say, 'Real obliged to you, sir,' to One-eye Labadeau, the trapper. The grandsons know that, and I could be in Hill society up to my neck if I wanted to wait another ten years or so, till I'm almost sixty.

"But I don't want to be in society in Cornucopia. I don't want to marry any woman in that hick town—except one, maybe!" He looked at Alpha with the subtlety of a pile driver. "No, what I'm aiming at is Chicago. I'll move my central office there in a few years, and then you'll see me playing golf with all the swells on the North Shore—the apes! If I decide to. Matter fact, I'm not sure but what I prefer the guys from the wrong side of the tracks, even little punks like our recent friend at the next table.

"Reason why I tell you all this, Alpha—oh, say, I noticed you didn't like my calling you 'Alphy'; never will again—reason is that I can see where at heart you're just as bold a pirate as I am. Only you got better manners. You've been too doggone kind to all your meechn' friends on the Hill. Why, if you let yourself, you could queen it over Palm Beach or Palm Springs or anywhere. I may hang out a black and white pirate flag, but yours is red and gold, and gold-edged at that. Excuse me, Alpha, I shouldn't be so personal, but you're the one person in Cornucopia that could understand why I play lone wolf." He sighed. "Too lone, sometimes... Good Lord, it's two A.M.! We better scoot."

She had not supposed it was after midnight.

He did drive fast on their way back to the Cervantes Inn, and he said nothing that could be snipped out as love-making, except: "I'd like to see you dressed up in—what d' they call it, this cloth of gold, lamé, is it? Then you wouldn't look like a Dutch doll, as your husband used to say—"

"How did you know that?"

"But like this picture by some Spanish guy, Velasquez, I think his name is, of the Infanta—funny stiff little figure, but sure-enough royal, see how I mean?"

When he let her out at her cottage, he patted her shoulder and said, "Royal! And a pirate!" and slid back into his car.

She entered the cottage to see, on the reed hotel desk, the photograph of Wade being smug in a leather frame—smug and harsh and timid.

Wade was always talking about something that he called "being well organized," and a part of it was that in leisure hours he should do something violently healthy: sail or hike or perform those religious rites called "games"—squash or

tennis. But Charter Zolling revealed a power of doing nothing just as vigorously as, when on duty, he did his business of trapping and skinning small furry competitors.

He talked pretty noisily on the beach, but he could loaf, and for three days, with Alpha and Hazel, he bathed and dug sand castles and collected shells.

He drove them to distant San Sebastian Beach and provided an embarrassingly fat picnic lunch—pâtés and smoked turkey and Mousse. But he surprised Alpha by not flashing any vulgar gifts. He gave her nothing but Florida shells that cost a few cents each and that had such absurd and delightful names as the left-handed whelk, the noble harp, the paper fishshell and the keyhole limpet. He wasn't even annoyed when she passed all this clutter on to Hazel, who immediately set up as a conchologist.

Yet Hazel never trusted Mr. Zolling and never would call him Uncle Charter, as he petitioned. That cool and self-sufficient child of Wade Orchard always knitted her brows at Charter's shout of "Howza baby? Come kiss yer old uncle."

"A born snob, that child," fretted Alpha. Then she found it funny. "Wade certainly provided the perfect chaperon for me. Nine is the proper, self-righteous, gimlet-eyed age for any chaperon to be. If Hazel were any younger, Charter could convert her to pirate flags, and if she were older, he'd probably bribe her; but nine—what a guardian!"

Then Charter became a shade more pressing, and Alpha found less comedy but a good deal more excitement.

She was seldom alone with him. They stayed at the inn for the next dance and dazzled the mously tangoing guests by a ballroom exhibition. Alpha was thrilled at being the starry center of things, with a hint of scandal bright about her, and

it seemed to her that she had grown more beautiful in the warmth of Charter's unspoken admiration.

She was amused when he showed a slight jealousy of a young naval officer who had accidentally got into this asylum and had cheered up considerably at sight of Alpha. She danced with the ensign just once and saw Charter glare, then leave the ballroom (which up to seven-forty-five had been the dining room) till the number was over.

"The darling old buffalo! Jealous as can be!" Alpha breathed to herself with delight. "Isn't it just as I always claimed? It shows you love a person if you're jealous. I told Wade so! He ought to be flattened by my jealousy—not that I ever really showed any."

This was the fruit of the philosophical research that she had come the long way to Florida to conduct.

She smiled at Charter when he returned to her, and enjoyed watching him melt. But one thing worried her faintly. When she next danced with him, she could smell a suggestion of whisky.

In Cornucopia, people said of Charter, "Oh, you know—he drinks." She had observed him at the Enchilada and on the beach, and decided that he never took a drink except with her, and that, of course, didn't count. But now . . . Well, maybe he had an excuse, the dear lorn laddie!

He was grumbling, "Did you have a good time with the boy admiral?"

"Jeal-ous!"

"Sure I am. I like you!"

She thought well of that, and presently any hint of whisky and tendency to gallop around the floor was gone, and she felt happy, young, proud.

It had come to her that the question she could not decide was deciding itself. There was an astonishing chance she might get a divorce from Wade and

marry Charter Zolling, and be a whale of a social light on the North Shore of Chicago.

But with it there was a chill little whisper that, oh, yes, she might be divorced, but afterward not be married to anybody or anything except a noisy scandal, and that she might always miss a certain warm stability in Wade.

After the dance Charter walked to her cottage. He urged, "What are we going to do the rest of the evening?"

"I don't know what you're gonna do but I'm gonna nab," she ritualistically answered. "There's something I been wanting to say to you all evening."

Hazel took that moment to yell from inside the cottage, "Mother, is that you?" "Yes, dear, I'll be right in," said Alpha with false brightness.

She felt rattled. Her mind had dropped back to twenty years ago, when she had stood on an Indiana porch with a highly undesirable beau, and from the midnight-darkened house had come a petulant voice, "Alpha, is that you?" and in just this same uneasily cordial voice she had lied, "Yes, Mother, I'll be right in."

Even after what Professor Einstein had done to it, Time oughtn't to get itself twisted up like this.

Charter Zolling did not, however, jump off the porch and skim over picket fences like the boy of twenty years ago. He said, "Girl, you know how I keep boasting about all the swell things I'll do socially someday, but you also know I never will unless I have the right woman with me. And I don't want some young pink-face from even one of the 'good families' on Agency Hill. I want one who's beautiful, who's got a lot of spirit and go, but knows what it is to be misunderstood and disliked." He looked at her, in the porch light, as though he were kissing her. "And when I find that girl I'll break down

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every bar for her; I'll see the whole world knows what she is!"

Alpha could manage only a sixteen-year-old stammer. "D-do you think you're going to find her?"

"I think I have found her. Good night."

He turned away, shouldered off into the shadows under the palms. She called after him, "Will you be jealous about her?"

"You bet your life I'll be jealous. I'll throw fits!"

She felt comforted and justified.

She had, next morning, a routine letter from Wade. She had not been able to send him anything more than "Is it cold up there? Fine weather here; shall write in a couple days" on a post card depicting a monkey farm, and everything that had come from him was after this fashion:

Dear Wife:

Hope you & Hazel having fine weather, it is pretty cold here—14° yesterday—12° this morning but wind not as strong as it was yesterday, so do not feel cold so much but still good & cold at that. Party at Matt Landis' last evening but not much fun & was able to sneak out early in bed by 11 not so bad.

I imagine you are having a hard time trying to figure out all the things we talked about, how it is we have bad time getting along together. Sure am sorry to have to ask you to do this but still feel it is highly necessary, wish I could help you. Hope you both are well.

Sincerely yours,
Your husband

She looked at Wade's photograph and growled, "If he wouldn't *hope*—if he wouldn't be *sorry*—if he would show up here unexpectedly and grab me in his arms and be human!"

She heard a car approaching the cottage. It could be . . . She rushed out. The passenger in the car was not Wade, but Old Mr. Willy Silvernose, the retired critic, who wore a shawl.

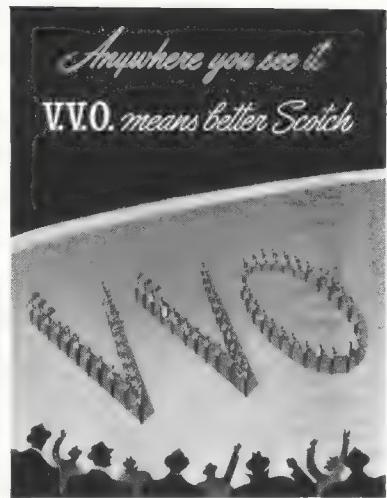
She raged on, to Wade's unresponsive picture, "So you're not coming, eh? So you're having a dandy time with Astrid Koren, Senator Koren, are you? So you're simply driving me to that magnificent and idiotic Zolling? Okay, then, okay! Just as you say!"

And she went swimming with Charter Zolling and Hazel the Demon Chaperon. Hazel demanded a good deal of attention in the urgent business of turning a yucca into a Christmas tree, with garlands of shells and wreaths of Spanish moss, and kept interrupting Charter's report to Alpha on how much he would spend on an ocean-going yacht, by demanding to know whether they would be in Florida for Christmas a year from now, and would Daddy be with them, and did Daddy know Mr. Charter, and why?

Alpha was entertained by watching Charter grow jealous of her attentions to Hazel and try to hide it. You see? Just as she had thought. Jealousy was a rather endearing domestic virtue, and anyone who didn't see that fact was a stuff.

Sitting with her child and her rubber-baron suitor, she at last was able to reflect placidly on jealousy in all its shining coils.

Men were more possessive than women. Women were less possessive but more jealous. Men wanted to show off their new acquisitions, new wives and houses and cars, but they wanted also to hoard their older property, just because it was sacredly theirs. Women could switch their allegiances to new houses or husbands or languages or fashions in hair-dressing more easily, but they could not share their possessions or their loyalties with



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others so readily as men. And women wanted to shape and change whatever they owned more than men did; the men were smugly proud of whatever they had acquired, from the shop or from the heart, just as it was.

Oh, yes, people did keep saying cynically that women's jealousy was chiefly fear that they would lose their security, their social position or the rubber plant, and have to go to work. That wasn't true with her, Alpha argued for herself; her alleged jealousy was a flame of fear that her love for Wade might be streaked with any disloyalty on either his part or hers; it was a nice and almost holy thing and extremely unusual; she really deserved a lot of credit for it.

In all her profound debate with herself, so like that of a round table on foreign politics, she didn't decide whether she was going to tolerate a divorce. That critical question seemed to depend more on the woolly voice of the large man who was now urging, "Look, Alph! We've both been quiet and taken all the rest the doctor ordered. Tomorrow evening we go to Miami."

"I don't think so!"

"It's only a hundred miles across the state from here. Two hours. We'll be back before three A.M. There's a big dance on at the Subito Club in Miami—that's a swell organization, very exclusive, and they got a ballroom the size of the C. and N.W. waiting room back home, and gold decorations, and a lot of gambling, and a bar two hundred feet long, and you meet counts and princes and presidents of oil companies there, and the buffet in the dining room is a genuine antique from an old Spanish castle and cost ten thousand dollars cash! Let's go!"

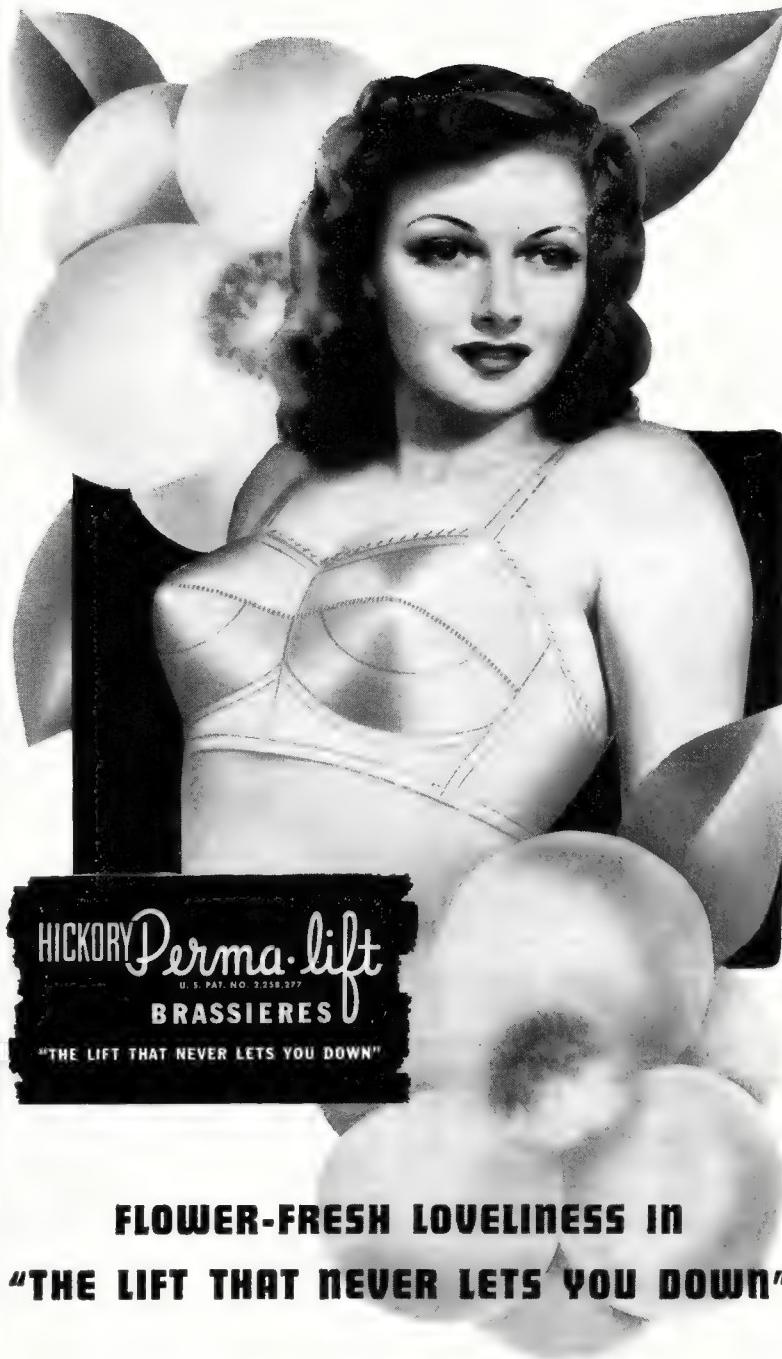
She did not hesitate beyond the danger line. If Mr. Zolling of the Subito Club wanted her to be a flaunting adventuress with the princes and oil presidents, she'd adventure, she'd flaunt, she'd be all the deep and dangerous things that the spouse of Mr. Wade Orchard had never had the chance to be.

Only, she did wish she had a new evening dress. While she seemed to be listening to Charter she was really picturing herself pressing her red silk—the one without a back.

Her only qualm, before she did start with Charter for Miami, was that she must again leave Hazel under the supervision of a hotel maid. Hazel ought to be back home in the pink room. She herself ought to be home. But no matter how it worked out, if a divorce did come off and that man Wade tried to get the complete custody of Hazel—never!

In Cornucopia, she had been uneasy about the red dress; it had seemed most inclemently backless. Now, with a new gold girdle, it was bravely challenging of the whole world, Agency Hill or Miami Beach. Over it, as she drove off with Charter, she had the gold evening wrap that she had worn only twice before. Her pale hair, covered for the drive with an old Spanish shawl—almost old and nearly Spanish—would swirl out around her cheeks as they danced at the Subito Club. She was a theme in crimson and gold and amber, she felt; a home-breaker, and in all departments very dangerous.

Charter too was dressed for drama: the complete setup of white tie and tails, black Homburg, and a loose camel's-hair coat of midnight-blue. Alpha thought admiringly: That man does own more overcoats! It was somehow a proof of his suavity. She felt intimate with him, and safe in his predatory world. She was one of a gang that skipped from Monte Carlo to Deauville, and if there were a few international jewel thieves in the back-



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THE BACKS OF BOWLS AND
HANDLES OF MOST USED
SPOONS AND FORKS."



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ground—so what? Bring on your counts and princesses! She'd dance with the lot of 'em and amuse herself by pretending to be a housewife from Cornucopia, when really, in the shadow world, she was known from Vladivostok to Joburg as "The Red Avenger"!

She leaned against Charter's shoulder and sniffed at his good cigar. Wade smoked nothing but cigarettes and a derelict pipe . . . Wade? She could not remember his face.

It distressed her a bit that when they had driven five miles Charter stopped for a pull at his flask and insisted on her drinking brandy with him. Alpha had been brought up to think the worst of city slickers who tried to combine driving and drinking licker.

She was in a state of the most delightful confusion, worrying about the brandy, yet thinking what a lucky girl she was to be in a flame-colored dress driving to Miami with a playboy, when Charter stopped at a roadside shack and shouted at the amiable thug who came out to greet them, "I hear you got the best moonshine in Florida, brother. How about a scientific test?"

"Okay, professor."

It came to Alpha that Charter and the bootlegging gentleman were too brotherly. Well, they were both bandits, and tonight she was out for banditry.

So far as driving went, Charter seemed untouched by his drinks, but he did forget to be genteel in conversation.

"I'm so excited," she was saying, "at the thought of seeing Miami. I've always wanted to. Wade and I thought we'd go—"

Charter stormed, "Listen, gal. As you know, I'm not a jealous man, and if you get any kick out of mentioning that clothhead, go to it. But if you want the truth, your Wade bores me to death. He's a reg'lar door-to-door canvasser. I mean, he ain't worthy of you and never will be, see how I mean?"

She didn't but before she could work up the sulks, he burst into high-sounding language about wine vintages, and eased himself into song, and she joined him and decided that she was having such a good time. So they came to the Subito Club, which was remarkably like a car barn on the outside and a Hollywood set within.

Mrs. Wade Orchard from Cornucopia felt small and faded and provincial and out-of-place, for De Mille himself could not have assembled such a crowd of extra people: grand dukes with whiskers, fat rich men with the paranoid delusion that women liked to dance with them, and one million girls, all so beautiful, so impertinent, so tirelessly gyratory, that this Mrs. Orchard wanted to give up the competition right away and go home.

It did not seem to her that these habitués were particularly welcoming to the great Charter Zolling, the Captain Kidd of Cornucopia. A waiter said, "Good evening, Mr. Charteris," and a bartender said, "How's all the hicks, Zolling?" and that was all.

Alpha and Charter played The Two Orphans, alone amid a snowstorm of shirt fronts and white tulle.

He gallantly struck out into the blizzard with her and whether it was the crowd or the brandy, he was tremendous, like Gene Tunney in the third round. At the end of the huge hall, in a bower of cedar branches, he kissed her for the first time. It wasn't a kiss you could overlook.

He steered her back to the bar and ordered a pint of champagne. She was thinking, rather spitefully: I do hope he won't say, "We've got to celebrate."

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He shouted, "Hey, we got to celebrate—Alpha!"

Then the first of his distinguished friends showed up, and all she could see in this Mr. Struss was that beneath his eyes he had pouches like the bellies of overfed white mice.

"How are you? Well, well, well!" said Mr. Struss.

"Well, well, well! How are you?" said Charter, and, "Alpha, this is Ad Struss, the best jobber in America."

"That's me. Is this the little wife?" said Mr. Struss, in a voice like an exhausted siphon.

Charter giggled. "Practically!"

"That's the idea. Always be practical. Many congratulations, Chart. And now, little girl, how about doing the light fantastic with Uncle Ad?"

She danced off with Mr. Struss, but the sawdust was gone out of the Dutch doll, and she was limp and miserable.

Before they had danced once across the hall, Charter was upon them, pounding Mr. Struss' shoulder and snarling, "I'm cutting in, get me? Who ever told you you could dance with my girl, Struss? Get back to your sty!"

She was led to the bar like an escaped slave girl, and Charter was scolding, not drunkenly boisterous but with a quiet ugliness of jealousy, "Can't you even stick with me for a few minutes? Leave me cold and dance with the first man that asks you! Will you kindly tell me why you fell for that old goat?"

The Alpha who for weeks had been chained in a jail of indecision broke jail now and remarked, "I don't like your friend Mr. Struss, and I certainly don't like you, and I would like to go home right away."

"Oh, gosh, I'm sorry. I'm a fool. Forgive me! I get these sudden fits of jealousy. Fellow that's jealous, he's not responsible for what he says. You know!"

"Yes, I do know," she muttered.

Then Mr. Struss was there, apologizing all over the place and trying to find out what he was apologizing for, and Mr. Zolling was forgiving him and being uncertain as to what he was forgiving him for, and the two masters of the commercial arts were having a drink and agreeing that Alpha was too exquisite a lady for coarse men like themselves to touch, and in their ecstasy they forgot that the exquisite lady was there at all.

A lanky young man bobbed up to Alpha and inquired, "Dance?" She looked at the broad heaving backs of the two good sports, then nodded and spun away with the young man. He grinned at her and said, "Before you get a chance to ask me, I'll be in the Army in couple weeks now. How's to write me a post card every other Easter?"

They were at the far end of the hall, at the cedar bower where Charter had kissed her, and from it she could see Charter in the middle of the log-jam, looking for her, his eyes bulging with what she at last recognized as a form of insanity called jealousy.

"Get me out of that back door, quick, please!" she implored.

They ran through a rear exit, out into the parking lot where tired cars slept among frowzy palm trees.

"Shall I go back and see what I can do about licking your boy friend?" asked the young man.

"No, there'd be a scandal. What's your name?"

"Jim."

"Jim, where can I rent a car? I want to drive back to the West Coast. Now!"

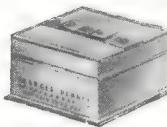
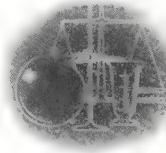
"He your husband?"

"He is not, and he never will be! I thought I was an adventuress, Jim. I thought I was an international high-

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roller. But I'm just a scared Main Street wife, with a wonderful, dependable, dull, sweet husband, and I want to go home to him—oh, Jim, I want so terribly to go home!"

"Staying at a West Coast hotel?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, yes!" This young man was slow, and time was devastatingly fast now.

"Well, lady, I'm going to drive you there in my flier."

"But it's two hundred miles, there and back."

"Lady, I don't know anything about why or how far. I got a hunch they won't encourage privates to ask questions like that in the Army, and I'm being a good example for myself. Got a coat or something?"

"Yes, but I haven't a check for it."

"What kinda coat is it? I'll get it."

"It's a gold wrap with rhinestone buttons—label inside of Simford & Johns, in Cornucopia, and there's no department store in the world that I love so much and want to see so much! And in the inside pocket I think there still is a recipe for blueberry muffins. In May Wetheral's writing. Oh, I do want to go home, Jim."

"Lady, you're going home!"

He was back in seven minutes with the gold cloak and only the minutest scratches on his cheeks.

One hour and fifty minutes later they drove up to her cottage at the Cervantes Inn, and he came in only to take a look at the sleeping Hazel, of whom, along with somebody called Wade, this poor Mrs. Orchard had talked hysterically clear across the State of Florida.

It was one in the morning, which at the Cervantes Inn was practically time to get up. The only person awake was an aged man who was a combination book-keeper, watchman and night clerk. He was astonished to see that flighty Mrs. Orchard, Mr. Zolling's friend, bolt into the office. She was in a traveling suit.

"Been over to Miami, eh? I didn't see Mr. Zolling come in."

"What time is the next train North?" she asked.

"Three-seventeen this morning! That's the next one!"

"I'll take it."

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"Will you make out my bill?"

"But you can't pack this time of night!"

"The maid that stayed with my daughter is packing for me. I know that place in Quintero has all-night service. Will you please have a taxi here in twenty minutes?"

"Means almost two hours' wait at the station."

"I like waiting at quiet country stations," said Mrs. Wade Orchard.

"But maybe you won't get a Pullman—you and the little girl have to set up on the train."

"The little girl and I like sitting up. Phone right away, please. And when Mr. Zolling does come in, you haven't seen me. And here's something for your grandchildren."

"Oh, thank you, thank you."

The Chicago train pulled out of Quintero with Alpha and Hazel aboard, and they did get an upper and a lower berth.

One half hour after the train had gone, Mr. Charter Zolling arrived at that station, and he swore ferociously.

I don't guarantee my report of what Alpha and Charter had been saying together, and of all she thought on the train after that catastrophe, is accurate to the last spiritual comma, but it is correct generally. Alpha has talked to me

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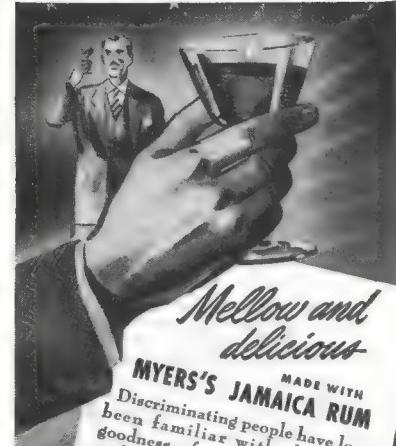


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often since then, and you might be surprised how freely women talk to their doctors. Poor souls, they look like independent matrons, but they need something of the comfort they once had in sobbing to their mothers; and if their menfolks are often bewildered by their fidgety demands, *they* are just as bewildered in trying to find out what their men really want of them.

That winter day I was in my office when the usual chores of injections and prescriptions were interrupted by a long-distance call from Jacksonville, Florida. I said profoundly, "Yes, this is the doctor."

"Oh, Dr. Goodhouse, this is Alpha Orchard, speaking from Florida. Tell me, is Wade all right?"

"Why, yes, I guess so. I saw him at lunch at the club, yesterday."

"I hate to bother you, but I've got to, and—do you think I ought to come back to him?"

"I have no idea."

"Is he lonely? Does he need me?"

"I have no idea." I was suddenly fed up with telling Baby that if she sat on the red-hot stove she might get hurted. I'd told her often enough, and now she'd have to try it. I grumbled, "Alpha, you've got to work things out for yourself and quit waiting around to see what you can get away with. Nobody else can help you. But good luck!"

I suppose when she turned away from that phone booth in the railway station and went back to her section on the train she felt forlorn, unimportant and unwanted. She had discovered that she was not the magnetic pole around which the entire habitable world passionately revolved. Maybe there were people who didn't care whether Alpha Orchard would ever get affection strictly on her own terms. Even her family physician did not think he ought to drop all his other patients and worry her through.

She didn't feel at all like the Proud Beauty of Trojan Road, superior to all the unimaginative Fredas. On the train she was merely some-woman-or-other with a wrinkled suit and a restless child—and who cared?

By good fortune, Hazel slept half that day, and the other half played with a small boy from Wisconsin.

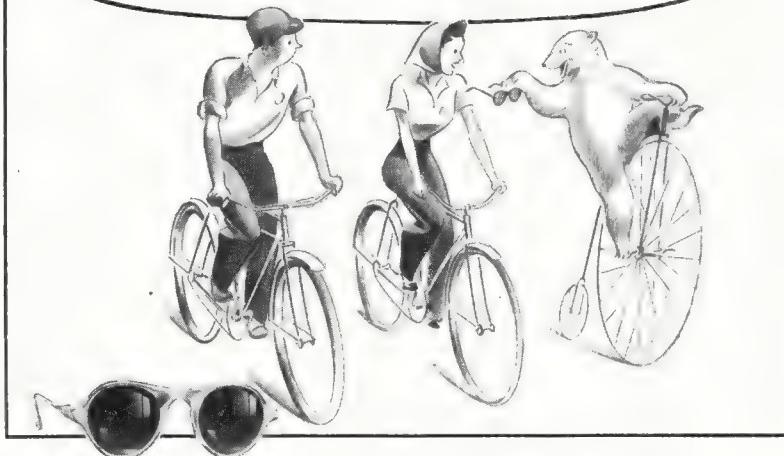
Alpha sat by the window, looking out into wintry nothingness. She was thinking clearly enough now. She said over and over to herself two things, simple-sounding but requiring a fiendish energy to carry them out: "If I can go on with Wade, I must plan my life with him—and with myself—and not just float along and see what I can get," and: "I must do things. When I don't keep busy with my hands and head, I keep too busy with my heart."

You see, the philosophy she was building up for herself was just the opposite of the mystics', and a good thing too, to put those quietly offensive fellows in their place now and then—the way a poor overworked surgeon occasionally tries to snub a psychiatrist. There's just as much snobbishness in philosophy as in its allied art, interior decoration. And from her scared brooding, I believe Alpha was actually learning a little about humility.

She was certainly disregarded enough to make her humble. No passenger in the Pullman, possibly excepting Hazel, so much as looked at her.

She had a nine-hour wait in Chicago, and she spent it in a bleak hotel near the station. Her taxi driver wasn't interested in her, the clerk and the bellboy at the hotel were unimpressed, and the flat-looking birch bed and obese armchair and stingy writing desk in the hotel room all stared at her with a taste-

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less expression which indicated that, to their weary experience, she was just another immigrant woman traveling with just another child.

As she took the final train to Cornucopia, she was in two diverse and warring states of mind at once: she wanted desperately to have and guard the warmth of her own hearth; and she could not see why anybody so insignificant as she should have it.

If I had been there and could have divined her thoughts, I would have been suspicious of so much humility in her, except that now and then she did wholesomely flare up, "But he's got to help me by giving me as much imagination as he would to selling a henhouse, anyway!"

It was not till they were nearing Cornucopia, toward evening, that she realized that Wade did not know she was coming home; that just now he might be settling down for a cozy cocktail with Astrid Koren; and that, no matter what she planned, she was quite likely to be bullied into a divorce that she hated, feared, yet wanted as a sick man wants the freedom of oblivion.

They arrived in Cornucopia in a snow-storm, at six that evening. Alpha had telegraphed to no one, and she telephoned to no one now. As they waited for a taxicab, she felt forlorn and cold and unwelcomed. The drifts before the great station, the streamers of dry snow spinning between her and the half-seen trolley cars in the street, jeered that no one would have cared if she had let them know she was coming.

The front door of the house on Trojan Road was unlocked, and Alpha and Hazel were blown in with an escort of snow. In the small flowery vestibule, the storm seemed far away, the house too stilly. Alpha edged open the living-room door.

Wade, in dressing gown, corduroy hunting trousers and old felt slippers, was eating a supper of cold cereal and milk and a chocolate bar on a newspaper spread on the mahogany table. She noticed that the room was surprisingly neat and that Wade seemed desolate. Then Hazel ran to him, and the stillness was smashed with cries and tender pattings.

But Alpha stood back, her coat still buttoned. As he started to speak, she said flatly, "Sister had an early supper with me, on the train. She's tired; I think she better go right to bed."

She said nothing more to him till after Hazel was tucked in.

They faced each other civilly, much too civilly, in chairs by the hearth. "You let the maid go out tonight?" she hinted.

"Yes."

"Have you been doing that a lot?"

"Pretty often, I guess. I never thought much about it."

If they were like school principal and naughty pupil, it was she who was the principal, and there was no suggestion that she had come sneaking home to confess her stupidities.

"You look so sort of stern," he said. "Do you know, for a second when you came rushing in I didn't hardly know you. What's trouble?"

"I feel like that. Stern."

"Have you thought over everything?"

"Thoroughly."

"And you came back to me?"

"No. I didn't."

"Huh?"

"I brought Hazel back to you. When I left Florida—I'll explain all that later—I felt as if I were running back to you for protection, for life. Then I had that long day on the train and all the time while I was waiting in Chicago. So I had a chance to really think, and I realized I had no right to come to you."

"I don't know as I get you exactly, Alpha. Did you consider the divorce?"

"Very much so."

"And you decided we could learn to get along—that we don't need one." He sounded unexpectedly glad. "I've been thinking too—or anyway, revising my thinking. I see now that we don't—that it would be a crime to be divorced; that we got to be tolerant—oh, me quite as much as you."

Sharpie, "No! I decided you were right. We must get the divorce. For your sake, not mine, Wade. You've been kind of dull, sometimes—"

"Oh, I have, have I?"

"Yes, you have! But then, I guess most people are if you see them enough. And I wouldn't have found you dull if I'd been more interested in your business, your sport, instead of standing off and criticizing 'em. You're so good—like fresh water—and it's not fair you should have to live with a sick woman. That's what I've been, sick, and maybe I always will be. Because now I know what jealousy is. No. You're free."

"Don't say that so easily, like everything was finished! You love me—I think you do."

"I know I do, as much as a sick woman can love anybody. That's why we must be divorced. And then afterwards, if neither of us marries anybody else, maybe someday we could be married again."

"No, I've heard of people trying that remarriage stunt. It mostly doesn't seem to work out."

"Why shouldn't it?"

"I GUESS they're too suspicious. They keep expecting to fail again. I think they—I think we ought to either make ourselves go on or else give up and quit for keeps."

"Maybe. Oh, men and women do such dreadful things to each other, don't they? They don't intend to, but they do, and they can't make it all right at the end by saying, 'There, there, I didn't mean to hurt you. I was thinking about something else when I put the poison in your pudding—when I put the poison in your pride.' No, that's why we must have a divorce, as you say, for keeps."

"But I don't say it! I don't want a divorce at all!" He was so shaky she wanted to fly to him. "I've been lonely. It's been miserable, living alone, and now you speak of it, I guess I did let the hired girl neglect me. But that's not it. Look! You haven't even asked me how things went between Astrid and me while you were away."

"Between who?"

"Astrid—Astrid Koren the Senator."

"Oh, of course, I'd forgotten all about her. I've had real troubles to think about. Well, what about her and you? Wait. I don't even want to know." Then she laughed. "Maybe there isn't anything very shocking to know!"

He looked sheepish. "No, there isn't. I did try to shine up to her, but I couldn't get poetic for very long. I took her to dinner at Engelbert's—you know, the restaurant place that's so badly lighted people think it must be compromising—and she and I talked about nothing but the culture of rutabagas."

"Seems safe!"

"Darling, you aren't jealous! You're cured! We won't need any divorce—all nonsense—and you don't mean—"

She spoke harshly, no golden lace and golden nonsense to her now. "You meant it when you first spoke of it."

"How could I mean a thing like that seriously and keep it up?"

"I can. Divorce, breaking up two lives—three lives, with Hazel—killing all

our old habits: where you keep your toothbrush, and the way I always say, 'Dinner—come and get it!'—no, that's a dreadfully serious thing to start. But it's just as dreadful to drop it lightly, once you've determined to go through with it."

"You couldn't divorce me, could you? Could you?"

"I could now. Maybe not tomorrow. But listen. If it is possible for us to stay married, then I must get a job."

"What has that got to do with—"

"Everything. I know myself now, a little. I've always had too much energy, too much imagination. I thought I could be content with being the gay Dutch doll in a garden, but north of Kansas City, the gardens aren't so good from November to April. So I took out all the excitement in being jealous. Now I'm going to try to take it out on a job."

He sounded reasonable. "Maybe there's something to that. And there's a crying need for women in all the war activities. I'll see Astrid about it."

She ignored that risky name as she plunged on, "Yes, and I'll get into them, maybe the hard ones, like a factory, and still try to keep your house comfortable and develop a little real responsibility toward Hazel. But you still don't get it. After the war, I'm going on with a job."

"What job?"

"I don't know. I guess that mentally I'm a sophomore, and how does a sophomore know what job he'll finally have? But I can't go on living the way women did in 1910, or even 1930. Seems like I'm not the enviable sort of girl that can stay home and be contented, so I can either go on being old-fashioned and jealous, or old-fashioned and dissipated, or new-fashioned and have a job. Take your choice!"

"You mean if we're not divorced—"

"Oh, we dismissed that long ago."

"When?"

"I guess when I came in this room and saw you eating raw cereal at six-thirty P.M. Heavens, you don't settle things when you say they're settled."

"But this job business, Alpha. We don't need— You mean, after the war you want a job for money?"

"You bet I want it for money. Lovely money! Books and shoes and a new vacuum cleaner!"

"But what will people say if they know that my wife—"

She told him exactly where those people could go when they said it. Then she broke. It was not in the Dutch doll to keep up, forever and unaided, this superiority.

"Oh, Wade, help me! Don't nag me! I can't stay grown-up if you go on being a little-boy husband and you'd rather have a jealous, dependent child-wife, for fear somebody on the Hill might say I'm working only because you don't make enough income. Help me stay reasonable and sane! It won't be easy for me. I've been a sick woman. Don't keep me that way just to save your small-boy pride. Help me, Wade—help me!"

"I'll try to," he said, and kissed her like a grown man. There was a great silence. . . . It was later that he speculated, "Like to talk with Astrid about which war job to start on?"

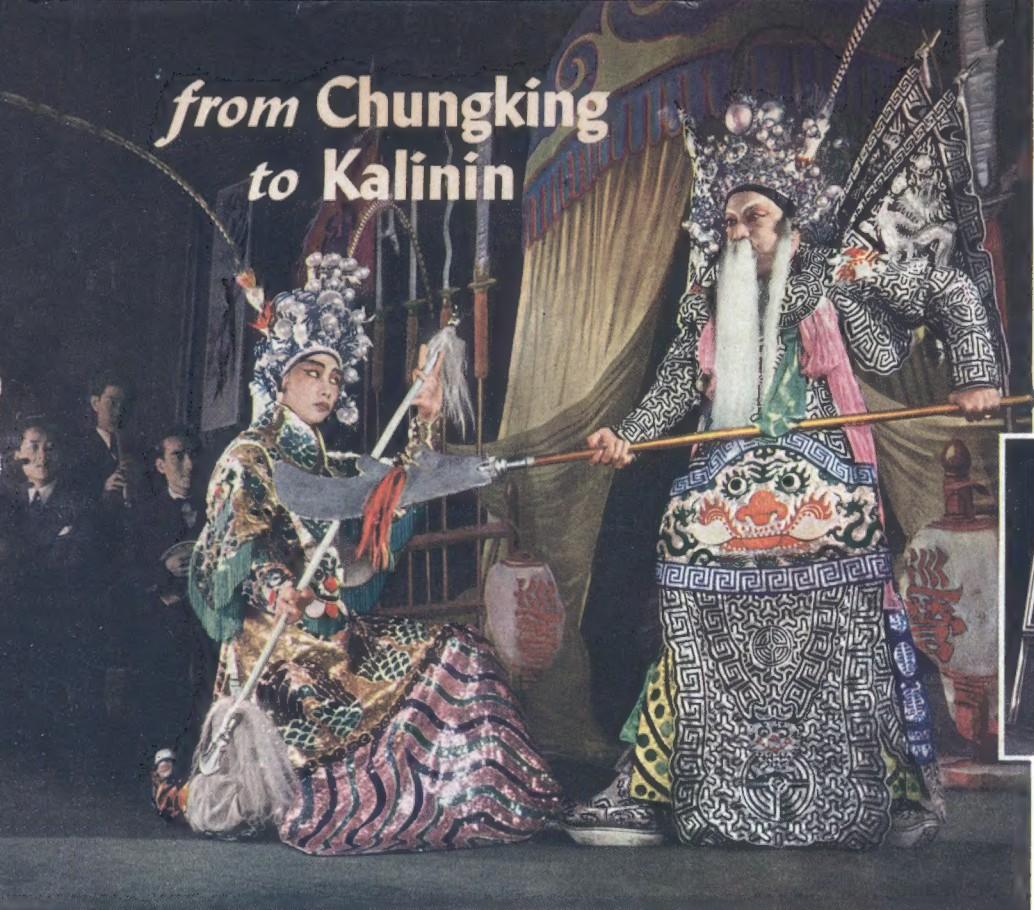
"Tell me. Astrid isn't a jealous woman, is she? I couldn't work with a maniac like that."

"Oh, no," he lectured. "You see, jealousy is a kind of neurosis; I mean, a maladjustment—"

"Yes, I can read the dictionary too," Alpha said. But she smiled, and Wade answered contentedly, "Was I holding forth again? Say! Do you know what time it is?"

THE END

from Chungking to Kalinin



. . . without ever leaving
the United States!

1 "So you think a round-the-world trip is out of the question these days?" queries a friend. "Well—I made a tour of the world—in one day! The answer is, I did it in New York City! One of the highspots was the 600-year-old play I saw in Chinatown. I'm sorry I didn't have the time to stay for the entire eight hours this Chinese classic ran.



2 "I started my tour with an early-morning visit to Washington Square's famous art-market, where paintings are sold outdoors like vegetables! You have to look twice to realize you're not in the Paris that was."



3 "Next stop—the Near East, via the Syrian section. Lots of brass and harem atmosphere . . . and superb Canadian Club old-fashioneds and lunch in a Syrian restaurant."



4 "On to a Polish war-relief festival, and there I saw a couple of Polish jitterbugs do a shag dating back to William the Great. I guess there really isn't anything new under the sun!"



5 "Evening—and I started out from Sutton Place in a hansom cab that might have sprung from Dickens' London. Street lamps, and fog, a towering bridge—the illusion was perfect!"



6 "So to the final treat of all—a Canadian Club highball à la russe in the 'Roaring Fifties.' You're right—Canadian Club's flavor does speak all languages!"

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

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thick coating of pure milk chocolate . . . then a layer of
smooth creamy caramel . . . and in the center, luscious
chocolate nougat, richly flavored
with real malted milk. No other candy has
the special deliciousness
of a Milky Way!

